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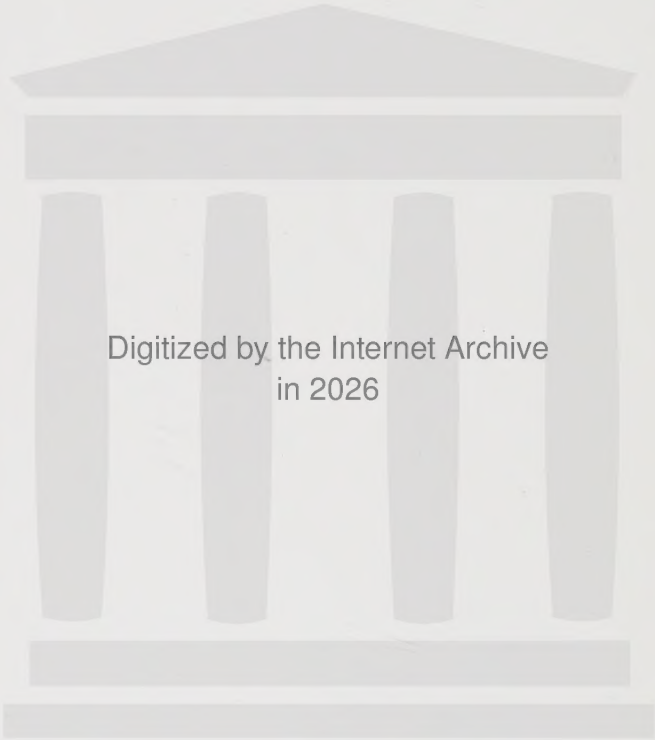
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HOLLAND

AND

THE HOLLANDERS

Dutch Fisher Children.

From a painting by Jozef Israels.

HOLLAND

AND

THE HOLLANDERS

BY

DAVID S. MELDRUM

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF MARGRÉDEL"

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

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TO

MANY FRIENDS IN HOLLAND

90052

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Holland and the Hollanders

IMPRESSIONS OF HOLLAND OF TO-DAY

I

WHETHER he lands at Flushing or at The Hook, or crosses the frontier at Emmerich or Venlo or Roosendaal, the holiday-maker almost always turns his steps at once into the well-beaten tracks between the Zuider Zee and the Schelde. He is led, thus, to most that seems characteristic of Holland: the Zuider Zee itself, with its fleets of fishing-boats, its islands and sand-banks, the "dead cities" on its shores, — Enkhuizen, Medemblik, Hoorn, Stavoren; — Zaandam, of the windmills; Amsterdam, with her narrow streets and busy quays, her pictures, her leaven of modern ideas working in stiff traditions, fighting, in defiance of exclusion from the sea, to maintain her commercial prestige against the upstart Rotterdam; Delft, where the *Stadhouders* sleep encircled by countless canals; the archipelago of Zeeland, insularly conservative: a land of windmill and canal, of deep green fields, often treeless, of dikes and inland seas and lakes, of curiously costumed fisher- and country-folk. Such, not

unnaturally, is the tourist's picture of Holland, for it is the true picture of the Holland of his route.

Yet he may easily miss the real significance of all that he sees. He may find himself upon a great Dutch dike with green fields lying round cosy farm towns far beneath him on the one hand, and on the other, a few feet only below where he stands, the waters of the North Sea lapping the granite dike-face; yet he may not realise that four provinces are, like the fields and the farms, endangered by the ocean. As he drives across the flat lands of the polders from Alkmaar to Purmerend, or sails down the North Sea Canal through the Y-polders, little more than an inkling of all that that reclamation entailed may come to him. He may traverse North-Holland and Friesland, and cross the Biesbosch, without a guess at tragedies comparable only with those of the Khodinsky Plain and the seismic wave in Japan, — of scores of villages swallowed up in a day, and the continent on which they stood become a sea. Or, if he goes between Amsterdam and Leiden, to see the Haarlemmer Meer which was drained so recently as 1848 at a cost of seven hundred thousand pounds, it is certain that, with all the knowledge of these and other figures he can boast, he may not be persuaded that the accident was possible which is described thus in the official report of the undertaking:

"A curious phenomenon occurred in connection with the outer dike of the canal on the east side of the lake, where it crossed an area of floating soil which bordered wide ponds near the village of Aalsmeer. An area of many acres, de-

From a drawing by Philip Sadée.

tached by the canal from the old works of defence against the lake, found itself one fine day driven by the tempest from the bank of the canal to the other side of the pond. The proprietor implored the aid of the Commission. His land had floated to the opposite shore, widely separated from his other fields, and resting on water that was not his own. By the continued effort of the proprietor and of the Commission, these fugitive fields were towed back to the borders of the canal and pinned in place by piles and poles which prevented them from undertaking another voyage."

Holland of the tourist is like these acres, liable to float away were she not pinned in her place in Europe by piles and poles; but these are hidden underground, and so her danger is not obvious. It is no wonder if the traveller misses the true significance of what he looks upon, — the all-importance of half an inch of water.

We must turn to the map (which ought always to be open at hand when we read of Holland) if we too are not to miss its significance. In the first place, this "tourist area" is the lowest-lying portion of the country. All who have travelled on Dutch waterways must have noticed on their course black or blue boards, evidently for water measurements, with white indicating lines, and the letters A. P. "A. P.," which stands for "Amsterdamsche Peil," was the symbol for the average flood-level of the Y at Amsterdam. That was in the days before the Y was drained and made a canal, and when it was an inland lake stretching to Halfweg on the south and almost to Beverwijk on the west; and

its ordinary flood level then is still used as the zero point in all water measurements in Holland. Now if, starting at Den Helder in the north of North-Holland, we draw a line to inclose Friesland and the north of Groningen, and following the eastern shores of the Zuider Zee to about Naarden, from there south to Gorkum, where the Waal and the Maas meet, and then in a southwesterly direction to take in the islands of Zeeland, the line so drawn, with the coast-line on the North Sea, defines the tourist area at its most extended reach. Saving the fringe of dunes on the sea, — the great natural dikes behind which the Netherlands were born, — all this area is at or below A. P. Whereas, with the exception of a fringe of Friesland (which can scarce be said to be in the tourist route) and of Overysel, on the east shores of the Zuider Zee, all the remainder of Holland is above A. P.; and some parts of it, as in the south of Limburg and the centre of the Veluwe, are very considerably above it.

With the map still before us, let us consider the geographical history of this portion of Holland which it is convenient to name the "tourist area." It is the delta of great rivers that burst their mountain barriers, and bit by bit deposited in the inland sea within the dunes a new country, — a quaking morass, but tree-grown, and a footing for man where once the waters lay. The rivers had conquered for a time. A belt of low fen half lay, half floated, beyond the diluvium. But the tide turned. Instead of a peninsula thrown boldly out into the ocean, now we find a broken coast,

compressed by the ocean which grips the rivers at the throat. From the Eems to the Schelde, the sea is blatant of its triumphs. For long it had menaced the low fen at the Eems mouth, and in 1277 it swallowed up twenty thousand acres, with thirty-three villages upon them. Thus the Dollard was formed. In the same way and about the same time the Lauwers Zee (the Groningen Diep) came into existence, and Dokkum found itself a sea-town. On the map of Holland of the twelfth century, Texel and Vlieland and the crescent of islands to the Baltic were joined with the mainland. The Ysel issued on the sea through the narrow channel between Texel and Den Helder, and the Vlie through another on the north of the present Vlieland. In the heart of the Northern Provinces lay the Lake of Flevo. By the great flood of All Saints' Day, 1170, the lowlands by these rivers began to fall away. In the succeeding two centuries, nearly a million acres had been engulphed, and by the beginning of the fifteenth, there was left the Zuider Zee of to-day, with only the islands of diluvium appearing upon it. Come down the coast of North-Holland, where the natural dunes seem to bar the sea's encroachments. Here is Schoorl, where the English landed in 1799. Those of them who were killed were buried within the dunes. In 1864, their bones were found on the seaward side. At Katwijk, where the decrepit Rhine is lifted into the ocean, the House of the Britons commanded the old mouth. It emerged from the dunes in 1520, and in 1694, when they were last seen,

LEIDSCHENDAM.

From a drawing by Jan Hendrik Weissenbruch.

the foundations were sixteen hundred paces out to sea. Katwijk and Egmond and Scheveningen have constantly to be removed inland. In 1570 half of the village of Scheveningen disappeared; and the present church, now looking over the sea, was built in place of one two miles nearer the shore in the centre of the village of that time. To this day, the High Street, the old dike, of Rotterdam preserves the green fields to Delft as by a miracle. Where now a string of fishing-boats can hardly issue to the sea at Brielle upon the Maas cabined and confined, William III. sailed out in 1691 with a mighty fleet. The peat-beds on the coast of South-Holland are the remains of great forests that stood far inland from the sea. The Biesbosch was the centre of a low fen country, resting on North-Brabant, upon which lived a busy population: in November, 1421, the deluge came, twenty-five thousand acres fell in, and thirty-five villages disappeared from sight. There is scarce a foothold in the islands of Zeeland and South-Holland that has not been submerged within historic times. The all-conquering sea, taking the clay the rivers poured into it, quickened it to richer properties, and flung it back upon the islands and unprotected coasts and far up the river valleys. Thus Groningen and Friesland, and the West Friesland portion of North-Holland, the islands of South-Holland and of Zeeland, and Dutch Flanders across the Schelde, are all sea clay.

The country, successfully assaulted by the ocean thus, was not without natural defence. All round it,

from the mouth of the Zwin to Texel and from Texel to Rottum, there was a wall of sandhills broken only where the rivers issued upon the sea. This stretch of wreathed and twisted and undulating sand, the crown of the sand diluvium that slopes gently into the ocean to the outer fringes of the dangerous sandbanks that are the terror of mariners on the Netherlands coast, was the defence of Holland. It is her defence still. Where, as we have seen, it broke down, there were rivers issuing through it to the sea; and opposite these sea-gates, the rivers had cut channels in the sand-banks that helped to their own and the land's defeat. When sailing from Den Helder to Texel, or among the islands of Zeeland and South-Holland, you can see these channelled banks at low water like white sails on the western horizon, and if you were near them would find them bubbling with a life which the inrushing tide will speedily drown. But portions of the old dunes still protect the existing islands, and a range of them, practically unbroken, stretches from The Hook to Den Helder. The sea beats upon them; it compresses them, it gnaws them, it drives them eastwards; but it has not broken through them; and when it withdraws for a fresh attack, the wind, sweeping over the shore, lifts the sun-dried sand and carries it to them to renew their defence, and sprinkles it on the land within. Something will be said later about the appearance of this range of dunes against which the tides have been powerless, of their flora and fauna; what has to be noted here is that the country lying behind them is not

clay, as it is where the sea has made its inroads, but is a stretch of low fen.

From the dunes sometimes we come plump upon this low land, but generally the descent is through sloping sandy fields. On these there is a rich growth of young wood that hides the view as we traverse them, but a steeple peeping up here and there tells of a village nestling on this inner slope of the dunes, and every now and then through a break in the undergrowth we catch a glimpse of potato patches, and of the market-gardening, penuriously guarded, for which this tract is famous. And then at the lower edge of this sandy stretch, we cross the deep canals, lined with polled willows, that separate it from the low alluvial soil of Holland. From here to the eastern limits of what we have called the tourist area, the land lies at or below the A. P. water-level. For all the water upon it, there are no rivers; rivers flow to the sea, but here there is no slope to the sea, unless it be the slope upwards. For the land, in many places, is below the level of the ocean. So the river waters gathered, and lay stagnant. Mile after mile of low morass came into existence. But it was fen in greater or less solution. Where the sea-waters made these great excursions in the north and south of which we have spoken, it was the more soluble fen they washed out. So it was at the Dollard and the Zuider Zee. Sometimes, too, they overran the firmer tract, and scooping out the softer fen upon it left inland lakes, — deep, wide sheets of water that stormed and raged when the wind blew, till

they burst their bounds and carried destruction to the country around. Such was the famous Haarlemmer Meer, and such are some of the Friesland lakes. The land was woodless, so the inhabitants dredged the peat-beds for fuel, and in this way the waters gathered into inland lakes. The whole country was a series of sheets of water, separated by tracts of mud and bog which themselves were constantly being submerged. Gradually the water gained upon the land. Before 1531, there were on the area of the Haarlemmer Meer four small lakes, with villages upon their banks, the names of which we know. By the end of the century, one of the villages was gone; by the middle of the next there were no villages but only names to remember, and the four lakes had become one. During the Eighty Years' War, naval battles were fought upon this inland sea. In the beginning of the eighteenth century, it had gained until it covered forty-five thousand acres. On November 9, 1836, a hurricane from the west drove its waters to the gates of Amsterdam, submerging ten thousand acres. Six weeks later, by a hurricane from another direction, the country to Leiden was under water, and the lower part of the city inundated. What was happening on this great scale in North-Holland, was happening on a lesser all over this tourist area. From the western dunes to the eastern diluvium, Holland was one great swamp.

To-day, although the surface of this area is changed, the natural conditions remain the same. The ocean still flings itself against the dunes, striving to burst its

way in, or stealthily creeps up and down them, looking for an opening. It still is dispossessing the rivers, casting them back in confusion headlong upon the land. The country within the dunes has not changed its level. It still is at the mercy of the sea, should it pierce the dune-barriers; it still is a reservoir for all the inland and rain waters. It wears a new, smiling face, but its constitution is the same as ever. In the old natural conditions, therefore, we find the explanation of the special and peculiar characteristics of the tourist area, — its dikes, its polders, its windmills; and they are the measure of the patience and skill of Dutch engineering. Where the dunes are weak, they are artificially strengthened; as can be seen on the shore of the Westland, the rich market-gardening tract south of the Hague, they are sometimes flanked by a dike. Where the dunes have been broken, dikes fill the gaps, — at Westkapelle, on the Island of Walcheren, and on the coast of North-Holland near Petten. At Den Helder, the visitor can see the enormous chain that protects the neck of North-Holland; and he can most easily compass the cities of the Zuider Zee by driving along the dikes that skirt its low-lying shores. Again, where the ocean has choked the rivers, new mouths have been made for them; or else new waterways have been dug to the sea, and the dunes boldly cut to give them exit. The history of the Amsterdam and Rotterdam waterways is a story of marvellous enterprise. But the Dutch engineering works are for reclamation as well as for de-

A North-Holland Canal.

From a drawing by I. H. Wijsmuller.

fence. The sea is kept from further encroachments, and the rivers are confined at least within their winter beds; and in addition both sea and rivers are being compelled to give up their earlier conquests. No sooner does the sea leave a sufficient deposit of clay on the outer side of the dike than it is impoldered, and in this way the coast of Holland is gaining more than the sea eats out of the dunes. The internal waters as well as the external are subdued. Thus the Haarlemmer Meer is a rich agricultural stretch. The old peat-dredged basins have been drained and compelled to yield luxurious crops. The lakes and rivers, if rivers some can be called, are diked and dammed, and by an elaborate system of draining, to be described later, whereby the windmills pump the waters of the polders from lower to higher reservoirs, to be carried ultimately to the main basins and to the sea, this swamp of Holland has become fertile meadow and garden and field.

So fertile and smiling are the fields and meadows that, with the completest understanding of how they are what they are, we forget that what they have been they might be again were the vigilance of the polder government relaxed for a moment. The inhabitants themselves forget it apparently, living their busy lives without disquieting fears. The traveller crossing the Wormer sees nothing to make him dream that in 1825, through the bursting of a dike that may burst again, the whole polder was inundated, and most of its inhabitants drowned. The people trust the polder

government, and we shall see later that it is charged with the very fullest measure of power for carrying on a splendidly complete system of reclamation and defence. But it remains true that upon this old question of half an inch of water depends the safety of Holland to-day. What has been reclaimed must be kept. If the sea is to be held at bay, dunes must be guarded and dikes repaired; the mills must swing their arms if the polders are to be drained; the levels of a thousand canals must be regulated to an inch if the lowlands are not to fall back into a swamp again. That is the real significance of the characteristics of Holland that strike the eye of the traveller to-day.

II

THE soil of the Dutch lowlands, then, is of two kinds chiefly. There is the fertile sea-clay which we find in all Zeeland, in parts of North-Holland and South-Holland, and on the north coasts of Friesland and Groningen; and there is the marshy fen land of North- and South-Holland and the southwest of Friesland. By this distinction of soils we are guided to a distinction in agriculture. Broadly speaking, there is cattle-rearing where there is low fen. On it, tillage is impracticable, and wood does not grow. Instead, there are the juicy green flat meadows, with their black and white cattle, and the intersecting canals down which the milk-maids come sailing with their milking-pails

in the late afternoon. There, too, are the great hay crop, and the butter and cheese industry that fills the markets of Alkmaar, Hoorn, Sneek, and Harlingen. From Rotterdam to Den Helder and from Stavoren to

A Zuider Zee Type.

Leeuwarden, by rail, everywhere save in the newer polders, you look out upon these monotonous meadows stretching away on either side. The Dutchman will not admit their sadness unless it be under the depress-

ing mists of winter, when the cattle are indoors and the polders lie silent. Bright sun, blue sky, green meadows, thriving cattle: these are not sad, he says. It is your Scots hills that are sad. The brightness is not to be denied; and yet it is true that upon many spectators the reduplication of these horizontal lines has a saddening and a depressing effect. No one travelling from Alkmaar to Den Helder in the summer evening could help being affected with a most poignant melancholy by these meadow lands stretching away into the gloaming. And, indeed, it is difficult for a stranger to live a week in the low countries without suffering from a depression of spirit.

The best picture of the farmer of these meadows, as of every Dutch type, has been drawn by "Hildebrand." Behind this pseudonym is the venerable personality of Dr. Nicolaas Beets, a minister of the Church, a professor at Utrecht University, and a poet, who now lives in retirement in the enjoyment of an almost European celebrity derived from a prose work of a singularly national quality. The "Camera Obscura" ranges widely over the field of Dutch life and character. It is recognised as a work of pure style; though colloquial, it is always distinguished. True, it sets no model for the younger Dutch writers whose steps have gone far — very far — along decadent paths. The "Camera Obscura" is not decadent. It is, indeed, most human and wholesome, with a method as legitimate as its observation is keen and wide. In consequence, the book has been absorbed by the nation,

and the young Dutchman, though he may profess admiration for the *Nieuwe Gids*, knows the "Camera." His father read it; he himself quotes it, unconsciously. The following description from it of the North-Holland Boer, therefore, is something characteristically Dutch; and I have the farther excuse for quoting it that English is almost the only European language into which the "Camera" has not been wholly translated.

The North Holland Boer.

It is Alkmaar, on a Friday forenoon in the cheese-season. All the villages — seventy or eighty of them — round the capital of North Holland are here. Beemster, Purmer, and Schermer polders have emptied themselves into the neat little town. All the streets that lead to a gate, and even more so the so-called "Dijk" (a large square in the centre of the town), are filled with their carts, green and yellow and gay with flower-pots, flourishing letters, and lines of poetry painted on the tailboards. Every stable reeks with the steam of their horses, every inn and tavern with the fumes of their pipes; and there is not a barber's chair that does not beam with their lathered faces. Go wheresoever you like — to the tobacconist, to the grocer, to the china merchant, to the shoemaker whose window displays twice the usual stock, to the notary, to the advocate, to the doctor, to the thousand and one *dijk graven* (superintendents) and treasurers of

polders: everywhere you meet a boer. One is searching for the burgomaster of his own village, who, it seems, can best look after the interests of his children when he is in Alkmaar; another applies to the blacksmith for medicine for a sick horse, though it is certain the smith never has seen the horse except in good condition.

Alkmaar, which on other days of the week is so still and dull that it seems fit for funerals only (and, indeed, there is a beautiful burial ground), is now as busy as a beehive. And truly it is a hive, where are gathered the bees that sucked the honey out of the Kenmer and West Friesland buttercups. The "Langstraat," — so called, it seems, from the family "De Lange," whose name, qualified by all the letters of the alphabet, shines on three door-posts out of four — is filled with peasants, the women in long rows loitering on the pavements in front of the goldsmith's, or walking in and out of the various cake-shops, talking loudly, laughing with big mouths, and slapping their knees at each fresh outbreak of peasant-woman's wit.

The busiest part of the town is the *Waagplein* (weighing square). Thousands of pounds' weight of little yellow cheeses are spread on large waxcloths, marked with the initials of their owners; and the whole must be sold before two o'clock. After that hour no bargaining takes place; and no peasant can, or likes to, take his cheese home again. He has to sell them even as the wholesale merchants have to buy

them. To make most of his cheese is an art, understanded of many a blate-looking peasant, stupid enough in all things else. It is amusing to watch the assumed heat wherewith they chaffer, and close a bargain, as if they would assure one another by grumpy faces that they 'll beat their hands to blood. And now come the cheese-porters, in white clothes, and yellow, green, or red hats, jog-trotting as usual, to carry the bought quantity on their litters and barrows to the ships, or to the warehouses, or to whithersoever it has to go.

Now, you have seen the vital strength of North-Holland. Nothing save this cheese defends it against the sea, makes and preserves it a green country, and keeps all North-Holland chimneys smoking. Would you know whether the boer is doing well? Ask the price of cheese. You imagine, perhaps, that it is the church-collectors on Sunday who notice that Friday has been a good day; that the lord of the manor is the best judge of whether the cheese has been *praizig* (high priced) during the year. On the contrary, the goldsmiths and the cake-bakers can tell best of all; and the Alkmaar *kermis* (fair) flourishes accordingly. Then, the women have a sweet tooth, and an eye for finery, and the men-folk know how to spend money when they are out for a holiday. In 1841, the wet year, when the hay-crop was a failure, the *kermis* bells swung above as many chaises and carts entering the towngates as ever. The *boeren* and *boerinnen* drank the white wine, and sipped the red gin and sugar, and ate the *ponte koek* with no less noisy signs of admira-

"The Vital Strength of North-Holland."
From a drawing by Jan Vrolijk.

tion than last year for the noble art of neck-breaking and the unsurpassable jokes of the clown, who flopped like a stick. Complaints are kept for Christmas, when the lord of the manor makes up his book.

The genuine, old North-Holland boer is disappearing and altering as all types alter. On this Alkmaar cheese-market, you find him in all his variety. This old fellow with smiling lips, and bright, laughing eyes that look from under the broad-brimmed, round-crowned hat, which he keeps on his head with a tobacco-pipe-shank, is the oldest type. A narrow, red cotton scarf is folded about his neck by tiny gold buttons. A long brown waistcoat, with a row of big buttons that are not in active service — hooks-and-eyes do the work — reaches over his hips. His short trousers look upon the region of shins and calves as far beneath them, and leave it to the gray stockings that end in thick shoes with golden buckles. There are a few only of these old fellows left; you can see them walking across the market with long, peeled sticks reaching to their chins.

I have not room for all the other types! Do you wish to see the youngest? Here it is. A short, blue, close jacket, with velvet collar, reaches a little below the shoulder blades; all else is trousers — trousers made of velveteen, — save a woollen necktie, mottled red, green, and yellow, and on his head, now a big, broad, extensive tall hat, or again a hairy fur cap, with the flap down over his eyes or in his neck, according to sunshine or rain. Ten to one, the old fellow is

gay and chatty, and the young dour and stiff, suspicious and a stick.

The chief end of the North-Holland boer is to go to market. He is the salesman and administrator of his gear; that's all. His qualities are more negative than positive. Do you ask if he is zealous? I answer: "He looks well after his *spul* (farm and everything)." Does he live a regular life? "He drinks on market days and fairs only." Is he honest? "He never milks his neighbour's cows." Is he kind-hearted? "He is good to his cattle." Does he love his wife? "There is no better *keezer* (maker of cheese)." Is he a fighter and a rowdy? "Not if he is sober." Is he fond of his children? "They get plenty of bread and butter, and the schoolmaster at any rate may not give them a thrashing!" Is he religious? "He goes regularly to church!"

To live in a farm of his own somewhere in the polders, surrounded by a flat country, with nothing to break his horizon and no servants save his own children: that is his ideal. His idols, a fine black and white cow, with full udders, and a young horse yoked in the bright shining peasant chaise with gilt wheels. Seated in this, the lightest and most elegant of vehicles old-fashioned or new, going to the fair with his busket wife beside him, and passing his fellows on the way by dint of much pulling at the reins (he never uses a whip): — then he enjoys himself in a manner unknown to the "Abtswouder boer" (of the poem) when he got excited over "eating apples,

plucking pears, mowing, haying; filling barn and rick with fruits and greens; shearing sheep and pressing udders."

It may seem strange to seek for the likeness of the Dutch lowland dairy farmer in a portrait drawn sixty years ago; but in sixty years he has altered little. The changes and modifications in the type evident to the keen eye of "Hildebrand" are hidden from the foreigner. In politics and in matters connected with the Church he is Progressive, as we should call it. I believe that of the four members of the Second Chamber elected North of the Y, one is a Liberal, two are advanced Liberals, and the fourth is a Radical Calvinist, — a type not unfamiliar at home. But in all else the Dutch boer is conservative. He cuts his corn and mows his hay and makes his butter and cheese in the manner in which his grandfather did these things, and for that very reason; or if he is advancing, it is unwillingly only, and of recent years, prodded by the competition of other countries to which his conservative and unenterprising and even lazy methods have given an opening.

The Dutch dairy-farmer is advancing under that pressure, as we shall see later when we visit his land. Perhaps it ought to be said rather that he is being advanced. A conservative, rooted adherence to the ways of his fathers is still the keynote of his character. Therein he differs little from the farmer on the clay: dwellers on the clay are always tenacious. No coun-

North Sea Fisher Folk.

From a drawing by Philip Sadée.

try in the world is more gracious to the husbandman than the sea-polders of Zeeland and the new polders on the fen, and there, possibly, the land is as well farmed as land can be. Enterprise has not been wanting, and enterprise has not always been profitable. There were model-farms on these polders that it used to be the fashion for travellers from all countries to visit. Their farmers were wealthy and enthusiastic, and hospitably entertained the delighted stranger. If you ask about these farms now, you will be told that they served as models how the polders ought not to be farmed. It is of no use to put a steam plough into land which a steam plough tears the heart out of. But there are less heroic and wiser enterprises possible for the average farmer on the rich grain lands, which he has carefully fought shy of, and as a consequence his condition is not flourishing. All over Holland, indeed, agriculture is at a pass. There are many in the country who declare that the laziness of the boers is the root of the evil. The boers are not so much lazy as wanting in push, and already, now that the pressure of bad times has roused them, their condition is improving. So much one is assured. There seem, however, other causes for the depression. Rents have risen high, and with them the price of land. From 1850 to about 1880, when this upward movement was continued, the farmers were making money from high prices in grain, and a heavy export of cattle. Men sunk their capital in the soil. When an owner died, it frequently happened that one of the children who

determined to hold the place bought out his brothers and sisters at a fancy price raised much above the real value by the sentiment of attachment to the old home. A fall in prices came, and of course it bore hardest on those who had purchased their lands at the high price. Farms have become mortgaged. Capitalists who bought in the fat years have been bitten. I know of fine land in the Betuwe which was bought in 1879 while yielding four-and-a-half per cent and now yields little more than two. In the new polders, especially, land has been bought and held too dearly. It is true that within comparatively recent years some farmers paying high rents in these have done well. A Dutch gentleman assured me that he never had a more profitable transaction than ten years' farming of some land in the Haarlemmer Meer at a rent of £7 10*s.* per acre. But he grew wheat and potatoes alternately,—his landlord not interfering,—ploughed every year deeper, and during the ten years did no manuring. Of course he exhausted the land. The polders will stand much. It is believed that the new lands at present being reclaimed at the Dollard will grow crops for fifty years without an ounce of compost, so fertile are they. There are, however, limits to the fertility even of Dutch polders. These acres in the Haarlemmer Meer that were let at £7 10*s.* are now let at less than the half, and the farmer who leases them probably has some difficulty in making ends meet on a farm where his predecessor made money. The shutting up of the English and other ports for fat cattle (on the plea, not

believed for a moment by the Dutchman, of protection against disease) was the heaviest blow to the peasants, and many of them were ruined. In Friesland, where the rise in prices had been highest, the fall of course was deepest. From want of money, the farmers have let the land deteriorate, the labourers find it difficult to get work, and the poor-rates have increased so enormously that many of the well-to-do inhabitants have left the province to escape the heavy burden. Of recent years a great deal of arable land has been laid down in grass, which means years of outlay and little production. In such cases, generally, it is true, the landlord is giving compensation, but in Holland a claim for compensation does not lie. Even from the Betuwe come complaints: competition is killing the profits of fruit-growing, and prices are falling in the horse-fairs at Tiel.

A full half, probably, of the land in Holland is farmed by the proprietor, but he is a peasant proprietor. You look in vain for the large landowners of England or of Germany who live not only upon their rents, but on the sales from their own cultivation also. You look almost in vain, indeed, for any large landowners; for under the Dutch law whereby all the children share their father's possessions, wide acres are narrowed and the fields belonging to the mansion house lie in a close circle round the elms and hazels of the demesne. The Dutch country gentleman indulges a taste for gardening, makes a profit out of growing the low hazel that one sees being borne down the

canals everywhere for a great variety of purposes, and shoots his partridges and hares and mallards. He does not keep a model home-farm and breed fine stock. In Holland the men who breed stock are called boers. Whether they own their hundred acres or rent them, though their bank accounts are fatter than their beeves, the boers are peasants; a class by themselves, between whom and the professional middle class there is apparently no stepping-stone. In a market town in England, you will find together, bargaining, discussing, advising, gossiping, a man who beds his own beasts and follows his own plough, while his son perhaps has a charge of the cattle and sheep on his out-fields; and a man with a son at Cambridge, who himself rides to hounds; and a score of others of different social grades between. It would be in error to say that in Holland that is an impossible sight. The temptation in writing about a strange country, seen superficially only, as a foreign country must necessarily be seen, is to generalise, to strain facts to suit classifications; and probably writers on Holland have yielded more easily than usual to that temptation and to the exaggeration of small details. I do not forget the gentlemen-farmers of the Betuwe, or the farm-houses, like mansions, in Groningen. Not that the spaciousness of the dwelling or any such evidence of the eyes counts for much. There is — or at any rate there was not long ago — in one of the islands of Zeeland a farm-town bearing over the gateway a motto in Latin, the meaning of which I believe the farmer knew very well. In his sitting-room there

was a piano, from which all the musical mechanism had been removed, so that the case might be used as a cupboard. That is not an isolated instance. I could take you to a *boerderij* in a lowland province, where a boer lives with his wife and several children in a handsome house, and has a capital account of some thousands of guilders. The family use one sitting-room only — the kitchen, — and they all sleep together in one bed-room. Make the thousands of guilders hundreds, and that *boerderij* becomes typical. Behind the walls of some at least of these elegant Groningen mansions, I can say, there exists no equivalent elegance of manners. Certainly there are many exceptions. From a boer home a man can, and does, rise to high positions in his country; men rise to such from the small shopkeeper class, and after that anything seems possible. There are many farmer households with sons at the University, and daughters who cultivate an elegant taste after the butter-making of the morning. But they are exceptions in their own class, if indeed they can be said to belong to the boer class at all. For, rich or poor, almost invariably the farmer is a peasant. Rich or poor, he dresses as a boer; in the highlands, indeed, less uniformly, but in the lowlands in thick black cloth, peaked cap, light coloured stockings, probably in velvet slippers in place of the discarded sabots, as may be seen any market day. The Dutch boer remains the Dutch boer, self-reliant, rooted to the soil, often keenly intelligent, rather lazy often, the backbone, the "vital strength," of his country. Yet,

THE HAYLOFT.

From a painting by J. J. van de Sande Bakhuyzen.

especially now that it is in a depressed condition, agriculture in Holland may feel the lack of a nobler infusion.

Besides dairy-farming and the growing of grain and green crops, there are on the soil of the lowlands other industries characteristically Dutch or engaged in by the Dutch in a characteristic manner. Upon the hyacinth and tulip fields of Haarlem is focussed the Hollander's love and scientific appreciation of flowers, ministered to by the navigators and travellers of the adventurous days, and witnessed to still by the flower-box on the peat boat no less than by the Botanic Gardens of Amsterdam and Leiden. In the Westland, between The Hague and The Hook, is to be seen in perfection market-gardening upon a soil magnificently prepared for that end by ingenious labour. The potato patches in the hollows of the inner dunes testify to the frugal industry that finds a living also in every reed and willow-sapling, — the patient and penurious reverse of the character of a people who assault the ocean daily, and flaunt the richest colonies in the world in the eyes of their ambitious neighbours. The dunes themselves are planted, and thus from the protection of their defences the Dutch snatch a double profit. Round the coasts, again, are the homes of fishermen who ply an industry more romantic and even more ancient than agriculture. Many who visit Holland carry away the impression that they have seen the pride of the Dutch fisheries in the islands of Zeeland and the Zuider Zee to which they were at-

tracted by the quaint and variegated dress of the fisher-folk. That is not so. Costume, there, is the beautiful accretion of decay. A cloud rests over these inland fisheries, brightened only by a chance happy speculation in anchovies. The stir and bargaining of the picturesque crowds in the fish-markets of Den Helder and Amsterdam too frequently are a grim fight with want. The beautiful interiors of the Volendammers — that stalwart race — are often visited with poverty. I read that the men of Urk are leaving their boats to "take on" in the ocean-going steamers; and so it is, no doubt, in the other islands. The great North Sea fishing fleet does not sail from there, but from the Maas towns and from the coast villages of Scheveningen, Noordwijk, and Katwijk; and we shall find, when we visit Vlaardingen, the head place of the fisheries still, that in them, also, a gradual transmutation is going on. The Scheveningen boms, made so familiar to us by the pictures of Mr. Mesdag, must go the way of the older busses. Sailing boats will disappear before steamers, as the local butter-markets will disappear before the factories. The decay of the picturesque may be deplored, but at any rate the spirit of the Dutchman is asserting itself in the fabric he is rearing in its place. Thickly studded, too, over the lowlands are a thousand busy hives, — hamlets that wear the air of villages, villages with the stir of towns, towns with all the paraphernalia of small cities, and small cities that hold up their heads with the pride of equality beside Amsterdam and Rotterdam. Nowhere

in the world, probably, are the realities of life — love, marriage, work, rivalry, death, the niggardliness and bountifulness of Nature, and the art, affection, and neighbourliness of man — brought home to one more vividly than in this little reclaimed delta on the North Sea.

III

FROM the "tourist area," as I have called it, we pass to the higher grounds in the east by an easy transition in the province of Utrecht. The city of Utrecht (as a glance at the map will discover) lies at the junction of the two. The low meadows flow over the western borders of the province from North- and South-Holland; but they stop at the city walls. "Have we reached the Continent at last?" Louis Napoleon cried, or so the story runs, when he came to Utrecht in his eastward progression. The ancient city is a gate, as it were, to the higher grounds,— that hilly country of which the Dutch are so jealous when Holland is described as a land of ditch and treeless field by those who have not pushed beyond these. Probably many are preserved from the error of speaking of a treeless Holland only by the recollection of 't Haagsche Bosch, through which they passed in their drives out from The Hague, or of the Middagter Allee near Arnhem. But from Arnhem to Utrecht there stretches still a grand belt of wood that almost keeps true the old saying that a squirrel can go between

them without touching ground. This line — by Zeist, Doorn, Amerongen, Reenen, Wageningen, the southern borders of the Veluwe, ranged far above the Rhine and the Betuwe beyond — is studded with the summer houses of the city merchants, all with their cosy verandahs, and most of them surrounded by the formal arrangement of lake and flower-plot, so dear to the Dutchman, so petty and ugly in English eyes. Round the country seats of the old families on the same line one finds splendid wood, avenues of beech and fir and lime which it would be difficult to match anywhere. And when we push farther into the Veluwe, we come to woods more extensive still. In Utrecht province, within sight of the Dom, to go no farther afield, you can walk for miles along ant-run sandy tracks between fragrant pines, or through close-set young firs, glimmering grey, veiling as with smoke the green beyond; or lie knee-deep in the heather in a great wide waste with no living thing near save the *hei-tuters* screaming against the turquoise sky. And yet if you had held to the right hand instead of to the left at starting, you would have been led through flat deep-green meadows, where black cattle browse and blue-bloused boers make the hay, or would have skirted cherry-orchards, or again the tall bean-sticks; but always you would have struck canals that reflect swinging sails and are spanned by innumerable bridges. And here, too, are to be found some of the quaintest of the old towns of Holland: Wijk-bij-Duurstede, with its castle dating from the

days of Charlemagne, and Yselstein, — close, narrow-streeted, the flat, grey house-fronts fenced with shady lindens, cut to allow the light to reach the windows, crusted with age, the iron-work ornaments of the sixteenth century, say, seeming modern beside the general ancientness. One thing the Utrecht province does not have — the sea. And thus, perhaps, in it we miss the greatest charm of all: the approach across the deep green lands to the western dunes, with their delicate green helm, the plodding through these scooped sandhills, and the coming out upon the dazzling white sands, shell-strewed, along which the coast shimmers in the heat haze, with the villages floating in it like a mirage, or is blotted out by the storm when the North Sea roars in the wind, or, again, is enveloped by the copper mist in which the sun stands like a boss of fire in a burnished shield.

The higher lands in the east, like the lowlands of the west, have a great variety of scenery and interests, and exhibit in a scarcely less degree the triumph of the Dutch over nature. Soon after leaving Germany and shortly before it reaches Arnhem, the Rhine thrusts out westwards the most important of its many arms. Not far from Dordrecht, the arm so stretched, the Waal, joins hand with another river, the Maas, which in the south has been running a course more or less parallel with the Rhine. Between the two, and reaching a little beyond the Rhine in the north and overlapping the Maas in the south, and watered across by the friendly Waal, there is a tract of river-

clay, the rich core of which is called the Betuwe (good land), on account of its fertility, even as to the sandy region, farther north towards the Zuider Zee, is given the name of the Veluwe (barren land). On this pleasant country of the Betuwe we can set foot by crossing the Rhine from the province of Utrecht by the ferry-boat at Wijk-bij-Duurstede. For about a quarter of a mile a path, shaded by poplars and great willows, leads through fat fields with a gentle acclivity to what appears a main road. Other paths run to brick and tile works, and to the jetties that dot the river-side as far as the eye can reach. There never was a more restful country-side, we say, nor one watered by a less turbulent river. Why should there be need of a dike here? For there is a dike: the broad grass-grown road along which we are now walking, considerably above the level of the belt of fields we have been admiring, and higher still above the cherry-orchards and farm-steadings on the inner side. Had our visit been paid seven months earlier, its use would have been more apparent. Seven months ago, this tract, some hundreds of yards broad, without the dike, the *uiterwaarden*, was submerged. There was not a trace of all these pollards; the great-boled willows looked like giants knee-deep in water. Had we been standing on the roadway then, and seen all this, and the river lapping the bank at our feet, where we can pick daisies now if we choose, and had turned next to view the orchards and stack-yards and cow-sheds within the dike, in the *binnenwaarden*, we should have seen in a flash that the safety

of a whole country-side depends upon this dike standing firmly beneath us.

But if in imagination we have pictured the danger, we walk along the dike this summer day with eyes appreciative of the safeguards. Every point in the landscape wears a new significance. We understand now why it is that each building in the *uiterwaarden* has its own superior level, its own little scheme of fortification; why the farms and villages on the inner side nestle to the dike like chickens to the protecting wing. At present there is no danger; the water does not so much as lap the summer dikes that skirt it here and there. Even in winter, it does not always threaten the peace of the country people; and every year it plays into their hands by giving them fresh powers to keep it in order. For when it covers the *uiterwaarden*, the clay which in summer is carried to sea deposits itself on the fields, and silts up inlands, thereby strengthening the dike, to which, indeed, in some places the water cannot reach now. At most, the river becomes sportive in little rivulets across the roadway, or causes a scare by burrowing beneath it and bubbling up on the other side. These are trivial outbreaks, comparatively. It is ice, and not water, that the Betuwe has to fear. The river becomes frost-bound at its winter level. By-and-by the wind changes, going a point to the south: the ice melts, and melts first of all in the upper waters, and enormous blocks come sliding down, one over the other, lump upon lump, mounting to the dike. "*D'r uut! D'r uut! De Waaol die kruut!*" is

the country-side warning at such times, "Come out! Come out! The Waal is drifting!" And all who can, do come out, night or day, to watch the weak or exposed spots. Their worldly possessions, if not their lives, depend on these withstanding the shock.

We rest a few minutes at an *uitspanning* near Maurik, eat rye bread and cheese, and drink a glass of milk, — a Dutch luncheon, — and over a cigar chat with the landlord and his wife about this enemy that disturbs their otherwise peaceful country. The old woman's mother (so we hear) used to tell of a terrible *ijsgang* (ice-drift) in "nine," that is in 1809. A few hundred yards from where we sit, the ice pierced the dike, and the water, rushing in, tumbled down buildings as if they had been houses of cards, drowning some of the inmates, imprisoning others for a time in garrets, and leaving barren for years these cherry orchards from which reach us the sounds of the "corncrake" rattles wherewith the little boys of the Betuwe scare the sparrows from the red fruit. That was a bad *ijsgang;* but nothing to another that almost happened six years ago, for the oldest inhabitant — we have met him at home — cannot remember so close a shave. The man and his wife chase each other in their conversation with picturesque incidents of this disaster, still fresh in their memories; and out of the cloud of broken English and colloquial Dutch, there rises before our eyes the scene that night when the watchers, looking westwards, saw the lights of the ships on the river approach nearer and nearer until they stood up

to the dike. Then suddenly they swung and went out. The waters had fallen as suddenly, and next morning found the vessels lying high and dry on the road with fields between them and the river now back almost to its normal level. This time, the dike was not broken.

The Betuwe is a jewel well worth such strenuous guarding. Nature has favoured it, and the art of its inhabitants keeps it like a garden. It must be visited in spring, as indeed all the polder country ought to be; then, through the flowery meadows and the orchards in blossom from 's Hertogenbosch to Kuilemburg is surely one of the most beautiful railway journeys in the world. The rivers that water it are crowded with the traffic of middle Europe. The towns upon them — Tiel, Reenen, Kuilemburg, Bommel — are among the oldest and quaintest and most sweetly lying in the country. The roads are excellent for the "bike" — for which, by the way, the populace in Holland have invented the expressive name of *Fiets* (Fr. *Vîte*); and let not the bicyclist forget to take the route by the Linge, *'t Kleine Rivierke* of the author Cremer.

Beyond the Betuwe, to the northeast and east, lies the "Achterhoek" or back corner of Gelderland, the old countship of Zutphen; with hills and woods and moors and hundreds of little streams dotted with water-mills. To the south of the Betuwe, again, the land slopes constantly upwards until in the south of Limburg it reaches the highest point in the whole of Holland. The clay of the Maas joins the sand of

A Mill in North Brabant.

From a painting by B. J. Blommers.

Brabant without any break of hills; and in the sand itself there is no break, except the well-known desolate high fen, the Peel, that for centuries vied with the Maas as the natural frontier on the east. Beyond the Peel, still farther south, we leave the sand for the older formations of Limburg, where, in the neighbourhood of Kerkerade and Kloosterrade are the only coal mines in the country. The lower grounds in the north of North-Brabant, along the railway route from Flushing to Berlin, form an agricultural stretch where are grown rye, buckwheat, potatoes, and oats, the usual sand products. Round the towns are market gardens: the strawberries of Breda are famous. In the neighbourhood of Bergen-op-Zoom has sprung up a great beet-root industry. Along the valleys of the Maas tributaries, cattle-rearing is on the increase, and everywhere in the sand the cultivation of wood is a source of revenue. Higher up, nearer the Belgian frontiers, the shepherds herd their flocks, and the farmers send out their bees to suck the honey from the buckwheat and the heather blossoms. The Dutch call Limburg the garden of Holland, their admiration of its scenery no doubt being chiefly due to the contrast it offers to that of the low lands. The soil is a rich, wheat-growing clay, cultivated to the field-edges, and supporting a numerous population that seems well-to-do; the clay also supplies the potteries of Regout, one of the great industries of the manufacturing towns here, which are spoken of as an open sore in the social condition of Holland. Sandy soil and a

Roman Catholic population, — these are the characteristics of the southern provinces. Here we are among the Flemings rather than among the Dutch.

Now let us go back to Utrecht, and strike northeastwards for the highlands of the north. Our way lies through 't Gooi and the Veluwe. Or, at any rate, we can go round by 't Gooi, — that odd little hilly corner of North-Holland that faces the Zuider Zee without any help from the dikes. The inhabitants of the neighbouring meadow lands, so an old writer tells us, used to go to 't Gooi to see its beautiful variety of landscape. "In the valleys between the heather-clad hills are fertile fields, some sown, some mown, some covered with the white buckwheat blossoms like a sea of milk; from the highest hills, we see in one glance the Zuider Zee, the low Waterland, the blue Veluwe, moorland fields, meadows and woods," — so he describes this beautiful, if not very fertile, corner in which the Amsterdammer often makes his home, as much from the desire to escape the rising taxes of the city as from a love for the beauties of the country.

The blue Veluwe. The sandy Veluwe. Here we have the same variety of scenery as in 't Gooi; but there is more water, the hills are higher, and the woods are larger, — some of them, like the Beekbergsche and Soerensche Bosch, the largest in the country. A thin population lives on a poor agriculture and the cultivation of wood, and where the mossy sheep-sheds shelter under the trees, we see those shepherds and those sheep to whom the genius of the painter Mauve was

dedicated. Over the Ysel, we are in Overysel, and there most of the characteristic physical conditions of Holland meet. On the left beyond Meppel is the Land van Vollenhoven, where the cattle meadows roll away into Friesland. On the right is Twente, with many little rivers that rise in the hills in the east; to all appearance another Achterhòek of Gelderland, only that here there are industries of which Gelderland knows nothing, and corn takes the place of rye and buckwheat. To the north are peat-lands that stretch away into desolate Drente.

Drente is the province of waste lands. From Meppel to ter Apel and from Groningen almost to Koevorden is a stretch of heather. In the middle of this stretch is the moorland proper, with villages encircled by their strip of agricultural lands. The white, long-tailed sheep crop here all the year round, while the shepherds knit stockings as they tend them, and swarms of bees are brought to make honey in the heather when the colza season is over. It is impossible for one who has not seen it in the rainy season to imagine the desolateness of this moorland, when from the soft, slaggy roads the sodden heather stretches away like a vast foreshore of seaweed left by the tide; with tawny patches, and muddy and sandy hollows, and pools, and inland seas with rippling waves, and birch clumps here and there that loom like headlands through the mists. Beyond these sandy heaths, and also heather-covered when undug, are the high-fens, the famous peat-lands. On moorland and fen, forests

THE SHEEP SHED.

From a painting by Louis Apol.

once existed. In time they disappeared. On the moorland sand, they were cut for fuel or for building, fires blasted them, the northwest winds overturned them, the cattle turned out upon the ground stopped the growth of the younger timber. In the undrained, moister stretches, fen began to form. The roots of the oaks rotted, the great trees fell and lay, as they are found to this day, pointing to the southeast. Firs followed the oaks, and birches and alders the firs, — all of them to destruction; and then in place of trees came the undergrowth and the grasses and reeds. The rotting vegetation fed the fen, and a brown, gloomy marsh covered half a province. There were no roads across it. The villages on this side and on that were cut off from each other by weary, desolate, trackless regions, shunned by animals and untrodden by men. Such, three hundred years ago, was the fen that stretched unbroken from near Groningen down the east of Drente to its southeast border, and encircled the moorland fringes of Friesland and Overysel. There are tracts of it here and there in Drente still to aid the fancy in picturing how this whole region looked a century or two ago. But except in them, you would not dream that desolation ever brooded over it, for the marshes are reclaimed and under the greenest of green crops, the canals that intersect them are crowded, and in the long streets of the fen colonies there is stir and traffic. This is one of the wonders of Holland.

North of Groningen, the land slopes down with a

sweep to the west to the Friesland meadows, and northwards over the fat wheat-fields. There we are no longer in the highlands, but once more in the polders, from which we look across the oozy waters of the Wadden to the old line of dunes on the islands beyond.

IV

THESE physical and other conditions are not without a further consequence, to be kept in view by the visitor to Holland. In choosing the western strip, he has selected the richest part of the Netherlands, the portion most flourishing and most populous, inhabited by the finest races, and most closely associated with the valiant deeds of the great wars. The cities of the lowlands bred the artists and scholars; the seaports, the navigators and great captains. It is in the provinces of Friesland, the Hollands, and Zeeland that you find the most splendid types of men. The seafaring life, and contact with it, widen the horizon of the mind. When we come to the sandy grounds we are aware of a drop in the plane of intelligence that appears evident even to the casual traveller ignorant of the statistics that are made to prove it so. As far as the education returns can speak, the provinces in the west and north are the most highly developed. On the other hand, did we follow statistics, we might conclude that in the scale of morality, North- and South-Holland are lower than the south and the east

with their duller and patient workers on the sand; all that is true, possibly, is that into the west part of the country, where most of the large cities are, there stream the social and moral wrecks. In the same way, statis-

A Zeeland Girl.

tics may be manipulated to support that theory of the superiority of Friesland of which one hears a great deal too much.

The Frisians, now confined within a corner of the

extreme north of the country, originally inhabited the greater part of modern Holland. Their territory stretched from the mouth of the Rhine to the mouth of the Eems; they have left traces of an occupation beyond these limits. Northwards, we find the name of North Friesland still given to the strip of clay that lies to the west of Sleeswijk. In the south, in West Flanders, they have left a mark upon the language; and across the Schelde, in the islands of Zeeland, features and family names, and names of places, habits and customs, and costumes, and the system of land divisions, testify to Frisian blood. The Saxons held the east, — speaking very generally, the present Drente and Overysel, — mixing with the Frisians in the north, and in the south with the Franks. These, again, held the south, and swept westwards to the borders of Zeeland, and northward over South-Holland and Utrecht, and merged with the Frisians, on their southern borders there. On the modern map of Holland, the widest tract of the Province of North-Holland, where it shoots into the Zuider Zee at Enkhuizen, is named West Friesland. In any map of Holland before the thirteenth century, however, we will not find any Zuider Zee. The provinces of North-Holland and Friesland were one, traversed by the Ysel and the Vlie. When, in the inundations of the thirteenth century, the low lands on these rivers fell in, and the Zuider Zee came into existence, Friesland was cut in two. Towards the end of the century, the western portion, the present West Friesland, was made subject

to the counts of Holland. But it did not cease to regard itself as Frisian. Naturally, it was in the towns that the Frankish influence gained ground. In the country, on the other hand, Frisian sentiment prevailed. As far south as the Waterland and in the valley of the Zaan, and even in the Amstelland, the Frisian laws remained in force. As late as 1600, the Frisian language was spoken. And we shall find that up to the end of the Republic, it is always the Stadhouder and States of Holland and West Friesland that are spoken of. Meanwhile, on the eastern side of the gap, in the present Friesland, the people cut off from the influence of the Franks preserved their character of Free Fries more entirely than ever they could have done had not the waters burst in upon them. Even now they remain in some sense a people by themselves, with a language that after twelve hundred years of separation remains more like our own than any other is. That "Butter, Bread, and Cheese is good English and good Fries" is almost literally true. The Hollander understands Frisian in proportion as he understands English, and it is said that Scots drovers in Frisian markets have little difficulty in making themselves comprehended. All this may very well be, however, without convincing us of a special fineness and pride in the Frisian race; nor is any conviction to be extracted from the fact that the Frisian himself is quite assured of the superiority. That he salutes you, when you enter his country, with a "Have you come from Holland?" implying thereby

A Farm on the Sand.

From a drawing by H. D. Kruseman van Elten.

more than a mere distinction of province, is only a proof that the Holland provinces and Zeeland are the true nucleus of the country. Groningen, Drente, Limburg, and Brabant still make the same distinction.

Still, there is left a core of pure Fries. It is not to be found any longer in the towns. The teaching in the schools and the Bible are driving it farther in upon the country. But it is there. Indeed, the distinction of the three races — the Frisian, the Frank, the Saxon — is so marked that a Dutch geographer has mapped out the spheres of their influence in Holland to this day. The sea-clay in the north, from Alkmaar to beyond the Dollard, and almost all the low-fen country in Friesland and Overysel; the country parts of Waterland and Amstelland; the islands of Walcheren, Schouwen, and Duiveland, in Zeeland, the shores of the Holland Diep, and the land of Axel, in Dutch Flanders: that is the Frisian sphere. The Saxon, he says, is found on the highlands of the east, upon the banks of the river Ysel, and in the country to the east of Het Gooi; the Frank, upon the river-clay in Gelderland, and the country to the south of the old Ysel and the Waal, upon the Rhine and Maas diluvium, on the polders between the Dutch Ysel and the Merwede, and round Rotterdam, and in the river-clay round Utrecht. We shall see, later, where the races have met and merged; and we shall find curious cases of small areas, occupied by one, set plump in the midst of a country of the other. But within the limits we have drawn, roughly but suggest-

ively, are the spheres of the three races; and if we wish for towns as centres and hearts of these spheres, — keeping in view the impossibility of any town preserving its purity of race, — then we are given Leeuwarden as the type of Friesland, Deventer and Zwolle as typical of the Saxon, and Den Bosch, the town of the Franks.

This, undoubtedly, is to indulge the Teutonic craze for classifications. According to it, we ought to find in the maritime, the eastern, and the southern provinces three clear, well-defined types. The Frisians, we are told, are tall, large in frame and fine in the bone, with long, well-shaped limbs and toes and fingers; narrow-shouldered, full and long in the neck, narrow-jawed, brilliantly-fair in complexion, soft in the skin, and grey in the eyes. The women are handsome, red-cheeked, and tall and slight in figure. As a race they are sharp and eager, proud of their nationality, but liberal-minded and ambitious, active, fond of feasts and games, simple, frank, hot-tempered and easily forgiving, orderly but hateful of oppression, with a turn for practical science rather than for the Fine Arts, agriculturists, sea-farers and fishers rather than manufacturers, and by choice engaging in commerce rather than in industry. The Saxons, again, are broader, squatter, coarser in bone and firmer of flesh; fairer, with bright blue eyes; milder and less acute. They are the manufacturers, not the fishermen and sailors of Holland. Lastly, there are the darker, olive-skinned, grosser, and uglier Franks, with gentle, generous natures, strongly attached

to old things, tillers of the soil, seldom rearers of cattle; clever in industries, naturally apt in the routine of official employment and in the service of the Fine Arts. In this manner, some of our Teutonic guides sort out the races. The visitor to Holland, it need not be said, sees no such distinctions, though he easily imagines that he does if he has learned his lesson well. For a little time in recent years there was a good deal of disturbance in Friesland, and Socialism, the bogy of the Dutch *rentiers*, seemed to be rearing its head dangerously. The rioting arose out of the agricultural depression and the want of work already referred to; and it disproved the Frisian's instinct for order quite as much as it corroborated his hatred of injustice and oppression. The Frisian, again, is described as fond of cattle-rearing. But in our geographer's allotment, the Zeeland islands are given to the Frisians, and there we do not find cattle-rearing, but tillage, and one of the State agriculturalists assured me that that was not on account of the soil but because of a natural dislike of the people to the occupation. It is true that in Overysel, the country alleged of the Saxons, there is the great industry of Twente, corresponding with that of Westphalia, and that it derived its origin from the never resting wheels and clattering looms of the farmhouses. The people of the southern provinces, it may be admitted, show a Frankish attachment to things old by their adherence to the Catholic Church. One looks suspiciously on these corroborations of generalisations as to race; and it is safer to be content with local

peculiarities and characteristics observed in the course of visits made to this province and to that without straining after classifications. In the upper and middle classes in Holland there is a great infusion of foreign blood by marriage. To this, no doubt, is due in part the cosmopolitanism of the Dutchman. We must remember the continual migration to the north from the loyal provinces during the War of Eighty Years; the flocking of the Huguenots to the United Provinces after 1685; and, later, the close connection with France, which had an influence that plainly exists still. When the stranger turns from the upper classes to the peasantry in search of physical peculiarities of race, his observations are at once disturbed by the variations of costumes. For him, the distinctions lie in the helmets of Friesland, the caps of Brabant, the kerchiefs and petticoats of the islands in the southwest. If he is struck by any one type more than another, it is most likely by the swarthy faces of Zeeland, popularly accounted for by the long Spanish occupation. Special characteristics in the people, attributable to their occupation and the soil they live on, seem clear enough. With us, the clever, rather selfish, rather shrewd, radical, weaving population, humble when under the hand but self-assertive upon the least relaxation of its grip, cannot compare in manly virtues with our fishermen and farmers. So no doubt it is in Holland. There, noticeably, the dwellers on the sand are duller than the dwellers on the clay; and it is commonly held that the farmers everywhere have less

A Fisher-Child of Scheveningen.

character than the still plainer, bluffer, prouder, and more reserved people of the sea. Sir William Temple noted the difference in his day, and accounted for it by the heartier food of the fishermen and mariners as well as by their isolated lives and the elements they passed them in. Want of success in their occupation and consequent decline in the heartiness of their food may account for the beggarliness of certain of the fishing communities now. It must be said that there are show places, such as Marken and Scheveningen, subjected to the corrupting influence of thoughtless, largesse-giving tourists; but Volendam also is a haunt of the tourist, yet no breaking down of self-respect and pride is to be discovered there.

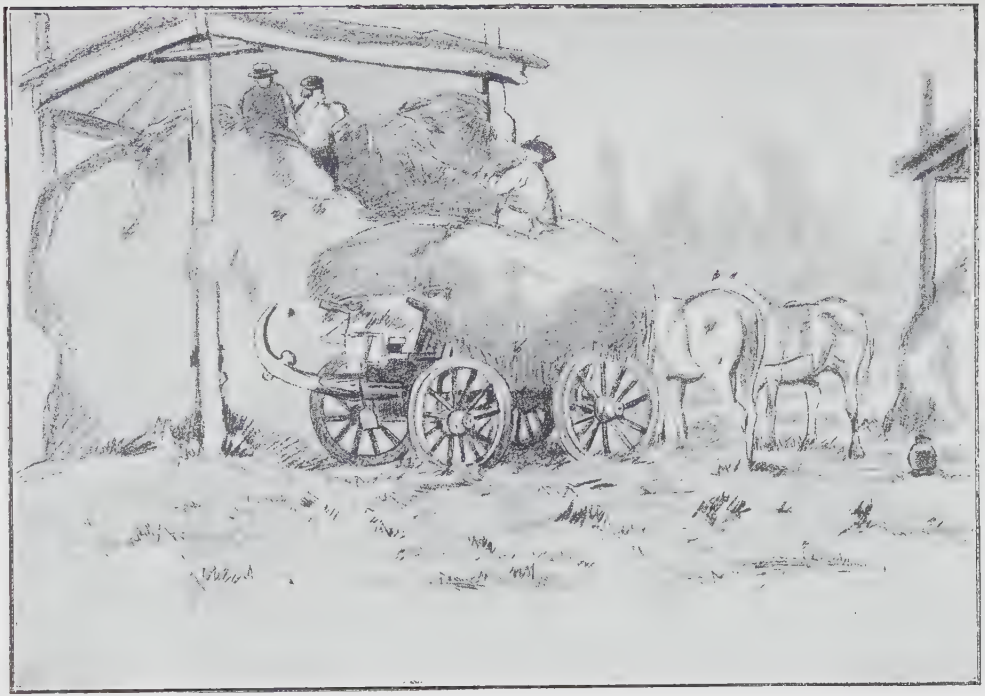
It is a common belief that Scotland gives an excellent line wherewith to measure Holland. There are many points of similarity between the two peoples. The resemblance in the languages seems the greater that the guttural sounds common to both are precisely those that notoriously gravel the Englishman. No Dutchman has any difficulty in saying Auchtermuchty. On the other hand, the cockney ought to find himself at home in the islands of Zeeland, for there the *h* is dropped with great assiduity. This is the case also, I believe, in a little colony on the Buchan coast, which suggests an interesting speculation. In the matter of actual words, too, there is a considerable similarity between Dutch and Scots; that is to say, good broad Scots will often help to an understanding between a Dutchman and a Scot who know no language save

their own. In the same pass between an Englishman and a Dutchman an understanding could never be arrived at. There are constant surprises of identical words in Scots and Dutch, the meaning of which is hid from one born south of the Tweed. He would not understand the Dutchman's complaint that he is suffering from a *hoest* or his invitation to a game at the dambord. The resemblance, of course, is not always so noticeable in the printed word, but in the spoken it is clear, and often delightful. You are walking with a Dutch acquaintance in the meadows and a lark soars up from your feet. Your Dutch companion halts and points upwards to the bird. "A laverok," he says. And spoken thus, the word is a delightful surprise. As far as type goes — though as has been said it is rather misleading to speak of a Dutch type — the resemblance is more noticeable in pictures than in the living crowds around one. In pictures, also, the national or local peculiarity of costume is distracting; still, when we compare, as we instinctively do, painters like Ostade and Brouwer with our Sir David Wilkie, we find the similarity pretty evident. The scenes depicted by Wilkie are marvellously refined beside those in the canvases of Teniers and Ostade, but we must remember that the Dutch painters were more nearly the contemporaries of the poet Dunbar than of Wilkie. The frank, honest, unrefined calling of a spade a spade, the pride of family and the taste for an "ell of genealogy," the virtue or vice of savingness, the fluctuation between the sober and reserved humour of the work-

a-day hours and a boisterous hilarity in feasts and holidays, the good housewifery of the well-to-do family, the forms of the religious services, — all these traits of present-day Holland had their counterpart in old Scotland.

When, however, the Scot in Holland passes from these more or less superficial resemblances to a comparison between the two people in deeper matters, he is immediately arrested (or he ought to be), not by a want of knowledge of the Dutch, which remains as a further difficulty, but by the uncertainty of his knowledge of the Scots. Many readers in Holland, it is pleasant to find, are deriving enjoyment from the works of Ian Maclaren. But when they ask us, "Are your villages really so? Are your people really so naïve?" the definiteness of our conclusions about our own villages and their inhabitants begins to smudge. It is all very well at home, where the reverse of the picture is at least partially understood, to reply, "No, emphatically no;" but I think that a fair-minded native of Scotland would be too proud of an underlying truthfulness in the Drumtochty sketches to deny it so immoderately to a foreigner. To a foreigner, interested in Scotland through Drumtochty, he would reply that the Scots are a spiritual people, or were, or partially were, or partially are, — he is not certain which; and, indeed, on soul or conscience it would not be difficult for him to defend the proposition that the Scots are the most irreligious people in the world. He may very well refrain, then, from carrying the comparison

of the Dutch and the Scots peasantry, tempting as the experiment is, into the regions of religion and morals. Nor, with the spectacle before his eyes of Scotland gone into violently opposing camps over an estimate of her national poet, will he be surprised to find the Hollanders themselves uncertain guides to the condition of their people. When the Dutch Ian Maclaren appears, — and Holland is a luxuriant kail-yard — he is not likely to unite all the opinions of his countrymen. "The peasants are the finest class in our country" — so a distinguished Dutchman said to me once. "Are your people deeply religious?" I asked a country Dominee of the Reformed Church. "On Sunday — yes," was his reply, echoing Beets. "Their curse is gin," I have been assured fifty times. As has been seen, there is a pretty general belief that they are lazy. I have been assured with impressive earnestness that they are over-reaching and that they are indescribably licentious. In most cases, it was evident my informant could not detach his mind from special examples immediately under his notice. One must fall back on his own observation, not straining its worth. In material condition, the peasant does not seem degraded. The *knecht*, the unmarried farm-servant, lives in the house of his master, with not too large a wage, and with plenty of good food. The married workers, the *arbeiders*, live in the neighbouring villages. Some are odd hands, but most are *vaste arbeiders*, with work all the year round. Wages vary. The lowest, I am told, are paid in the Achterhoek of



THE LAST LOAD.

From a drawing by Jan Vrolijk.

Gelderland, and speaking generally wages rise as Amsterdam is neared. The housing of the people is not everywhere so clean and orderly as in the lowlands. In many parts of the higher lands the untidiness is more than agreeably picturesque, and I have been surprised at the squalor found even in the Betuwe. Most peasants have a patch of ground, and a pig or two, and some receive these in addition to their wages. All are paid by the day. A farmer in the Betuwe, who had many fine acres and kept a foreman, told me that he was paying two ploughmen 1*s.* 8*d.* a day all the year round, and that his *vaste arbeiders* had 1*s.* per day in winter and 1*s.* 3*d.* in summer, and one seventh of a hectare of land in potatoes, manured and ploughed. That, I gather, is above the average. In the fen colonies in the north the workers are in the field from five in the morning until six at night, with intervals of an hour and two half-hours for dinner and coffee. They breakfast before going to work, take dinner at ten, and drink coffee in the afternoon. That is the usual course; but in many parts of the country they go to work and leave it with the sun. On the other hand, it is admitted that they do not work very hard. The boers generally dine at mid-day, drink tea in the afternoon, and sup on bread and butter. As we have seen, frequently there is little distinction between them and their servants. For the special work of hay-making and harvesting the polder farmers employ casual labour from the poorer districts; the workers of the Langstraat in Brabant, for example, harvest in the Haarlemmer

Meer, finding a lodging in the barns. Actual want is rare among the peasants. They are almost invariably polite, touch their caps to you when you meet them, and have a ready *Goe'n Dag !* or *Goe'n aovond saomen !* on their lips. As a rule they are not well-educated or well-informed ; yet I have engaged in conversation the son of a small farmer, a mere crofter indeed, and found that he spoke English and French fluently. A great gap separates them, as it separates the boers, their employers, from the other classes in the country. Judging from many examples of quickness and intelligence among them, one would venture to assert that they are not given the opportunities for improvement which they are very well able to make good use of. On three hundred and sixty-four days of the year they may be peaceful, sober, and well-doing, and no doubt generally are ; but the tale of their iniquity on Kermis day is not to be told.

V

All this variety of scenery and interests the visitor can see for himself, without any indecent scampering, in a fortnight or three weeks. When Li Hung was making his tour of impertinent questions in 1896, he asked (it is said), on reaching The Hague, how far he was from the sea, and was told half-an-hour. "Then your country must be a very small one," he said, "for I have travelled from the eastern frontier in three

hours." To which the minister promptly answered, "Yes, it is narrow; but if you were to travel from north to south it would take you three days." In reality Holland is only twice the size of Yorkshire, and not a third the size of Cuba. The longest direct line drawn across it can be covered comfortably in a day. One can press to its extremest borders without losing touch of the cities and large towns, with such accessories of a luxurious civilisation as they possess. There are, perhaps, out-of-the-way corners, in Drente for example, where it will be comforting to know oneself in touch thus; but I have not found them. In all the country towns and villages we stopped at (save one, and from it we might have escaped but for the landlord's entertaining gossip), the experiment of putting up for the night carried with it no risk even of discomfort. Of course, we did not look to have the *Times* warmed for us in the morning. A spotless cleanliness we did expect everywhere, however, according to all travellers' tales. Concerning that, a young Dutch workman in the steam-car between Alkmaar and De Rijp — that clean polder country — remarked very naïvely, "Sometimes the people here are so taken up with cleaning their windows and coppers that they forget about themselves"! — but he had been in the United States. And then he discussed his people's personal habits with a frankness of detail that even residence in the refined atmosphere of St. Louis had not made him understand would be uncomfortable to our ears. The Dutch, though prudish in some

ZUIDLAREN, IN DRENTE.

From a drawing by Willem Roelofs.

things, in most are singularly frank. The dividing line of the indelicate varies with every country, and nothing is more amusing than to see Englishmen and women look down their noses, when their side of the line is encroached upon, quite unconscious that a minute or two before they themselves had blundered over the other side. The contempt of the Briton for the foreigner is a form of insolence that may not be without its value when confined to his own islands, but face to face with the foreigner, exhibitions of it are very pitiable. One evening a year or two ago, on the Dam-plein of Amsterdam, I fell in with a professional gentleman, a countryman of my own. He had just arrived from The Hague, of which he remembered nothing very accurately without consulting a note-book. A reference to this travelling companion of his (on a chance remark of mine) discovered that he had actually visited the Maurits Huis without seeing any Rembrandts. Paul Potter's "Bull" was noted, but not the "Lesson in Anatomy." Yet will it be believed that, as we strolled through Amsterdam, my companion, who, remember, had passed without observing it, the finest thing in the country, and one of the greatest pictures in the world, enlarged (to use his own word) upon the benighted ways of "this strange people"!

The personal uncleanliness of the Dutch is an old slander. An examination of Dutch houses shows that their cleanliness at least is not merely superficial. Here is no case of the Japanese room, so immaculate until the mats are turned over. Public sanitation is

not perfect. In a country so flat as Holland is, it is necessarily a difficult problem, but it is not tackled as it might be. There is no good reason for some of the waters in Rotterdam, — the Maurits Kade, for example — being allowed to become so malodorous; and it is notorious that The Hague and Delft are allowed to stink in summer rather than that Scheveningen, the watering-place on the coast to which these cities are drained, should be sullied. But the Dutch are indubitably, aggressively, a cleanly people. Their cleanliness is more apparent than their godliness, and they are more than clean. They have a word, the equivalent of our "neat." It is *netjes* (pronounced nét-yes), and its sound — or so it seems to me — conveys something of its meaning. The Dutch are *netjes*.

A Dutch town in the early morning is a scene of amusing activity. Milk is being delivered from carts drawn by dogs yoked underneath them. Dogs are in constant use in Holland as beasts of burden. There is, I have heard, a law against their being employed to draw human beings; but dogs with lolling tongues and wobbling gait carrying their masters from market is as common a sight as klinker bricks on a Dutch country road. The barrels from which the milk is drawn are of painted wood, and, of course, are bright with brass mountings. After the milk come country carts with vegetables; sometimes small ones drawn by dogs, a woman holding on by the cart-handles; but more often broad, low carts drawn by horses, set round with hooks from which hang the baskets of

cauliflower, salad, and peas and beans of bewildering variety. A man perched in front attends to the horse; it is the woman, for whom a seat is provided which projects beyond the tail-board, who does the bargaining from house to house. Frequently, the vegetables are not bought by weight, but by the *maaltje*, that is, by the "meal." "Peas and carrots for five persons," says the housewife; whereupon the woman spreads upon a flat basket the required *maaltje*, and offers it for such and such a price. Then the haggling begins, and the price is lowered, or else a more liberal allowance is conceded for the five persons. Animation is lent to the scene the while by the bustling and chattering of the maid-servants who are busy on the pavement in front of the house with pail and mop and *glazen spuit*. The *glazen spuit* is a large brass squirt that sends the water sluicing about the window-panes and the outside window-shutters; it is in constant use in Holland, although the hose must take its place eventually, now that water is being "laid on" in the houses of most big towns. If the house does not boast a *glazen spuit*, a wooden ladle or a cup must do instead. The maids work these utensils industriously, bending over the red and green pails, their blue and heliotrope wrappers uniformly tucked up, displaying uniformly ungainly ankles in loose white cotton stockings above wooden shoes. There they are out in the street, splashing in all directions! The work that in England is carried on at the back of the house, where open windows flying rugs and mats are

a melancholy disfigurement, in Holland is done in the public street. The Dutch have regard for their

A Dutch Interior.
From a drawing by Johannes Bosboom.

neat flower-beds in the garden behind — which, save in the case of some workmen's houses, is never as

in England used as a bleaching green, and called a lawn; possibly, too, the veranda giving upon it is already occupied by some of the household. Hence this extraordinary clatter and bustle in the streets — until ten o'clock; by that hour, all such work must be over, if the law is obeyed. Mr. Mylius, a German, in a little book published some years ago, described his arrival in Rotterdam on a Friday morning when cleaning had begun. The stair-carpets were being beaten — stair-carpets are not tacked down in Holland; they are beaten too often for that. In front of almost every house he observed a wooden screen, over which the narrow carpets were thrown, while the servants beat them with carpet-beaters. The carpet lay rolled up in a kind of box, and as it was carried over the screen and beaten was coiled into another box. I must say I never saw this. Mr. Mylius was writing of twenty years ago, but I cannot believe that an arrangement so *netjes* has been allowed to disappear. The same writer says also that from each house there issued as a rule an older and a younger servant, who wore tight-fitting caps that gave to their faces (which were n't pretty as a rule) a fresh and piquant look. The cap so described may have been the Amsterdam *kornet*, to be looked for almost in vain upon a maid-servant's head nowadays; though if any old *baker* — the old type of monthly nurse — still remains, she will be found wearing it. This *kornet*, generally of lace, is "gauffered" in front (I am instructed that this is the technical

term), and has a piece of lace behind covering the neck, and a white ribbon crossed over and round the head, and fastened with pins. It was at one time a head-dress peculiar to the women in the households of Dutch clergymen: in the earlier stage his wife wore it; in a later, the nurse-maid. It entailed the hiding of the hair, if not the cutting of it, and disappeared when the serving-maids discovered that their hair might be becoming. The peasant women almost all over Holland wear a head-dress that hides the hair; as soon as they also discover that the hair is one of the attractions of womankind, these head-costumes will disappear, we may suppose.

The Dutch maid-servant is a patient and hard-working hewer of wood and drawer of water. She dresses according to her position, and is praised therefor; no doubt justly. If she is never so smart as the English maid who answers your knock of an afternoon, she never is a slut in the morning, as the English maid too often is. She preserves a decent mean at all hours. It does not occur to her to risk missing the mail with your letters while she dons her hat and muff. Still, one's approval of this excellent theory of dressing in accordance with your position is rather insincere; we do not really feel any increase of respect for those who put it rigidly into practice. The Dutch maid seems to be too contented in her servitude. She would be all the better for a little audacity in following the fashion. So, perhaps, would her mistress. But to hazard this opinion is, for a mere

A Woman of Dutch Flanders.

man, to be temerarious, and he will do better to be the mouth-piece only of the opinion of the mistresses. These do not deny the activity in the morning and indeed, at all times, but declare, nevertheless, that the Dutch maid does not get through so much work as the English. Moreover, so they say, she is not as she used to be: she is more difficult to get and more difficult to please. In the larger towns, and in The Hague especially, she dresses like her mistress, and possibly outshines her at the Kurhaus. All over the country she must now be addressed as *juffrouw* (miss), instead of as the *meisje* (girl) or as the *vrijster* (literally, sweetheart) of old. This is rather an interesting point. The three titles of address for a married woman are *mevrouw*, *juffrouw*, and *vrouw*. The distinction is subtle. A lady is *mevrouw*. Between her and the *vrouw*, somewhere, comes the indefinable *juffrouw*. Such at one time was the wife of the clergyman, — *juffrouw pastoorsche*, she was called, in the days, no doubt, when it became her to wear the *kornet*. The unmarried noblewoman — the daughter of a *baron* or of a *jonkheer* — is a *freule;* the unmarried lady-commoner is *juffrouw*. But sometimes, now that the maid-servant is also *juffrouw*, the young and sensitive daughter of the house, though a commoner, likes to be addressed by tradesmen, and sometimes is by her equals, as *freule;* it is not unknown for the servants in a family to be instructed to address the boys as *jonkheer* and the girls as *freule* — this in a country where a man, as likely as not, would refuse a title,

claiming that his patronymic which had been held in a plain respect for a generation or two required no adornment. But these contrasts in character and conduct jostle one another in Holland continually.

Despite this seeming rise in the social status of the domestic servant, her wages do not appear to increase. In a middle-class family, a housemaid is paid about £8 a year; a cook perhaps £10. To this, however, has to be added the *verval*. *Verval* is derived from a variety of sources. The discounts allowed by tradespeople are recognised perquisites of the servants: so much so that if on occasion the lady of the house settles the bill, the discount is handed to her with the request that it be passed on to the maids. Then at New Year and at the kermis, a stated proportion of the wage, generally five per cent, is given as a present. Tips are numerous. If you dine at a friend's house, you slip into the servant's hand on leaving a guilder or two; in some places a less formal entertainment than dinner is sufficient excuse for bestowing a tip. You could not in Holland ride away from a line of grinning faces, as did the Fife laird who merely tickled the palms of the domestics which he was supposed to be oiling. I cannot imagine the Dutch servant seeing the joke of having the "loof kittled" only. As a rule, these perquisites are put into a common box, sometimes under the control of the mistress, to be equally divided later. There is no false sentiment in the matter. In negotiating for a situation the servant stipulates that *verval* up to a certain sum shall be guaranteed.

The inside of the house, of course, is scrubbed and polished even more than the outside. I could wish that some of our housewives, in all ranks, could see a real Dutch kitchen: white-washed spotlessly, the walls tiled, the floors of tile or of brick from the coldness of which the maids' feet are guarded by wooden platforms, the ware ranged in cupboards behind glass-doors, the whole bright place radiant with brass, from the handles of the pump to the soup-skimmer and warming-pan behind the dresser. In their houses, the Dutch make a use of whitewash as excellent as their use of it in their churches is atrocious. The clean whitewashed hall of an ordinary house is like a smile of welcome. There is a handsome new concert room in Amsterdam which as yet is only whitewashed, and I do not think that, at night at least, paint when it comes will be any improvement. The material is applied with care and often, and the wind-purged atmosphere and an avoidance of open fires preserve its purity. The halls of the large houses are of marble, cool and delightful in summer, but sometimes repelling the visitor by a foreboding of cold entertainment, a promise rarely fulfilled. In furnishing and decoration, the suite is possibly too stiff: the English eye is distressed by the formality and the predilection for velvet and plush apparent in the house everywhere. Yet Dutch interiors are in excellent keeping, with colour and ornament rightly disposed. This is as true of the dwellings of very ordinary folk as of town mansions, like those, say, on the Heeren Gracht in

Amsterdam. Indeed, all over Holland, in the country vehicles, — the fine lines on which the carriage peculiar to the province of Utrecht, the *Utrechtsch wagentje*, is built may be mentioned specially, — in the iron-work in the towns, even in small things like the beautiful models of some of the wooden shoes, there is noticeable a fine application of colour and ornament to objects of usefulness. It is true that the humid atmosphere comes to the countryman's aid to tone down the crudity of the primary colours he uses, and that much of the beautiful workmanship one sees is a relic of a notable artistic age, now past; still, hand and eye have not lost their cunning.

Too much is made of the Dutch rage for cleanliness. The village of Broek, to which the tourist is sent flying by the guides, to see this national virtue in its most ridiculous exhibitions, is a standing joke among the Hollanders themselves. The explanation of all this scrubbing and polishing and painting, as of almost all the characteristics of the Dutch, is the superabundance of water, the element that has such destructive as well as restorative qualities. But the love of the *netjes* which accompanies the cleanliness, and discovers itself in the discipline of life as well as in a hundred small devices for household comfort and order, is not to be so simply accounted for. It would make an interesting starting-point for speculations as to the character of the Dutchman.

The Heeren Gracht, Amsterdam.

From a drawing by Pieter Oijens.

VI

After cleanliness, cooking; and here possibly there will be difference in opinion, according to the traveller's experience, and the standard of the art in his own country. The *table d'hôte* of large hotels is beside the question. In smaller out-of-the-way inns, however, your chance of dining well depends upon the domestic virtues of the nation you are among. If you go to a good inn in a Dutch country town about five of the afternoon, in nine cases out of ten you will find a good, well-cooked dinner being served. That is explained by the company, — unmarried lawyers or officers who dine here night in, night out. The failure in the tenth is generally caused by pretentious efforts beyond the means or the skill of the cook. Upon the family dinner, the only really good ground of comparison, greater knowledge and care are bestowed than among ourselves. It is a question of head rather than of hand. Maybe in Holland the kitchen is easily ruled; at any rate, the Dutch housewife rules it admirably from her store, which, like her linen-press, is not to be matched in other lands. Table decoration, on the other hand, is not one of her accomplishments: at the ordinary family dinner in good Dutch houses there is not the tasteful arrangement of flowers that makes delightful a greatly less elaborate meal in a greatly less pretentious household at home. Everything is directed to a grosser comfort.

Little elegances are ousted by contrivances, cumbersome but always successful, for keeping multifarious dishes warm; and it is curious that with all the finicking niceness of the Dutch in the preparation of food, — and there they give us a lesson, — they may require you to eat several courses with the same knife and fork. So you will find in many a good hotel.

The Dutchman to our eyes may not eat prettily, but he makes up for that by eating well, according to anybody's way of thinking. Such is the general impression, and in support of it we have cited to us Master Herman, the Prince of Orange's head-cook, and the Doelen canvases of Frans Hals and van der Helst. The conventional picture of the voracious Dutchman, like that of the phlegmatic Dutchman, is half true only. Phlegmatic Dutchmen there are in plenty; the more so that sport does not to the same extent as with us engage the leisure of the well-settled classes. But in Holland you find a really extraordinary vivacity of character. Do not be misled by the taciturnity and reserve, and the long silences behind clouds of tobacco smoke: they are an index, not to sluggishness of mind, but to active brains and a steady purpose directed upon a fixed ambition, and not to be turned from it for a moment. When the goal is reached, the Dutchman may sit in comfortable contemplation of his triumph, — but that is not to be phlegmatic. So, too, we are not to be led by the evidence of a feast-day to believe that all Dutchmen find their greatest pleasures those of the table. In

their eating they are careful about quality, but generally simple and sparing. The Dutch breakfast is a mere affair of tea and bread and butter; the Dutch luncheon, of little more than coffee, as its usual name of *koffie drinken* implies. With both, eggs and cheese are frequently served. De Amicis, who has written so delightfully of Holland, justly praises the Dutch cheese, "wherein," he says, "when once you have thrust your knife you can never leave off until you have excavated the whole, while desire still hovers over the shell." The visitor to Holland will do well not to let his enthusiasm run to these depths. A Dutch hostess must have her cheese cut straight. "*Die mijn kaas snijdt als een schuit, die jaag ik mijn deur uit*," they say in Holland: "Whoso cuts my cheese like a boat, him I send out of my house." In their afternoon calls ladies may drink a glass of sherry or madeira, but that custom is going out, and "afternoon tea" is beginning to come in. With the gentlemen the hour before dinner is sacred to the *borreltje*, — a diminutive circumlocution for the plain fact "gin and bitters." Then the *café* and the club or *Societeit* are crowded and lively. Dinner is at any hour from five to seven. The quality of the beef in Holland is not of the best, but almost always it is

well-cooked and well-served. There is little mutton used. Fish is generally good, but rather difficult to get. Plaice and soles and other flat fish are brought round for sale alive, and when bought are killed and cleaned at the door by the fishseller. Salmon is served immediately before the game, and game is plentiful and good. To De Amicis, wine seemed dear, but it is not really so, and excellent claret and hock are found on the family table. The crown of the dinner, of course, is the vegetables, cooked according to the national recipe, "Do not spare the butter," and the Dutchman eats great quantities of them. All through dinner, indeed, he discovers himself a good trencherman. But he is not a gourmand. The truth is that he has earned his reputation of being a great eater by his delight in special feasts, — a delight in the viands, no doubt, but quite as much in the social and festive spirit of the occasion. The Dutch are a homely people, though their homeliness is blent with formality, even as their sentimentality is blent with a curious hardness. They cultivate simple joys. At their little dinner-parties you have excellent cooking, excellent wine, fine old silver and ware, and ancient-visaged waiters in white cotton gloves with loose fingers-tips; but the guests do not dress for dinner, and when they rise from the table they carry away with them sweets or *bonbons* for the children at home. I have little doubt that this kindly habit of carrying home to the children some memento of an outing in which they have not shared accounts for the extraordinary number of local confections and sweets that have a reputation

all over the country: *Amsterdamsche korstjes*, *Haarlemmer halletjes*, *Haarlemsche roode letters* (can they have anything to do with Laurens Koster?), *Haagsche hopjes*, *Utrechtsche theerandjes*, *Goudsche sprits*, *Deventer koek*, *Nijmeegsche moppen*, and *krakelingen*, salt and sweet, from I know not all where. A people of simple joys! Thus it is natural that things to eat and things to drink accompany the expression of their many *felicitaties*. They congratulate you when your second-cousin publishes a novel, or when your niece's baby is "shortened," or on your own birthday and half-a-dozen other events you would rather not remember; and births and betrothals, marriages, an upward step in life, promotion to a university degree — all have their little feasts and particular ceremonies. In some families, it is still the custom to eat "biscuits and mice" at a birth, — the mice, sugared caraway-seeds, smooth if a girl is born, rough if a boy. There is no bride's cake at a marriage, but there are *bruidsuikers*, or marriage sweets, which are tied up in square white bags, lettered "From bride and bridegroom" and fastened with red and green sarsanet ribbon (red, the colour of love, and green, of hope), and are given to the children of friends and relations. Sometimes when there is a marriage among the country folks, the guests drive out, scattering the *bruidsuikers* among the village children. A friend tells me that at a marriage of a workman, a beverage called *bruidstranen* (bride's tears), a liqueur with little gold scales floating in it, was handed round, and seemed to be looked upon as the

An Amsterdam Apple Woman.

From a drawing by B. Leon de Laguna.

correct thing. Then there are the *poffertjes* and the *wafels* of the *kermis*, — but the mysteries of the Dutch *kermis* require a paragraph all to themselves. On New Year's Eve in most houses you will find people eating *bolussen* with punch, or *appelbollen* and *bisschop*. *Bolussen* is a syrupy cake called after a man named Bolus who sold it in green tins on the university steps at Leiden, and *appelbollen en bisschop* are covered apples and spiced claret; but why the claret is called *bisschop* I do not know any more than why French brandy, eggs, sugar, and nutmeg when mixed together are called *advokaat*. It does not matter very much. All these things are interesting only as peeps into the simple and homely social life of Holland, — a social life that is being modified by influences which are busy in Holland as elsewhere, but that still exists in places where modern veneer is unknown.

The pleasant instinct in the Dutch to celebrate seasons and anniversaries finds its happiest chance at Sint Nicolaas. What Santa Claus does for our children on Christmas Eve, Sint Nicolaas does for the children of Holland on the night of the Fifth of December. On that day the Englishman in Holland could fancy himself fallen plump into the Christmas season at home. Even if he is merely passing through it, and is bound by no ties of family, the shop windows, stocked as those at home will be three weeks later with good cheer, deceive him into the belief that Christmas has come by the jovial glare they cast on the cold pavement without. The delusion is complete

if he has the good fortune to be a guest in a Dutch household. The children, indeed, do not hang up stockings which over night are to be swollen through Santa Claus' beneficence, but they do something very similar. Before going off to bed, each leaves boots and shoes in the chimney-corner behind the stove, singing the while, —

"*Sint Nic'laas Kapoentje*
Gooi wat in mijn schoentje,
Gooi wat in mijn laarsje
Dank U, Sint Nic'laasje!"

This being translated is "Sint Nicolaas Kapoentje" (the word has no special meaning in the context, but its value for rhyming purposes is evident), "put something in my shoes, put something in my boots: Thank you, Sint Nicolaas." And the saint always justifies the anticipation of his kind offices.

The traditional Saint Nicolaas, adopted by parents and uncles and elder brothers and sisters for agreeable deceptions, is an old man with a white beard, robed in a gown of red trimmed with ermine (recalling the Nicolaas with the furs of the German belief), staff in hand, mitre on head, and riding a white horse. He is attended by a black servant, the *zwarte knecht* (again recalling, perhaps, the Knecht Rupert of Germany), who carries a bag full of presents and another concealing a rod; for the benevolent saint is supposed to chasten the naughty as well as to reward the well-behaved. Once a year, on this Fifth of December,

he and his servant ride over the roofs to that end; and so it happens that the children are directed to place carrots and hay in the boots and shoes which they leave under the chimneys for their deserts before going to bed, — to propitiate the steed, if not the rider. And in the morning, of course, carrots and hay have disappeared.

One of the special joys of Sint Nicolaas is the *Sint Nicolaas* cake, the exact composition of which has not been discovered to me. It is displaying a sad ignorance of things gastronomic to describe it as gingerbread without the ginger; but that is the narrowest generalisation to which I can attain. A spiced cake it is at any rate, baked in manifold shapes, — of men and horses and houses and birds. The favourite fashion is an immense flat doll, in the dressing of which in gold and silver tinsel the confectioner takes infinite pains and pride, as Dr. Beets has described in a chapter of his "Camera Obscura." By judicious art, sex is suggested in the clothing, so that there is no difficulty in following the ancient practice of presenting the maids and the men-servants, each after his kind, with sweethearts in this succulent stuff. I have been more fortunate in probing some of the other Sint Nicolaas mysteries. *Borstplaat* is simply the sugar-heart of everybody's childhood. *Banket*, on the other hand, is an almond pasty of fantastic shapes.

Sint Nicolaas is the season of the year for the interchange of gifts. Coleridge, writing of what he saw while travelling in North Germany, described a custom

From a painting by F. P. Ter Meulen.

of present-giving there at Christmas in terms exactly applicable to Sint Nicolaas in the Low Countries. The gifts are not costly, and derive much of their value and interest from the care spent in devising such as are curious, or specially suitable, or even pleasantly ridiculous. The great point is to keep their nature secret until the moment of presentation arrives. They must be surprises, and shopkeepers, we observe, keep in stock a supply of "surprises" — often for the purchaser rather than for the ultimate recipient, — which probably is one of the first signs of the decay of the custom. For days and even for weeks previously each shaded corner in the house is held by some member of the family intent on the manufacture of these presents. Every one knows that Sint Nicolaas surprises are in store; but that does not take away from the pleasure of giving or of receiving. Nor, apparently, does it lessen the mystery of the whole affair, which it is sought to heighten by the gifts being studiously anonymous. It is pretended at any rate that the mystery is increased thereby; as a matter of fact, few fail to guess the donor, and those who do fail are not allowed to remain in doubt long. We have seen a good-natured uncle sally forth with two boxes under his arm. Both were intended for the same destination; both reached it, but in a roundabout way. The old gentleman placed one on the doorstep of his nieces, rang the bell, and from a little distance watched his summons being answered and his parcel taken indoors. Then, in order that the children should not think that

it came by the same hand as the first, he takes the air for a time before depositing the second box on the same spot, and watching its disappearance inside in turn. He did n't deceive the children, of course; we wonder if really he deceived himself. At any rate he discovered for us something of that childlike happy-heartedness which is so greatly in evidence in Holland on the Eve of Sint Nicolaas.

VII

Among this people of simple habits, — precisely among that section of them in which true simplicity of habits is most conspicuous, — learning is cultivated with the single-mindedness for which Holland has been renowned from a time earlier even than the confederacy of the Provinces. We must distinguish, however, between the learning of her scholars and the education of her people. There have been periods in the history of Holland, — the fourteenth century for example, — when the spread of education within her borders was her brightest distinction; but the present is not one of them. In her national education she does not set a shining example now among the nations. Yet there is a sense in which it may be held that there is no country in the world to-day better educated.

I have recorded my impression already that the Dutch peasants are not very well educated and not

very well informed; but it must be understood that I was comparing them, not so much with the peasantry of other countries, as with the other classes in their own. And when I said further that the peasant in Holland does not get the opportunities of improving himself that he seems well able to make good use of, I did not refer to opportunities of schooling, but rather to those of acquiring knowledge from association with men more widely read and more widely travelled than himself, from books and periodicals, and of assimilating the graces and refinements of art and the instruction of science, which are afforded only in social conditions more fluid than those of Holland. The opportunities of education are plentiful. It is one of the chief concerns of the Department for Home Affairs, and the Constitution commits it to the constant care of Government. There must be a school, or schools, in every commune, open to all without consideration of religion, and in these schools, according to the Act, the education is not to be limited to "the three R's," but is to embrace an improvement of heart and mind, so that, to use its own words, the people may be "educated to all Christian and social virtues." I propose to outline in a later chapter the scheme of education in Holland, from which the reader will be able to judge how far, on paper at least, provision is made for attaining this high aim. One seldom hears the complaint, it ought to be said, that in practice the scheme fails owing to the manner in which it is carried out in the schools. Nor is the education placed beyond the

On a Lonely Farm.

From a painting by Albert Neuhuys.

reach of any one. It is not free, but it is nearly so. The fees are not high. In Amsterdam, for example, a child can have a very excellent elementary education on payment of a fraction above one penny a week; for a fee of fourpence a week, he can have that instruction with elementary French added. Even from these fees poor parents are exempt without any civil disabilities following the relief. The blot on the system is not that the schools are not brought to the children, but that the children are not brought to the schools. Education is not compulsory.

It cannot be said that in consequence there is a great deal of illiteracy. You meet with a good many people who cannot read, but seldom among the young. Almost all conscripts, it is found, can sign their names at least. Nevertheless, although the number of children who receive no regular schooling is decreasing year by year, it still is, I believe, as high as sixty thousand, and there are in certain conditions of life in Holland serious obstacles in the way of its ever being brought very low. I may mention two. One is the isolation in which in some parts of the country many families live, — among the moors and fens in the east, for example, which have been described earlier. That, however, is comparatively an unimportant difficulty, and it is being removed as more and more of the fenlands are being brought under cultivation. The other obstacle cannot be overcome so easily. It is the large number of children — I believe it is estimated at thirty thousand — who live on board ship. The waterways

of Holland are crowded with small craft, here to-day and away to-morrow, never in any haven for long, but carrying merchandise between far-distant places inland; and on these vessels whole families live from year's end to year's end. The boats are their only homes. There is nothing degrading in that condition of living. The vessels are scrupulously clean and neat, "painted like toys and with pots of flowers and cages of song birds in the cabin windows," like the Dutch ships of another class that made Dysart famous for Mr. R. L. Stevenson. I remember once watching some of these boats enter from the Lek at Vreeswijk. They had come from far away up the Rhine, and one would have thought that once they were again within a Dutch canal the family on board would feel like sailors arrived in port. But no. River or canal was all the same to them. Where their boat was, there they were at home. The skippers were not yet done manœuvring them into the locks when buckets were let down, and the women, without one curious glance at the people on the quay, were busy scrubbing and polishing as if they lived anchored for ever in a cottage in the polders. There is something idyllic in the life on these canal boats as you can see it while they crawl from town to town: the lad on the bank, straining at the long rope from the masthead himself, or urging the canal-horse to the same work; his elder brother laboriously punting, while a sail is rigged to catch any wind that may be going; the skipper hanging leisurely over the helm, or his wife

or daughter taking his place while he sits "in slippers on the break of the poop, smoking the long German pipe;" the stove in the cabin drawing comfortably,

THE CANAL HORSE.
From a sketch by Jacob Maris.

the dinner cooking, the children playing about round the cargo. I have heard ladies in Holland say that to live such a life on such a canal boat was the dream of their youth. Well, in this manner of life lies one of

the chief difficulties in the way of national education in Holland. There is at the present moment a bill in the Dutch Chambers to make education compulsory, and it is not improbable that before this book is in the reader's hands, it will have become law. During a short visit I paid to Holland, I saw here and there great activity in the building and furnishing of schools; than which there could be no better proof that a measure of compulsory education is expected, and that at the present moment there is not full provision for the instruction of all the children in the country were the opportunity claimed on their behalf. But the difficulties in the way are so great that I should think it extremely unlikely that a compulsory Act would be rigidly enforced for many years to come.

The place of religion in the national education is a question with bearings far wider than that of compulsion. Religion in Holland, as we shall see later, is free. No man suffers any legal disabilities on account of his creed. Speaking very generally, there are two Protestants for every Roman Catholic, and the Jews, of whom there are some 90,000, or rather more than there are in London, are in the proportion of one in sixty of the population. The divisions among the Protestants again are numerous. But although, in accordance with its tolerant traditions, the State provides an education that is severely neutral in regard to religion and politics, and the teachers in Dutch public schools are sorely puzzled to teach — Dutch

history, say — without seeming to give their instruction a religious or political colour, the parents in increasing numbers are seeking a religious education for their children, and schools with the Bible and schools meeting more particular demands of creed are springing up on all sides. Indeed, ten years ago, the movement against the strict neutrality of the State schools was so strong, and was such a distracting element in the political situation and in the condition of political parties, that a compromise was arrived at whereby the State subsidises denominational schools.

While, however, the denominational schools differ entirely from the State schools, inasmuch as the instruction in them has a religious colour, they are under the same control; or at any rate every precaution is taken to keep them under it. The precautions do not apply only to denominational schools which receive State support; they extend to all private and adventure schools. No one is allowed to establish a school, no one is allowed to teach in a school, who is not able to satisfy and (which is more important) continue to satisfy, the appointed examiners as to his or her equipment and morals. You cannot open an adventure school in Holland unless you hold a Head Teacher's certificate. Those who had opened schools previously to 1878, had to study and to pass the new examinations demanded by the Education Act of that year. Teachers cannot be employed in adventure schools who have not passed the examinations demanded of teachers in the State schools. Neither in one school

nor another are the unqualified allowed to teach. You may not teach any language unless you have passed a special examination in that language; and this applies even to natives of the country in which the language is spoken. A strict guard is set thus upon inefficient teaching in private schools. Of necessity, however, the standard of teaching varies with the various schools, and no one will be surprised to hear of frequent complaints that in the denominational schools the level of efficiency reached is lower than in the State schools.

When he has passed through the elementary school, the Dutch boy finds the educational course branching in two paths in front of him. He is then twelve or thirteen, or he may even be a year older. The one path leads through the secondary schools — the technical schools, or the high-burgher schools — to the industrial and commercial careers. By following the other through the gymnasium and the University he reaches in due course a learned profession. There is no need to examine here the nature and curricula of the secondary schools: they are shown in the chapter on education. I have not the knowledge necessary to speak of the results attained in them. On paper, the instruction at the high-burgher schools is excellent, and in Holland itself these schools have a very high repute. On paper, also, there is abundance of technical education; but what, it may be asked, is a technical school more or less in the face of workshop

results? From personal knowledge, I cannot speak of the workshop results; but any traveller in Holland to-day can observe signs of great industrial activity. Holland — or such is the impression I have received — has awakened out of a sleep. The new energy which has been noted in agriculture, is informing industry also. This spring, I was astonished to see factories and works of all kinds springing up all over the country, and especially in the east, where, notoriously, there has been less enterprise hitherto, and less encouragement for enterprise, than in the west; and I have the impression, not uncorroborated by observant Dutchmen well-informed about their own country, that there is a marked revival and a step forward in manufactures and industries in all branches. I am far from attributing this to any system of education; but it certainly can be said that, whatsoever its cause, whether it be due to some awakening within or to pressure without, it is a happy coincidence that the technical training is at hand to aid it. As yet, however, commerce has not got fashion on its side. For the supremacy of England in industry, an instinct of national character accounts greatly; but it is not a little due to the entrance upon the industrial career of much of the best blood as well as the best brain and education among her people. England owes her empire abroad largely to her splendid dare-devils, and it is their brothers at home who have set her in the forefront in more peaceful and orderly enterprises: the same blood, the same genius in both.

A Marken Boy.

From a drawing by W. Rainey.

Now of Holland that cannot be said. There is indeed a daring practical talent among the Dutch, and it is often found applying itself to commerce; but in very many cases, from choice but still more often because of a certain disdain of commerce, it is content to exercise itself so far as it can in more learned pursuits. The professions have gained enormously in consequence, but commerce, like agriculture, suffers from the lack of a nobler infusion.

One must guard, indeed, against a too literal acceptance of the impression that there is a firm line marking off the classes that may be described generally as the professional and the commercial. Probably the Dutch themselves would hotly dispute that it exists at all. They would point to Amsterdam with her patrician merchants, more proud than any aristocracy of birth; and to Rotterdam, a city of 275,000 inhabitants, wholly given up to commerce, and not to be dismissed by a generalisation of this kind. How, in view of these, they would ask, can it be said that there is in Holland a disdain of trading? Cities and towns more typical than Amsterdam and Rotterdam would be made to furnish illustrious proofs that commerce does not lack an infusion of blood and of high education. It must be so. Everywhere throughout the country men of position and learning and taste are found engaging in commerce; otherwise the Dutch would be an unnatural and monstrous people, preserving social conditions that in all other countries have disappeared since feudal times. The whole his-

tory of Holland tells of a nation that has been established upon merchandise. The Dutch, two centuries ago, were the greatest traders the world has ever seen. As has been noted already, there runs through them still, from top to bottom, a certain practical quality that makes them commercial in spite of themselves. We might go further, and with a great deal of truth suggest that their defects are those of their trading qualities, and that instead of a lack of a nobler infusion in their commerce we ought to have discovered a lack of generous and prodigal instincts in the nation as a whole. All these considerations, however, do not alter the impression that there is this line between the commercial and the professional classes. It is not impassable. It does not show itself at every turn. Probably it is no more than one of the conditions of a crystallised society that would not seem unusual to any save English and American eyes. But whatsoever it is, it marks off spheres of influence.

In Holland, people live in rings, and the system of education, and the fashion of education, it might be added, helps to preserve this concrete condition of society. While the secondary — the high-burgher and the technical — schools lead naturally to commercial careers, the gymnasia are the portals to the university. The boy is twelve or thirteen years old when he has to choose his path. It is, of course, quite possible for him to change his mind later. If he has gone through the course at the gymnasium, he

is not badly equipped for commercial life. Besides Latin and Greek, he has had a practical training in the sciences. There is a strong feeling in Holland at present that at the gymnasia the sciences are receiving too much attention, and the classics too little. He has a command of several modern languages. The national habits of mind and life are all in his favour. But it is different with the boy who, after passing through the high-burgher school, decides upon going on to the university. His education so far has not prepared him for his new studies. He has had neither Latin nor Greek: his training has been essentially practical. It is too late for him to turn back and enter the gymnasium. He can study privately, but it will require several years of private study to put him on equal terms with a student who enters the university after six years of special training in a gymnasium. The course in the high-burgher school is shorter than that in the gymnasium; still, he is handicapped by loss of time. The universities are open to all, it is true, and boys can pass to them directly from the high-burgher schools without studying privately. Many who intend to study Medicine do so; but in the end they are more severely handicapped than ever. For although they pass their professional examination, they do not receive their Doctor's degree, and they must go to a foreign university and win it there, if they are not to suffer from the want of the title. And they are punctilious in the matter of titles in Holland. The universities

say to the boy, in effect: The way to us is through the gymnasia; choose it in time. And the result is that, in order to be in time, the boy's parents choose it for him.

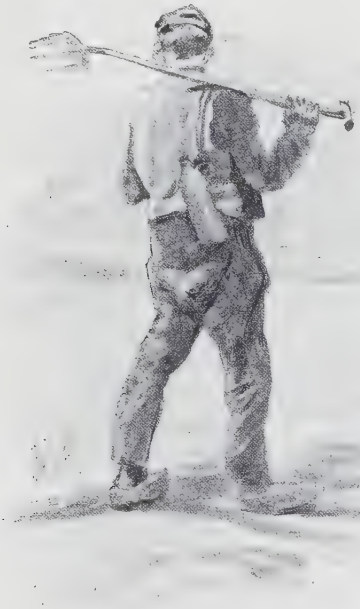
It would be wonderful indeed if such a system did not create, or preserve, a ring, — call it, a ring of the university-bred. In Holland this ring encircles very many. Often, one frequently hears, even parents who can ill afford the expense send sons to the universities, though in consequence they have to start their whole family upon the business of life crippled in fortune. We must recollect how small the private fortunes of the Dutch middle classes are, and how much they mean to the possessors. Certainly in Holland the number of men who get a university training seems very large. In comparison, no doubt, there are fewer than in Germany who hold a Doctor's degree; as we have seen, obstacles are put in the way of a student coming up merely to take a degree in science. But the proportion of men who undergo long special academic training, and attain to a high standard of general learning, is unusually large. I am not speaking with the authority of figures; but I do not think that any one who knows Holland can doubt that that impression is correct.

The men practising in the learned professions, of course, are the nucleus of this body of educated opinion. Were it not that all their members appear to thrive, one would say that in Holland these professions are overcrowded: perhaps the small private fortunes

cover a multitude of failures. One does venture to think, at any rate, that there are too many engaged in them for the good of the country. And if this is true of the professional men, it seems even more true of the civil officials, who swarm in larger numbers still. Quiet and douce men, without an ounce of swagger, the Dutch civil officials are the most effectively all-prevailing class on the face of the earth; and many of them are absorbed by this body of which I am speaking. So are many of the notaries, whose excellent services in the registration of contracts do not seem to diminish the ranks of practising lawyers. In addition, a large proportion of the leisured and titled classes take their degree: it is the fashion for them to do so; and commerce has its share of those who receive the higher education. All these men, of considerable, often of great, attainments in learning, in virtue of that very fact exercise an influence in their country that to those accustomed to society in solution, as it is in England and America, appears quite extraordinary. And it is all the more marked because in Holland the military class has little influence, and men of birth, as such, have scarce any at all.

Holland, in a word, is not so much a highly educated country as it is a country of highly educated people. A sound and liberal education is brought within the reach of all and is accepted by nearly all; but notwithstanding the high-falutin' of the Act, it can hardly be said to have greatly developed "all Christian and social virtues" in the mass of the

people. The Dutch field-worker is the servant of a boer, and the Dutch boer is the Dutch boer, as we have seen: should education ever make him anything else, it is doubtful if it will leave him so good a



THE FARM-LABOURER.
From a drawing by Jozef Israels.

peasant. The workmen are less easily discovered. I speak with pleasure and gratitude of an hour I spent with one who gave me a most interesting account of his town and its various industries. He wore wooden shoes, which he left outside the house door,

and he entered the room on his stocking-soles, as any Dutch peasant would; and he talked in English, and could have talked in French and German even more fluently. But my friend stands all by himself. Still, many workmen show great cleverness in picking up languages from foreigners working beside them in the shops: the gift of tongues has descended upon all Dutchmen; but in the gift of manners the gods have been more sparing. Comparing his own with British workmen, the Dutchman says, "Ours are not so *beschaafd*," meaning "smoothed out," as a piece of wood is that has come under the plane. The smaller shop-keepers in the towns, again, exhibit the petty vices and vulgarities of small traders everywhere, and few of the ambitions of our own. The lower classes in Holland are friendly, as a rule, and civil; but though education may have done much for them, it has left them wanting in *savoir vivre*. Dutch ladies and gentlemen never travel third-class, alleging that the conversation of the people makes their company impossible. Well, the Dutch gentleman himself is a wonderfully frank person. Fashion, and not fear of the company, I suspect, drives them to this practice; yet when such a custom prevails, the company could scarce be otherwise than as they allege.

When we come higher, we certainly find a well educated man. Evidently the higher secondary education is thorough. It makes for a very accurate knowledge, for a grasp and retention of fact; and as it starts with a command of several languages its range is wide.

Most people in the middle classes read French and German newspapers and books. Most know a little English, — far more than most English people know of French; yet among the older people that knowledge must have been self-acquired, for in their youth English was not generally taught in the schools. Medical students will acquire Italian in order to read the works of Italian physicians and surgeons. Ladies will learn Norwegian before visiting Norway. The education in the high-burgher schools, as we have seen, designedly avoids preparation for the university, but it affords a general culture as well as practical instruction. The best proof of this, perhaps, is the high level of education among Dutch women. Few of them pursue their studies beyond the high-burgher schools, which do not provide instruction in Latin and Greek, and thus the number of them who seek the higher education is small. But in general knowledge and culture, and in the wide range of their interests, Dutch women are the equals of women anywhere. It would amaze the Englishman and the American to find how well their literatures are known among men and women in Holland who have no claim to learning; and of course all things French and German have a still greater interest for the Dutch. And on the practical side, the secondary education seems to give the all-round equipment that enables a man to turn from one business and to apply himself with success to another. Whatsoever the man in the street in Holland may lack, it is not a stock of sound knowledge.

In Holland, the day of the man in the street is not yet. Perhaps it is now on the way, and all these new activities are the signs of its coming; and if so, it will find him approximating in many ways to the man whom he is to supersede. But the ruling power in Holland still, although its reign may be nearing an end, is that indefinable body that almost is entitled to be called an aristocracy of learning. It appears unquestionable that it has imposed upon society its arbitrary standards; it has representatives in every town and village in the country who could enforce them. Just as it says that matters of law must be decided by men of law, and will have none of a jury system, so it says in effect that matters of taste must be decided by men of taste, — and it, of course, comprises the men of taste. Needless to say, it contains as many stupid men as any unlearned body, and is no more infallible in its taste than in its reading of evidence. But it does seem to have preserved Holland from a cheap culture and a cheap religion. The sensational appeal to the emotions is made to it in vain, and it scornfully rejects all the arts of the charlatan. So long as its influence survives, it will make it difficult for men of merely clever commercial talent to create a following in art or literature that will give to their successes the justification of a contemporary opinion. It is too proud for that. Whether, if there is to be a change in all this, the educational system is to be held responsible for it, or whether the system is old enough to be judged at all in its results as yet, is doubtful. It is certain, at

any rate, that it can never be so old that it will be more than one of many determining influences upon that subtle thing, the national character. And it is character that counts.

VIII

It has always been the wonder of travellers in Holland that so many religious sects should exist in so small a country. To-day, there is no less reason for the same surprise. We can still say, as was said more than two hundred years ago, that "in Amsterdam almost all sects that are known among Christians have their public meeting-places, and some whose names are almost worn out in all other parts." That is true of the whole of Holland in a slightly less degree only. The disruptions, of course, are always in the Protestant bodies, and one never hears of any reunions. Such sectarianism can be understood where Protestantism holds the whole field; but in Holland the Protestants barely outnumber the Roman Catholics by two to one (a small majority with which to oppose the compact authority of the Church), and they have not always been so strong. Yet, with every reason to fight shoulder to shoulder, they are ranged in many conflicting camps, and bitter as is their antagonism to Rome, their differences among themselves are so much more bitter that at recent general elections some of them crossed over and fought side by side

with the Catholics on political questions that in a manner involve religious freedom. Therein, some may say, is the strongest proof that, as Sir William Temple found, all the violence and sharpness, which accompanies the differences of religions in other countries, is appeased and softened in Holland by the general freedom which all men enjoy. I do not think that all the violence and sharpness is ever quite appeased, either between Roman Catholics and Protestants, or between the various shades of Protestantism, and no one could call it even softened who watched its exhibitions during the elections referred to. It is quite true, however, that in Holland men enjoy a complete freedom in their religion. So they have done, by allowance or connivance, for centuries. At least they leave each other alone. Whence, then, comes their tenacity in a creed, or in a ritual, or in the avoidance of one or other? The Remonstrants revolted against the Calvinists three hundred years ago, and they remain a separate body, numbering at the most fifteen thousand members. The old Lutherans came out from the Evangelical Lutherans in 1791, and they keep out to-day, although they are only ten thousand strong. Were there ever more tenacious remnants? Yet it does not appear that all this strenuousness is informed by religious conviction. Religious Holland is a complicated problem.

It will be well, in order to throw some light upon it, to say something of the various religious bodies of Holland to-day. Their origin and fortunes throw

Church-goers in North Brabant.

From a painting by B. J. Blommers.

vivid side-lights upon the national history. Two million and a quarter souls, fully half the population, are members of the Netherlands Reformed Church, the old, and now disestablished, State Church. It is high-Calvinist. The governing body in each congregation, the church-session we might say, is composed of the clergyman and the elders and deacons. In congregations where there are more than three clergymen, clergymen and elders form, apart from the deacons, a body which attends to the spiritual interests of the congregation. Different groups of congregations within each province are ruled by "classes," — they might be called presbyteries, — consisting of the clergymen of all the congregations in the group, and an equivalent number of elders. From these "classes" are sent up the members of the provincial synods, and each provincial synod is represented in the general synod. Besides the eleven clergymen from the eleven provinces, there are in the general synod three professors sent by the Faculties of Theology in Leiden, Utrecht, and Groningen; a representative from the Walloon congregations; three elders chosen in turn by the provincial synods and the Walloon committee; and a deputy representing the interests of the Church in the Indies, — nineteen members in all, with a moderator and a clerk, who meet at The Hague annually. The system of church government, it will be seen, does not culminate in a general assembly, as it does in Scotland, for example, but in a very select assembly. The Dutch are not great believers in the wisdom of num-

bers. A committee, which sits twice a year, prepares the business for the meeting of the general synod. The financial affairs of the Church are under the control of separate bodies: the guardians in each congregation, not elected directly by the members but by the "notables" who have been chosen by the members for this purpose; the supervising committees in the provinces; and, since 1866, a general Committee of Supervision that meets at The Hague. The Walloons, who though a distinct body have an attachment with the Netherlands Reformed Church, are the descendants of the French Huguenots who fled to Holland after the Edict of Nantes was revoked. They have congregations in a few of the larger towns, and their services are still conducted in French.

To follow the many secessions from the Mother Church is as difficult as to trace the various wanderings of the Rhine. The oldest, that of the Remonstrants, dates from as far back as the Peace of Twelve Years during the war with Spain, from the teaching of Arminius in Leiden, and the struggle between Maurits and Olden Barneveldt. It is, as it was always, the most liberal communion in Holland, and though probably it numbers not more than fifteen thousand members, it certainly represents the religious thought and attitude of very many more. The Christian Reformed body, on the other hand, seceded in the first half of this century to maintain a stricter orthodoxy and a form of church government more in accordance with Scripture; and it succeeded so badly that within a

year a section of it separated and formed the Christian-Reformed Church under the Cross. More recently, after a brisk but unsuccessful strategic movement under Dr. Kuiper, another party in the Netherlands Reformed Church was put out from her. This was the party of the Dolcerenden. By-and-bye these joined with the Christian-Reformers as the Reformed Church in the Netherlands; but as was to be expected, some of both parties kept out of that union, and they continue to exist separately under their old names. By this time, no doubt, the reader is completely satisfied that a spirit of sectarianism prevails among the Dutch Calvinists.

There was no reason why Holland should be Calvinist rather than Lutheran except that the democratic teaching of Calvin arrived in the provinces at the golden moment when they were throwing off the sovereignty of Philip of Spain. The Lutherans, consequently, have never been so strong in Holland, but that has not prevented disruptions among them. The original body, the Evangelical Lutherans, numbers at present sixty thousand, more or less; while the Reformed Lutherans, who came into existence during the civil war at the end of last century through a secession of an Orange and more orthodox party in the Evangelical church at Amsterdam, are found almost entirely in North-Holland, and number about ten thousand. The Baptists again are fifty thousand strong. They approach very near to the Calvinists; but retain adult baptism, — by sprinkling, not by immersion, — and

they do not take an oath. The General Baptist Society at Amsterdam is the only central governing body that they possess. There are congregations of the English Episcopal Church at Amsterdam, Rotterdam, The Hague, and Utrecht; of English Presbyterians at Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Middelburg, and Flushing; of the German Evangelical Church at The Hague and Rotterdam. The Evangelical Brotherhood of the Herrnhutters, the Moravians, have churches at Zeist and at Haarlem; and there is a Catholic Apostolic Church at The Hague, and a Scots Church at Rotterdam.

The Roman Catholic communion in Holland forms one ecclesiastical province, and is divided into five dioceses. These are the Archbishopric of Utrecht, and the suffragan Bishoprics of Haarlem, 's Hertogenbosch, Breda, and Roermond. The dioceses are subdivided into sixty-four deaneries. The clergy number about twenty-two hundred, and minister to a million and a quarter souls. There are also some six thousand Jansenists, under Archbishoprics at Utrecht, Haarlem, and Deventer.

The great influx of the Portuguese Jews into Holland was in the end of the sixteenth century; that of the German Jews in the beginning of the seventeenth. Together, they number to-day nearly ninety thousand, of whom the half live in Amsterdam. The Netherlands Israelite Church has twelve head-synagogues, seventy-four ring-synagogues, and seventy-four associated churches. The Portuguese Jews, an able and

superior body, have head-synagogues at Amsterdam and The Hague, and one ring-synagogue.

All these churches are upon an equal footing. There is no State church. It has not always been so, however. When in 1579 the Seven Provinces united, each of them was left free to order religion within itself as it thought best; but very soon, from a variety of causes, the Evangelical religion was imposed upon them, and at the Synod of Dort Calvinism was formally adopted as the national creed. There was freedom of religion for all men: even Roman Catholics, indirectly though not directly, were protected; but the offices of State could be held by adherents of the National Church only. So it continued until the fall of the Republic, with the fortunes of which, and of the House of Orange, the Netherlands Reformed Church had been so closely associated. Separation of Church and State was explicitly recognised by the revised Constitution of 1848. The sovereign ceased to approve the orders of the Church, and to nominate the Moderator and Clerk of the General Synod, and at its meetings he was no longer represented by a Commissioner. In regard to finances, however, there was still a connection between the Church and the State, as there is to-day. In 1798, the possessions of the Roman Catholic Church, which had passed into the hands of the Reformers, were secularised, and the State undertook to pay the salaries of the clergymen of the established church for a certain period, after which the church was to be left to herself. Another system was adopted by the Consti-

THE VILLAGE.

From a painting by Johannes Bosboom.

tution of 1815. Salaries and pensions, not of the Netherlands Reformed Church only, but of the Roman Catholics and of all Christian sects, were paid by the State; and, save in the case of certain churches and congregations that refuse it, — the Baptists, for example, only accept it when they are too poor to pay their minister, and that is seldom, — that payment is continued. But the Christian-Reformed Church, and bodies that have come into existence since 1815, have no claim upon State aid.

The State, of course, retains a supervision of all churches in the interests of public order. The only limits it sets to freedom in religion is interference with other people's freedom. Ecclesiastical bodies are insured liberty in regard to things concerning religion and its practice within their own folds; but the orders of their institution and administration must be communicated to Government. Without the sovereign's consent, a foreigner may not hold office in a church. Ecclesiastical officials, again, are not permitted to wear their robes of office outside the church buildings or enclosed places, save at those ceremonials, such as Roman Catholic processions, which were allowed previously to 1848. The State carefully seeks to preserve from offence the feelings of any religious body, and so shrewdly has it anticipated possible causes of offence that it controls the tolling of church bells, — a matter out of which actions-at-law have arisen before now in other Calvinistic countries.

In Holland people shatter the peace of communions

over a fine point of ritual. They cling tenaciously to some rag of doctrine. Considerations of religion complicate their most beautiful schemes of government and education. And withal, it does not appear that religion is a very active, living, individual force in the country. It may be that many, by a reading of their history, have come to look upon religious conviction as something incidental only to political freedom. So it was to some extent in the great Spanish war which made Holland a nation. Ever since then, religion has been constantly used as a political weapon, and that may have debased it in many eyes. Religious cries have been raised unfailingly in the fight that has lasted between the two great political parties from the days of the House of Hainault's rule down to modern times. At the present moment liberal Dutchmen speak bitterly of a Pope enthroned in the midst of Dutch Calvinism, who is fighting unscrupulously in alliance with the Pope at Rome against their political liberties. Religious conviction may have been sapped of its strength in those tenacious endeavours to defend a creed. The strenuous differences of dissent, perhaps, have disgusted learned and cultivated men, to whom, in their pride of knowledge, the faiths of the people naturally seem foolishness. Republican Holland has always had an instinct for a ruler, and tolerant Holland, perhaps, has suffered from the want of authority. Account for it as we may, there is not that fire of spiritual conviction which we should expect from so much smoke of religious controversy.

I am speaking of the Protestants, of course. The Church of Rome always commands the allegiance of her people, and nowhere more exactingly than in Holland, whose toleration is a subversive example to her people. Among the Protestants, the strength of the Netherlands Reformed Church lies in the extremes of society, the higher classes and the peasantry, and therefore in the country rather than in the towns. The Court is strict in its orthodoxy and constant in its attendance at the services of the Reformed Church. So are the landed gentry, from the conservative instinct of their class of course, but also, in some cases at least, from a personal leaning, or fashion, towards evangelicism. Among them, probably more than among any of the other educated classes in Holland, do we find people concerning themselves in all that is known by "religious work." As for the peasantry, they too are orthodox, and they are religious on Sunday. A very deep and genuine piety, it is always said, exists among the fisher people. In political questions that involve considerations of religion, — that is to say, in all political questions almost, — the peasantry in many parts of the country are liberal; but all resent innovation in the church services. Men still stand to pray and sit to praise; the women sit throughout; neither man nor woman kneels. To stand in praise is a change which many clergymen would like to see introduced; but some of them have assured me that they would fear to propose it. Sometimes they will request their congregations to stand in

singing a special psalm; but they do not always get them to adopt the suggestion, and the innovation must not be repeated too often. We need not be surprised. Precisely the same persistence in the same stupid way, by better educated men, has rent congregations in our own country.

In the middle classes, between these extremes of society, religion does not appear to have nearly so firm a hold. As might be expected, especially in that educated class that has been referred to already as exercising so peculiar an influence in Holland there is a strong body of liberal opinion and thought that practically, though not nominally perhaps, is dissociated from any religious communion. A large section of the people in the towns — of the men, perhaps we ought to say: the assumption is evident that religion is a thing for women especially — do not attend church, or attend only at one or two set seasons. To be a member of a church, and even to be strongly attached to a particular body, does not seem to impose upon either man or woman the duty of church attendance. The country churches, it must be said, are generally well filled at the forenoon service; but I have been in the Old Church and the New Church in Amsterdam at the beginning of morning service, and found only a handful of people assembled. But for the children of the orphanages, there would not have been twenty worshippers. It seemed to me that, in the English Presbyterian Church close by, there were more Dutchmen — pre-

sumably desirous of perfecting their English — than there were in the Old Church of the city. Yet in Amsterdam there are probably as many religious bodies as in any town in Christendom.

It would be wrong to present this impression to the reader, and not to set beside it another, — of the cultivated and conscientious and well-disciplined lives led by the educated middle classes of Holland. Possibly mistaking the form for the spirit, I may have exaggerated the extent of the indifference to religion among them. Certainly, they do not make broad their phylacteries. Their fault rather is to be scornful of those who would wear phylacteries. They are not given to making prayers, either long or short. But they do set the example of the good life. I am not speaking of the accidental moralities, but of the essential virtues of endurance and honesty and justice. You would not dream of associating with them high thinking and laborious days. Their interests are frankly practical. They concern themselves, not with the things unseen, but with the ordering of the things that are seen; and they order them diligently and well, and at the same time comfortably. They are bound in custom, but singularly free from cant. They are scornful of the religious quack, and often they do not distinguish between the quack and one who is only over-conscious of religious zeal. There is a pride of knowledge and there is a pride of faith. Fads and excesses get no encouragement from them. It has often seemed to me that in that cold atmosphere many aspirations

are checked, and many delicate and pious souls starved. With the knowledge of men of the world, they are content to shut their eyes, but when they open them, they see wholly. They tolerate public lotteries, but it is very certain that, if they did enter upon a crusade against gambling, they would not stay to argue whether a betting man's stool in a paddock is a place, when they knew of a place, without doubt, at their own doors, where gamblers in stocks were subverting their country's honour and justice.

Let us complete these impressions of the religious life of Holland by attending morning service in a country church. A solemn Protestant bell rings us to worship. The boers stroll to the kirk, "perplex'd wi' leisure," like Mr. Stevenson's Lothian ploughman, and they gossip at the door until the last stroke of the bell. Inside, the building smells familiar. I suppose it is that it smells orthodox. Three miles away from this village is another, wholly Catholic. Here, however, every one, from the burgomaster to Willem, the coachman's boy, is severely Protestant, — in varying degrees, of course. There is another and a stricter sect gathering itself together somewhere within sound of our dolorous psalm singing, the more worthily to defend the faith. So I am told; but I can scarcely believe it. This Netherlands Reformed Church is strict enough in all conscience, and these hard-featured, clean-shaven men, erect in prayer in front of their seats, with their

peaked caps before their eyes, seem veritable stalwarts. You perceive in their attitude a rational consciousness of duty, nurtured on the Shorter Catechism or the like. In appearance the men are more reverent than the women, who sit down-stairs (with little stools for their feet, *stoofjes*, containing peat fire in winter, which is well, for the sermon is not shorter then than in summer), and are, all save the few in native costume, sadly over-dressed. The men-folk may sit beside them if they care, and some of them do; as a rule, however, they abide by the old order which keeps the sexes apart. So they crowd the gallery, pausing, ere they seat themselves, in that stern attitude of prayer. Meanwhile, the precentor — there is an organ now, but previously the precentor gave the tune, hence his title of *voorsanger* — reads a portion of Scripture and the Ten Commandments; and then the minister enters, and with him the gentle-folks of the country-side.

But listen! The minister is giving out a psalm. Surely, despite the unfamiliar tongue, we are worshipping with the Auld Lichts. In which body else would they sit to sing this laborious measure? In which, bear with a discourse so long that it must be relieved with a hymn as intermezzo? The sand-glass, cased in brass, still stands at the minister's right hand, but it does not work. Perhaps it has become sulky at being ignored, even as the staves of the collection-bags seem to have been made supple by consequential usage. *De bitterheid van den dood is voorbij gegaan*, "The bit-

terness of death is past," says the minister, giving out his text; and immediately a chubby deacon from the pew beneath unhooks the velvet ladle from the wall, and sets out on behalf of the poor upon a missionary journey among the pews. He works the long handle for all the world like a hay-fork, now pitching it to the uttermost corner; now whipping it elegantly, yet dangerously near Mijntje's new bonnet, across a passage; now manœuvring it and himself dexterously round an awkward bend. And ere he has got half-way to the gallery, and while the preacher still fondles his first "head," another deacon, chubbier than the first, arises, unhooks another ladle on the minister's other hand, and braces himself to circumnavigate the pews. His is the appeal for the expenses of the kirk. Thus is the natural order reversed, and necessity follows on the heels of charity, — and closely. Do what I will, I cannot rid my mind of the idea that these two plump deacons are running a handicap race! If they are, the result is a dead-heat. They pass the winning post of the pew of the elders together, winded, and perspiring, as the fifth sub-division of the third "head" is reached. If we have sinned in looking upon all this as a diversion, we do penance in what of the sermon still follows. Never was anything more dreary, and never did congregation disperse more rapidly, or with such evident relief, upon a benediction. You must stand to that, with your hat in your hand, and it is the depth of bad manners to resume your seat. So out we go, helter skelter, into the dusty highway, to return

no more for one week at any rate. There is no afternoon or evening service this Sunday. See these grave church-goers two hours hence, making holiday in some inn-garden, and the resemblance between the Scots and the Dutch Sunday seems to have vanished. The resemblance is there, nevertheless, and the difference is slight in reality. They come a little more quickly back to the world here; that is all.

IX

If I were to be asked what I consider the most typical thing in Holland, I should reply, "The family tea-drinking in the evening after dinner." When the Dutch Indian civil servant, in Celebes, it may be, shuts his eyes and allows Memory to cast home-pictures on the darkened lids, the most affecting, I think, must be that of the corner of the verandah all aglow at the tea-drinking hour, where the mother sits amidst the paraphernalia of her laborious housewifery, — the blue Delft, the spoons carefully resting in their case, the trim spirit-lamp, the singing kettle in the "tea-stove," the bowl for hot water, in which later on she will wash the cups and saucers with her own hand, — while the family are grouped around her, simmering tranquilly like the urn, speaking of the exile with dim eyes, but drinking an excellent brand. I do not know that anything could be in greater contrast to our usual conception of the Dutchman, — "manlike, but

A Man of Long Views.
From a drawing by Jozef Israels.

withal very harsh, as one ready at every word to pick a quarrel," Camden described him, putting the general sense into few words. Yet, probably, in this domestic retreat better than anywhere else, we can run to earth the true character of the Dutch which has been our pursuit in all these pages.

The Dutch: not all Dutch people in Holland. A distinction must be made here that governs all these impressions. The majority have the easily recognised characteristics which we associate with their nation. They are, if I may use a Scots word to describe them, "kenspeckle." There are a minority, however, especially in the upper classes in cities like The Hague and Arnhem, who have been pressed into a less national mould. This does not necessarily make them less proud of the traditions and qualities of their people; but with some there is an affectation of superiority, which is carried beyond the point of the ridiculous, and almost to that of the unpatriotic. There are households in Holland, I am told, in which you will scarce ever hear a word of Dutch spoken. A foreign language is used in the conversations at social gatherings, — at afternoon tea (itself an imported custom) and at the dinner-table, — and even in the talk of the nursery. For a time French was the choice of this fashion, but, recently, English has taken its place.

I once witnessed an amusing incident which showed that this was resented by the people. In one of the steam-trams that ply between Arnhem and De Grebbe

was a little party of ladies, English and Dutch. The English ladies spoke excellent Dutch, — so excellent, indeed, that the folks in the tram did not detect the accent of the foreigner in the few sentences they had occasion to utter in that language. Evidently they believed them to be their own countrywomen, and when, a little later, the talk fell into English, and the Dutch ladies of the party joined in it volubly, they jumped to the conclusion that here was this unpatriotic preference for a foreign tongue. And then followed a scene which greatly tickled the fancy of the English travellers. In very forcible Dutch, remarks of exceeding bluntness were passed up and down the car about the absurdity of pretending to be other than you are. "It was a ridiculous thing (was it not?) that Dutchwomen should attempt to pass as foreigners, — especially as English. If they must be ashamed of their own language, now, they might adopt French. That, at least, was melodious. But English!" And so on. The amusing thing was that the Dutch ladies at whom these asides were levelled were good patriotic Dutchwomen, with a strong grudge of their own against the inroads of English speech and fashion; and their wrath at these unjustified innuendoes was not hid, and was amazing to behold.

It is the typical Dutchman, then, that we are in search of; and he also, let it be said, is cosmopolitan. He is so, of necessity. It is given to few to have the capacity, to fewer still the will, to navigate headlands of aspirates and to weather torrents of gutterals, and

to reach the haven of the Dutchman's understanding in his own tongue. The Dutch are polyglot for very life. Their necessity has compelled the gift of tongues. The tea-drinking hour that I have described is a time for quiet reading and conversation. The portfolio of the circulating library that is being handed round holds books and magazines and papers in many languages. The whole family can read them, the whole family has been trained in Universal History, as it is called, and conversation leaps from one event of interest to another in every part of the globe. The serious business of life is over for the day, — with the men, at least; Dutch housewifery is never-ending, — and to turn from Holland to compare it with the rest of the world is a relaxation. For, notwithstanding their cosmopolitanism in speech and interests, the Dutch are insular. That is only natural. Holland is a small island, or a small congeries of islands, to the area of which the Dutch are constantly adding, and as surely as they are enlarging it, it recedes from the sphere of world influence. Yet they are constant in the recollection of the promise of earlier history, and of the performance also; while by the rest of the world it is forgotten, they never cease to remember that once theirs was the country round which the destinies of all the nations revolved.

The Dutchman is rebellious in heart, as well he may be, against the fate that has lost him his place among the Great Powers. He is conscious of the possession of ruling qualities. With physical habits

so orderly that all the world thinks and talks of him as phlegmatic, he is watchful and courageous, enduring of purpose, a man of long views. The land he lives in is at once the proof of that, and the explanation. To make it and to keep it, and to make it worth the keeping, he has had that long fight with the waters, in which, after victories and defeats, and loss and reconquest of territories, he has won at last, and yet has won so barely that he dare not for a moment relax his vigilance against the fresh surprises of his enemy. How enduring and daring that fight had made the Dutch was shown in their other struggle with Spain, — a handful of cities against the mightiest Power on the earth, — carried on for eighty years in spite of defeats and difficulties, and atrocious cruelties that might have broken the bravest and most tenacious spirit; carried on to a successful close through three generations, when in the course of nature that spirit might have flagged and died of itself. Conceive if we can — yet for us who live in these shrieking days it is well-nigh impossible — a people, under the strain of that struggle for a period as long as from Waterloo to now, not only achieving marvellous triumphs in drainage and land reclamation, educating themselves, producing the foremost scholars in Europe, and a body of almost unparalleled painters, but also welding themselves into the greatest commercial and colonising Power then existing in the world, and we have some idea of the endurance and the long views of the Dutch three centuries ago.

The nation was too young, too ill-trained, and too ill-developed as yet in its constitution, for such a struggle, and it was overstrained. At that moment, there came into the field another rival, England, of more mature stamina and more trained vigour, and for Holland the race was lost. But to the people of Holland the war with Spain brought new qualities of greatness, to add to those bred in them, and still put to the test in them, by the fight with the waters. It crystallised in them a hatred of oppression in any form. The roots of that hatred may lie in the Frisian race, which in a sense is the core of the Dutch nation. The reader has been warned already against accepting the popular conception that Friesland is superior to the rest of Holland to-day, and against finding corroboration of that idea in recent disturbances in Friesland, which only prove that there is a rather troublesome people there. But while it is impossible in Holland to-day to distinguish the races that compose her, the special qualities of these races shine out in the nation as a whole, and not least of all those of the Free Fries. A hatred of tyranny, at any rate, was displayed in the war with Spain, and the struggle enshrined it in the national character. To-day it has little cause to show itself, for all those liberties which peoples, as opposed to individuals, can fight for, Holland possesses. She is as free as any nation in the world. There is not a single liberty she could gain by becoming a Republic again. I have seen the impatience of the Dutch with all policing — the fric-

A Peasant Boy.

From a drawing by Jozef Israels.

tion between the people and the police of Amsterdam, for example — spoken of as showing that they are still possessed of the old spirit of freedom; but that is a poor compliment to pay both them and it. No one will hold them up as pre-eminent in the ordering of themselves, — though in this respect they are well enough. The supreme sense of self-order in a people involves compromise, and compromise is alien to the Dutch character. It is opposed to a quality that the Dutch have in excess: they are almost immoderate sticklers for their rights. I am speaking of them individually as well as in the mass. It is a disagreeable quality, and earns for the Dutchman the reputation of being hard and ungracious, whereas in reality he is one of the most obliging, and often one of the most generous, of men. But it carries with it the rare and splendid quality of justice. The Dutchman will have his rights; but asks no more. He is infinitely just. It is his most outshining attribute. The sense of justice is one of his only passions. There is no impression of the Dutch borne in upon me more strongly than that. It has been produced by a hundred experiences, and especially by one this spring. I had the opportunity then of conversing with Dutchmen of all classes, in all parts of the country, and I found nearest the heart of all of them, — workingmen in Twente, packmen in Brabant, farmers in the fen-colonies and in the polders, fishermen on the Maas, merchants, lawyers, shop-keepers, clergymen, men and women of all sorts and conditions, — an amazing indig-

nation over the Zola trial. It was something quite different from the feeling the case aroused in our own country; it was so fierce and widespread, and it was so enduring, for at the time of which I speak, the trial was long past, and had ceased to be talked of in England. It is true that many Dutchmen had read of it in the French newspapers, and so received a more intimate impression of it; but, in reality, their indignation was little affected by their belief in the guilt or innocence of Dreyfus, or by their opinion of M. Zola's wisdom. It simply blazed out at what they considered so flagrant a travesty of justice. The experience was a revelation.

His constant fight with the insensible elements has taught the Dutchman to discern the hard facts underlying the appearances of things. Howsoever he may be startled into an enthusiasm, a cool calculation succeeds to it, and he cuts clean through beauty in search of utility. He is not *schwärmerisch*, like the German. A dispassionate reasoning directs his counsels and his actions to safe ends. He is inventive, and rich in contrivances. His talent lies in his firm grasp of material realities. This practical sense is so exaggerated, indeed, that in the conduct of affairs it often defeats itself, and since it suffers no illusions, he seldom feels the splendid glow, or attains the splendid results, of those who are inspired by passion to high endeavour.

Yet withal that he is uncompromising and utilitarian, the Dutchman is a sentimentalist. Plain of speech, often brutally truthful, a sufferer of no illusions, he is

childlike in his affections, and in his shows and celebrations thereof. It is then that we catch a glimpse in him of those ancestors of his as shown to us in jovial scenes painted by Frans Hals and van der Helst. Sometimes when he is surprised out of his calm propriety he exhibits an extraordinary abandonment. That is not only true of the peasantry at the Kermis, but of the more refined classes. Every fifth year, each university in Holland celebrates its foundation by a week of feasting, — a mode characteristically Dutch; and it was my good fortune once to follow the gaieties of one of these feast-weeks. It is a time for the meeting of old friends; and on the first night the members of each year's class, who have come from all parts of the country to attend the celebrations, dine together somewhere in the town, and afterwards march together, headed by bands of music, to the pleasure-garden where the festivities are wound up each day. It is impossible to describe the hilarious excitement as these parties kept arriving, marching or, rather, leaping and dancing arm-in-arm, through the garden to the strains of *Io Vivat;* and it reached a climax when the older members appeared, survivors of classes away back in the "forties" and "fifties," dancing and singing with as great spirit as the youngest. The next day these elders at least had relapsed into their usual grave demeanour, not to be tempted from it until five years later, if they lived so long. No one who knows these Dutchmen would grudge them that hour of high jinks, or think the worse of them for it; but it may be

doubted if there is another country in the world where professors and statesmen and lawyers and country-gentlemen would be found sufficiently ingenuous to present such an exhibition of *abandon* in public. The reader, remembering one of the failings of the Dutchman, may say that *Schnapps* loosens the joints. But neither his frolicsomeness nor his sentimentality is merely imbibed. Both are as much part of his nature as his intellectual hardness. We might say of him as Mackellar said of the Master in Stevenson's novel, that he has an outer sensibility and an inner toughness. Yet he is at the other pole from Mr. Bally.

The Dutch have an instinct for the precise and safe ordering of their lives, which is a direct outcome of the physiographical conditions in which they live. The trim and sober towns, the straight lines of the canals that enclose and drain the fields and the exactitude with which these must be kept at their proper level, and the abiding sense in the people that they live and work in dependence upon a mechanical precision in these things, — all this has its direct and natural influence upon Dutch habits of life. A proof of this is that in the low-lying provinces an extreme and exaggerated orderliness of existence is most visible. Sir William Temple, with an eye upon the province of Holland mainly, noted particularly the disposition running through all degrees of men in it in his time to orderliness in their expenses. Not in that respect only, but in all the details of life, this precision is noticeable to-day. We have seen it in the furnishing and decoration

of houses and in the laying-out of gardens. It is carried into the direction of home and of business. If you were permitted to penetrate to the mysteries of store-room and linen-cupboard, you would often find method pushed to a deplorable extreme of mere mechanical arrangement. For all their contrivances to insure comfort, the Dutch fail to attain to ease in living. They add infinite friction to life in promoting a machinery for making it smooth. They are cumbrously comfortable and painfully at ease. As it is with the Dutch lady in her house, so is it with the Dutchman in his business. The rule of the neat, of the *netjes*, even governs the conduct of affairs: this is shown by the love of the Dutch for elaborated schemes; although here, no doubt, there is a trace of the systematic methods imposed by the French upon their government. Most of all, it is seen in the curious formality that encases the hearty and simple social life of Holland. Through their liking for order in details, they submit themselves to the yoke of officialdom. You cannot travel a mile by train in Holland without learning that man was made for the railways, and not the railways for man. Where the official ceases to prevail, Mrs. Grundy steps in with a hundred principles of conduct not less imperious, to mould social intercourse upon the punctiliousness of the country town. All this, it is true, is changing. The hand of the official is lighter, and the rule of custom is being broken down, and seems likely, by the way, to be driven out before an army of cyclists. To dwell longer upon this double

HAY-MAKING.

From a painting by Anton Mauve.

tyranny, and to cite, as one could, any of its ridiculous exhibitions, would be to leave a wrong impression of Holland of to-day. But in certain places, and in certain conditions of Society, of which Amsterdam perhaps affords the best examples, an extraordinary stiffness and formality is still associated with a simple habit of life.

Life in Holland is simple, and it is safe. Extremely frugal the Dutch are not, although they are often represented as being so. They live comfortably and well. But the simple plainness of William of Orange's later life, which the historians have noted, is far more typical of the Dutch to-day than the splendid entertainments recorded of his youth; and the magnificence of a Leicester would still cause a scandal. Even in the pomp and show of life there is an absence of competition among them. As compared with many other countries, of course, the Dutch are not wealthy, although they are as far removed as any from being poor. Great fortunes are made in business — in petroleum and tobacco, for example — and on the Exchange; but all over, wealth is more evenly distributed and incomes are smaller than in England. A millionaire among them is a man possessed of a million of guilders; and he is rarely met with. Fortunes more moderate, but still large, are found in all classes. Sometimes their possessors are boers whom you can see in velvet slippers on a North-Holland causeway, or clanking about a hundred-acre farm in wooden shoes. They may have made their money, or they

may have inherited it; but they remain steadfast in their class, and the sons and daughters they leave it to will be peasants, like themselves. Money circulates in Holland, but not the people. The law of inheritance in Holland, again, discourages the conservation of great fortunes and great estates. That is why, although there are large afforested tracts in the country, — in the East, to which the tourist seldom penetrates, — you nowhere find the wasteful splendour of old wood that can be seen in every county in England. It is in the middle classes, however, that the smallness of the incomes is most noticeable, — or one should say, rather, is least noticeable. Not only comfort, but a certain grave and cultivated luxury also, appears to surround the lives of many households which — difficult as it is to believe it — are in receipt of an income that would not be a large wage for a London mechanic. In the professions, there are few plums, and the best of them are very small. Men of splendid talents, acknowledged to be at the top of the ladder in medicine and law, have to work hard to earn as much as a young buyer in the City. Holland possesses at present a band of enthusiastic and original writers, and now, as always, great painters: the most successful of the painters probably make a moderate competence, but it may be doubted if there is a man living in Holland to-day and writing in Dutch who can earn £150 in a year by pure literature. Nor, as far as the necessities of life go, is it apparent that the cost of living in Holland is so much lower that it counterbalances the com-

paratively small remuneration that men, in the middle classes at least, receive for their work. Outside of the very largest cities, workmen can live very well upon nine guilders a week. Families do live in the towns in more than comfort, as we have seen, on £200 a year, and £700 and £1000 a year are very large incomes. There must be a difference in the cost of living, of course, but as I have said it does not lie in the necessities of life. Rents are not low, and while food, the produce of the country, is fairly cheap, clothes, which are mainly imported, are notoriously dear.

All this seems a sufficient explanation of a simple habit among a people given to the well-ordering of their expenses; but there is another cause for it, less accidental, and more influential on the individual and national character. A scarcity of money is not one of the impressions made upon the visitor in Holland to-day; but there are a hundred evidences that to live in security and safety, not only from the inroads of his constant enemy, the waters, but from changes of Fortune as well, has become a ruling instinct with the Dutch. It has always been said of them that they are avaricious. There is a quick expressive action with finger and thumb, and a talk of *dubbeltjes* (the *dubbeltje* is a small silver coin worth twopence) in the conversation of the lower classes, that seems to show how large a place money takes in their thoughts. But that which seems the vice of avarice is often in reality a virtuous abstinence from extravagance. It has been forgotten that the Dutch have good reason to set a high value

In an Eastern Province.
By Jan Hendrik Weissenbruch.

upon money. There have been many periods in their history, when, under the reverses of war, compelled to pay enormous taxes, crippled in the colonial trade upon which their non-productive country so largely depends, and with all their resources sucked dry, they lived in great straits. There was such a period at the beginning of this century, when the Dutchman had even to forego his pipe; and although the country quickly recovered from it, the effects of that pinch were still felt in their youth by the generation that is just passing away, and its influence upon their habits was great. Money does not lightly go in Holland, but neither does it lightly come. The instinct of the Dutchman to secure himself against the rainy day has been bred in him by necessity, and that it is not inspired by avarice is sufficiently proved by his charities, which are not by any means limited to the splendid institutions for which Holland is famous.

Of all the qualities of the Dutchman which we have discovered, none seems to affect the social conditions and the national character so greatly as this instinct for securely entrenching himself in life against the assaults of Fortune. It affects them for bad even more than for good. In such an atmosphere as it creates, great enterprise does not flourish. I am not speaking of speculation, as gambling in stocks is called. There is plenty of that pestilent vice in Holland, as elsewhere. But the Dutch show little spirit in hazarding their fortunes in legitimate ventures. It has been said already that there are signs all over the country of in-

creasing commercial and industrial activity, and I am informed that they are no less evident in the Indies; but far too much of Holland's capital is tied up in foreign securities still, and far too little of it sunk in developing her resources at home and in her colonies. Save in one direction, that of adding to their country, the Dutch are not enterprising. They are ingenious, diligent, laborious even, but they lack expansive energy and ideas. While they have an extensive knowledge of all that is going on in the world, and watch it with their strong intelligence, their own interests are narrow. They are centred too wholly upon the home; one might say, I think, too wholly upon the house. We are brought back to the tea-drinking hour, when woman presides. I know that at the present moment there is a mild agitation in Holland on the subject of Woman's Rights, and that there is much that seems unjust in the legal position of the Dutchwoman; and it is not without deliberation that I say that Holland appears to suffer from the excessive influence of women. It must not be supposed that they interfere in public affairs, or compete with men in their own field. Far from it. Her husband and children and house are the Dutchwoman's only concerns. To make the house comfortable for the husband is her chief end in life. And so eminently does she succeed that he is never happy out of it. Her affectionate care cajoles him from his ambitions. He has no sport, no golf let us say, to steel himself against the insidious softness. Woman's triumph is complete. Without

putting a foot in his realm, she entices him into hers; and though the law may call the husband head of the household, it cannot make any one save herself the head of the house. Thus everything confirms the Dutchman in a safe and uneventful life. As with the individual, so with the nation. Holland came out of her great war laden with spoils but shorn of strength. She can never recover her strength, and she retains the spoils only because she is protected by the public conscience of Europe. Of necessity her policy is negative and colourless. No one knows better than the Dutchman how futile are the cannon that stand pointed up the Rhine. The Dutch build a navy and prepare schemes of inundation, with little belief that they will ever be needed, and no belief at all that if they are needed they will avail. So Holland lives on, self-centred, entangling herself in no European questions, splendidly administering her colonies without ostentation, allowing no dream of Empire, no intoxication of glorious memory, to tempt her into one moment's presumption in speech or action; and prudence, her own supreme virtue, says that that way lies safety. Yet in her security lies her danger, so true is it of nations and of men that to save your life is to lose it. In the Dutchman all the plain elements of greatness, good and ill, lie awaiting some integrating force to make a man of him; as it is, each pops up its head in him and proclaims him fifty men at once. And as the man lacks "devil," so the nation awaits an inspiration. Yet for Holland, it would almost seem, there can be no

inspiration save that of danger from without. She can never be inflamed by Imperial sentiment, or claim of prestige, or even by lust of power. Fate has willed it that in all the elements of offence she is impotent. But in the uses of defence she has been splendidly disciplined; and it is possible to foresee contingencies when she would find that the conscience of Europe was a feeble reed to trust to, and her character might flower again in the sacrifice of a hopeless vindication of her liberties. That is not an impossible destiny. For when we see, as I think it is easy to see, in the less heroic sides of it, a continuity and unbroken development in the national character, we are justified in believing that there lie in it still, ready to be quickened by a national danger, the strong and enduring qualities that leaped forth to great ends in her golden age.

Dogs in Cart.

From a drawing by Charles Rochussen.

HOW HOLLAND IS GOVERNED

IN the foregoing impressions, nothing has been said of two things which always, more than any others, more even than the fight with the waters, although they are really less important than it, have interested travellers in Holland, — her pictures and her system of government. The marvellous body of painting by the old Dutch masters was one of the manifestations of the outburst of energy in Holland in the sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries when, it almost seems, all her powers burned up in one bright fierce flame. So much we can say; but that does not make its appearance in that time and in that place the less inexplicable. It is easy to find analogies between Dutch art and the conditions and character of the nation which produced it: to note in both, for example, a firm grasp upon the things of earth, a burgher quality, an absence of aristocratic tendencies. How easily, and how falsely at the same time, analogies are drawn, is shown by the discovery of many critics that the colour-sense of the Dutch comes to them, somehow or other, through contrast with the gloomy and dull country in which they dwell; whereas it might be thought that every traveller in Holland knows that

the note of Dutch landscape is a bright and luminous gleam of silver and emerald. It is difficult, at any rate, to correlate the work of the Dutch painters with Holland of to-day, and it has seemed to me best to consider it as an accidental interest, and to speak of the pictures only as we may happen upon them in the cities and towns that we shall visit later. With the system of government, of course, it is quite otherwise. It is a living and influential thing, with its roots in the past of Holland, and still shooting and developing; howsoever many exotic growths have been grafted upon it, it is a product of Holland, and intimately related with the life and character of her people. No excuse need be offered, therefore, for treating of it in a separate chapter. To do so fully, indeed, would involve the whole history of Holland, and is a work for the historian with many volumes at his command; but it may be possible in a few pages to give the reader an idea of the system of government to be found in Holland to-day, and, in some measure, of how it is connected with the golden age, the relics of which are still the chief attractions of the country.

The spirit of self-government seems to rest over Holland. The persistent windmills, the cosy farmsteads, the hamlets and villages, and the towns so self-possessed and debonair, are all symbols (or are easily mistaken for them) of a people going on in their own well-ordered way. Guicchardini, Sir Thomas Overbury, Sir William Brereton, Sir William Temple, and many others, have described the majesty of civic

rule in Holland in by-gone days, the pomp of the *schepenen* and the dread sentences of the *vierschaar;* and even in the jovial gatherings in the canvases of the old painters we are not allowed to forget the rule and discipline of city life. These impressions, gathered from the landscape and the pictures and from travellers' tales, are corroborated by history, which tells of a nation fashioned out of many petty sovereignties and free towns, difficult to bind because of their individual laws and rights, and at once strong and weak because of their tenacity in them. Thus, whereas in describing most constitutions we begin with the sovereign authority and watch its decentralisation in local governments, in the case of Holland it is natural and more correct to start with these and to arrive by way of them at the central power.

The unit of self-government in Holland is the commune (*gemeente*), of which there are to-day some eleven hundred. In these, urban and rural districts and populations are mixed indiscriminately. The commune is a territory of varying extent. Sometimes it is a town or city, limited strictly by the walls; more often its borders are spread wider. Most often of all it is a village or a group of villages with more or less land around it. In any case it is of historical growth: in form irregular, and often inconvenient, fixed with little or no consideration for the needs of the inhabitants. In many cases, no doubt, the communes could be traced back to the old "marks," and to those erections whereby the overlords, as early as Floris V. in

the thirteenth century, sought to strengthen themselves against the power of the nobility. The inconvenience caused by the retention of these ancient boundaries, — which is in curious contrast to the instinct of the Dutch for the pretty ordering of things — is illustrated in Delft, in situation, appearance, and historic associations one of the most typical towns of Holland. In Delft three communes meet — Delft, Hof van Delft, and Vryenban — each with its own administration acting in severe independence, which causes innumerable and often ludicrous annoyances to the citizens. The Provincial-States, or rather a standing committee of the Provincial-States, have the power to legislate for a fresh delimitation, where they think fit; but in practice the only changes they make are in the cases of growing cities, in order to give them rating powers over new suburbs, and a stronger hand in matters of sanitation and police. By the Franchise Act of 1896, however, communes with over 15,000 inhabitants have been divided into three wards, and some of the larger cities into more. Thus there are now nine wards in Amsterdam, five in Rotterdam, and four in Utrecht.

At the head of each commune, appointed by the sovereign and acting as his representative, is the burgomaster, that important functionary, apparent source of all authority, to be thought of only as a grave and reverend Mynheer dispensing justice in the gate. As a matter of fact, the burgomaster as often as not is a young man of some family, not weighted particularly with either dignity or wisdom. The com-

mune governs itself, and the fount of authority is the communal council (*gemeente raad*), elected by the enfranchised inhabitants from among themselves. The number of councillors ranges from seven to forty-five, according to the population they represent; and their term of office is six years. Every second year, one-third of the Council retires, and the retiring members may be re-elected.

The members of the communal councils must be Hollanders who have lived a year in the commune, and are not under twenty-three years of age. The electoral qualification will be most easily explained if we state first of all the qualification of voters for the members of the Second Chamber, and it may be allowable to do so in a tabulated form for the sake of clearness. By the new Franchise Act of 1896, then, — a halting step on the road to manhood suffrage, — the electoral qualification for the Second Chamber and for the Provincial-States is possessed by

All inhabitants of 25 years of age, not foreigners, able to exercise all civil and civic rights;

a. Who pay at least one guilder (1*s*. 8*d*.) towards the Imperial Capital or Income Tax; or

Who pay anything at all in the *personeele belasting* (that is to say, for the use of a house or of a part of it); or

b. Who dwell in a house of a certain weekly rental (it varies, according to local situations and advantages, from 1*s*. 4*d*. minimum to 4*s*. 2*d*. maximum); or

The Stadhuis at The Hague.
From a drawing by Klinkenberg.

Who have a certain annual salary or income (the limit for this varies also: the minimum is 225 guilders, the maximum 350); or

Who are registered in the Great Book of Consols as possessors of 100 guilders nominal, or as depositors in the Government Savings Bank of 50 guilders; or

Who, irrespective of other qualifications, have passed an examination, fixed by law, for certain offices.

Now the electoral qualification for the communal council differs from this in one point, and it is important. Under the second head must be added the payment in the communal rates of a certain sum, which varies according to the importance of the commune. The communal council, therefore, has a greater power than the States-General over the purse of the citizens, and the local, communal franchise is restricted in an important degree in consequence. There exists, thus, the anomaly that men who have a vote in imperial affairs have no voice in the government of the municipality in which they reside. To take an example, out of 94,305 inhabitants in the city of Utrecht in 1897, the number of electors for the Second Chamber was 9,677, and that for the communal council only 7,145. It is an interesting illustration of the tenacity of local rights which has been so powerful a condition in the history of Holland.

In order that we may arrive at a better understand-

ing of the powers of the council, and especially of those of the burgomaster, let us go back over the history of municipal government in Holland. We find ourselves at once in a maze of local usages and rights, but it is possible to find a key to it. In the period when Holland was a collection of fiefs, under counts, who held of different ruling Houses, the count, the overlord, had officials who represented him in the town or city, a *schout*, or *baljuw* (the French *bailli*), and several *schepenen*, or sheriffs, who administered justice, and, with the burgomaster, formed the governing body. The position of the burgomaster varied in the different towns, but he represented the burghers and was chosen by them. In course of time, however, the counts, grown jealous of the burghers' power, limited it by choosing from among them a representative body, the *vroedschap*, or council of wise men, as it was called, although really it was composed of the wealthier citizens, between whom and the mass of the burghers there was a natural separation. At the same time they took away from the burghers the election of their burgomaster, and either kept it in their own hands, or placed it with the representative body and their own officials. In the fifteenth century, under Burgundian rule, the policy of which was always union and the centralisation of power, this representative body of the count's choosing became more and more a permanent council, while the actual government was kept still more exclusively than ever in the hands of the count's officers.

When we come down later, to the moment when the Seven Provinces threw off the yoke of Spain, we find an extraordinary variety of rule in the towns. Most of them had three or four burgomasters, several sheriffs, and a council or *vroedschap*. Dordrecht, which was in the unusual position, for a city in the province of Holland, of having only one burgomaster, who, however, was clothed with great state, had in addition to a council an "Old Council," composed of thirty or forty ex-councillors, and in this respect approximated more nearly to the government of the towns in the other six provinces. Everywhere, however, the power that had crossed from the counts to the burghers was well consolidated in the council and the magisterial body; so much so that the representatives whom the cities sent to sit with the nobles in the General-States were mere machines for the delivery of the council's votes. From curious glimpses which we receive in Sir William Brereton's journal of a visit he paid to Holland in 1634, when the struggle with Spain was coming to an end and the country, under Frederick Henry, was entering upon the most glorious period of its history, we see less uniformity in municipal government than ever. Dordrecht was still singular with its one burgomaster who was always attended in public by his halberdiers. Rotterdam had three burgomasters, who held office "some one, some two, some three years . . . they are equivalent to our bailiffs of cities or towns corporate," and no man waited on them in the street, though "sometimes you might see a woman, a maid, following

them." Sir William's party had some trouble about a stolen coat, and were referred to the burgomasters, whom after some delay they found "in *convivio quodam*, at the State Harbour, the Cross Keys, upon Erasmus Bridge," and greatly too busy to attend to the affair, but the "baylie," who spoke English, did what he could for them, though he "also was epicurising at this time." Besides the three burgomasters and eight sheriffs and twenty-four aldermen, there were three "friend-makers, to mediate," which no doubt was necessary if the burgomasters set the citizen an example of how to conduct business; the baylie, or high-sheriff, it is important to notice, was appointed *durante vita*, by the States-General, into whose hands, we see thus, had fallen some of the old powers of the counts. In Delft, again, there were four burgomasters and a crowd of other officials, including "friend-makers," and forty-four members of the *vroedschap*, "who," Sir William says, "are the common council, consenting to taxes and levies." The Hague, which was still "a village without a corporation, — a *dorp* — but the finest in all Holland," varied matters by choosing its two burgomasters from among the aldermen for three months; while Haarlem had a high-sheriff for night as well as for day. Sometimes the power of the States-General was in the ascendant, sometimes that of the Stadhouder; in any case, the central authority was represented in the government of the towns in certain offices. Finally, after the experiments in constitution-making, while the French

were in the country, William I. came to the throne, and bit by bit the government of the communes was put upon the basis on which it rests to-day. Having glanced at its development thus, we can examine it with an eye for the compromise that has been struck in it between local rights and the sovereign authority.

The present-day communal councils, as we have seen, are popularly-elected bodies, or at any rate they are as popularly elected as the "importance" of the town will permit. The burgomaster, on the other hand, is appointed by the sovereign. He carries on in his office the representation of the sovereign power in the communes, which in the case of the towns we have traced back to the fifteenth century. But although he is responsible to the commune for his administration and is paid by it, which in the case of every other person is a disqualification, the burgomaster is eligible as a member of the communal council. His position, in fact, is altogether peculiar. As the sovereign's representative, he is president of the council; *ex officio* he has an advising voice in its deliberations. If the electors choose him as a member, then, of course, he has a vote. By virtue of his office, he has further powers. He is at the head of the executive body in the commune, the College of Burgomaster and Wethouders. The number of Wethouders, whom we may call magistrates, varies with the population; there must be two, and there cannot be more than four; and they are chosen by and from among the members of the council. Besides its administrative functions, this college prepares

the resolutions to be taken by the council, — though it must be understood that any councillor has the right of initiating business. It is clear, therefore, that the burgomaster, if he is a strong man, can exercise a very considerable influence in the council, whether he presides over it as a member with a vote, or presides merely with an advising voice, *ex officio ;* and his hands are strengthened by the power that is given him of staying, when he thinks right, the execution of any of the council's decrees for thirty days while he appeals to the sovereign.

The burgomaster must be at least twenty-five years of age. Another qualification is that he be an inhabitant of the commune; but, ostensibly in the interests of the commune, the sovereign may appoint an outsider to the office, and often he does so, though whether always in the commune's interests is not so certain. The salary attaching to the office varies with the importance of the commune; from as low as £40 in some country places, it rises to £500 in Utrecht, and to £625, nearly, in Amsterdam. The same man may be burgomaster and secretary (but not treasurer), and he may be burgomaster of two adjoining communes if they do not exceed five thousand souls. There is, to all intents and purposes, a profession of burgomaster. It is not the salary, however, that causes the office to be sought after, or not, at least, in the rural communes. It is looked upon as an honourable position for young men of some fortune, drawn from a class from which chiefly, since as far back as Sir William Temple's day,

it has been customary to fill the civil offices of State; and it is acknowledged that especially in communes composed for the most part of peasants these men play a useful and important, if not a very arduous *rôle*.

The Burgomaster of Marken.

As a rule, the councillors receive no salary. Provision is made, however, for paying a member when necessary, and if one is paid, all are paid. Now that working-men are finding seats on the councils, though

slowly, this provision is more frequently taken advantage of. The fees, called "presence-money," never exceed the 4*s.* 2*d.* per session of about three hours allowed in Amsterdam. Within the last thirty years, a great change has come over the *personnel* of the councils. Working-men members are still few, but there are many business men undertaking the duties now, whereas from 1800 to 1860 the councils were composed almost entirely of doctors-of-law. This is an interesting corroboration of the impression recorded earlier that the highly educated classes in Holland have been exercising an unusually strong influence on her affairs, which now is being weakened. As a rule, the best men in all classes of society are willing to serve on the councils. Communal officials — the Commissary of Police, if there is one, clergymen, schoolmasters, and others — are not eligible as members, but almost all State officials are; frequently they have much leisure time on their hands, and probably they are in a majority on the councils. It cannot be said, however, that the people take a warm interest in local government. At the bi-yearly elections, a personal, partisan feeling is sometimes aroused; but Imperial politics have no effect upon them, and it is hard work to bring half the electorate to the poll.

It is not necessary to follow the councils into their routine of business, which exhibits no peculiar principle, unless it be that in some cases decisions are left to the arbitrament of the lot. One of the special duties of the council is the appointment of teachers and the

supervision of education in the commune, of which more will be said in another chapter. Poor-relief, though it is part of the work of the local authority, is in a still greater degree a charge imposed by the churches upon themselves. Each religious body accepts the burden of its own poor; almost all of them have their own almshouses, some of them even their own hospitals. The cost of the relief of paupers unattached to any church is all that the commune has to defray. The various sources from which the communes derive their revenue will be seen at a glance if they are set down in a tabulated form: —

Property. Some of the possessions of the communes, especially lands belonging to the rural communes, are very valuable.

Rating. The communes can impose: —

An additional percentage of the Imperial property tax. The maximum is 40% of the tax on built property, and 10% of that on unbuilt.

An additional percentage (in some cases as much as 70%) of the *personeele belasting*, that is, the State tax for the use of a house, the number of chimneys, the number of servants, etc.

A direct communal tax.

Theatrical and dog licences.

Petty customs, market-money, port-dues, and the like.

The communal councils cannot levy for libraries or museums; the only special communal rates are those to cover the cost of opening up new roads and streets. In all their expenditure, the communal councils are supervised by the Provincial-States, by whom also the salaries of burgomaster, secretary, treasurer, and some other officials, are fixed.

The Provincial-States, to which we will now direct our attention, need not hold it long. They have a certain historic interest as a link between Holland of to-day and Holland of history. But they are no more than a link. The present Provincial-States are not a development of the *Staten-Provinciaal* of former centuries, who, after throwing off their allegiance to Philip of Spain in 1581, were the real sovereigns of the country, with the Stadhouder, when there was one, as their first Minister, though as often as not he was their master. Except in one respect, and that of the highest importance, the Provincial-States to-day are merely an administrative body, without any legislative power. The exception, as will be seen later in the chapter on "The Fight with the Waters," is the control of the defences against river and sea. It may be said that the Provincial-States must be political bodies, because the members of the First Chamber are elected by them; but the First Chamber has greatly less power than the more popularly elected Second Chamber, and the political influence of the Provincial-States is not so great as might be supposed. They themselves are popularly elected; but not for political ends.

Their duties are limited to the severely practical work of administration. With them lies the regulation of all provincial works, as well as of traffic and means of communication within the province, with a special view to the development of its commerce and industries. They look after waterworks and waterways, grounds from which peat has been dug, mines, and polders; and the dike-survey is under their control. Poor lunatics are in their cure. The greater part of these duties, of course, is undertaken by the Standing Committee, the executive body, under the control of which comes, partly at least, the government of charities, prisons, the militia, the reserves, and even of certain matters more directly the concern of the State, such as preliminary education. The Provincial-States, as has been said, are a purely administrative body.

In their case, therefore, it is not necessary to trace any development. The great question of State Rights, the bugbear of the Dutch Republic, can best be discussed in connection with the States-General. It is sufficient to say of the Provincial-States that, generally, in the conditions and rights of membership and in the conduct of business, there are many parallels between them and the communal councils. For example, the sovereign, who is represented in the commune by the burgomaster, is represented in the province by a commissary. At one time this official was governor of the province, and that is why the offices where the affairs of the province are conducted are still known

popularly as the "Gouvernement." The commissary resides in the city in the province which the constitution has fixed as the meeting-place of the States. He presides over that body and has an advising voice in it; and he has a vote in the Standing Committee, which is composed of himself and six members.

The qualification to vote for members of the Provincial-States is the same as that for members of the Second Chamber, with the addition, of course, that the electors must be inhabitants of the province. The members themselves, also, must have been inhabitants of the province for one year, and they must be at least twenty-five years of age. They are elected for a period of six years, and every third year half of them retire. In some provinces, the States contain as many as eighty members. To have all the electors voting for all the representatives would be too clumsy a method; the provinces, therefore, are divided into electoral districts.

The revenue of the Provinces, it may be added, is not large. Its main sources are a percentage of the imperial property and house taxes, and tolls, lock-dues, and provincial possessions. The States have the power to levy a provincial tax. In North Brabant, for example, tolls on the roads have been abolished, and the States have imposed a tax upon horses; but this, like all provincial taxes, has been sanctioned by the two Chambers. And neither the Provincial-States nor the communal councils can impose excise duties, or any tax that would hinder trade. Throughout Holland, commerce is entirely free.

It has been said that the present Provincial-States are not a development of the Provincial-States that in former centuries played so important a part in Holland. Let us see, now, what these earlier States were, and the position they really held in the country. In that way not only will light be thrown on the Parliamentary system of Holland to-day, but we shall have found some clue to the whole history of Holland.

We have seen the towns rise to power as towns always did rise in the Middle Ages. The counts who ruled over them in the provinces, nominally for the emperors, in reality as independent overlords, bought the support of the burghers against the nobles, and paid for it in grants of privileges. In course of time they called together the burghers with the nobles to consult with them about war and supplies and other questions affecting the province; until at length this privilege was interpreted by the burghers as a right. Thus the two Estates of Holland, the nobles and the towns, came to be represented in council, and the representatives, being identified with those who sent them, were known as the States of the province. The smaller towns, however, finding themselves treated as of little account, kept away from these gatherings; they kept away the more readily that by doing so they managed to evade payment of some of the moneys voted at them. To some extent, they continued to be represented by the nobles; but the nobles also, being in a minority, fell away in their attendance. The gentry are called to the Provincial council for order's sake,

but the merchants and tradesmen are predominant, Sir Thomas Overbury wrote in the seventeenth century, and so it was long before the war with Spain. In the Provincial-States, the cities were predominant.

Take Holland and Zeeland, the nucleus of the Union. In the Provincial-States of Holland, that is of the present North- and South-Holland, the nobles, few in number, were represented by one vote, and one vote each was possessed by six great towns, whose names are interesting. They were Dordrecht, Haarlem, Delft, Leiden, Amsterdam, and Gouda, — the large towns to-day. We see how ancient a place the present Holland is. In Zeeland, again, the nobles had one vote, and the Abbot of Middelburg had one, representing the large possessions of the Abbey of St. Nicolaas in the province; while the towns with a vote each were Middelburg, Zierikzee, Goes, Tholen, and Reimerswaal. All of these, save the last, still exist, though fallen from their old estate; Reimerswaal with all its civic pride was swallowed up by the sea in the seventeenth century, and lies at the bottom of that arm of the Schelde which the traveller crosses between South Beveland and Bergen-op-Zoom. As it was in Holland and Zeeland, so it was in all the seventeen provinces which were brought together under Charles V. Each of the provinces had its rights, to which, like the towns, it clung tenaciously; each of the Provincial-States had its own peculiar constitution. Even thus early we see the persistence in State Rights which worked the ruin of Holland.

Philip the Good, of the House of Burgundy, whose interference with the government of the cities in order to strengthen the central power in them, has been noted already, pursued the same tactics with the States of the provinces. From time to time, he called together all the Provincial-States to advise with him, and this policy was continued by Charles V., who during his reign summoned at least fifty of these councils. But both failed to inform the Provincial-States in general council with any authority. Especially in the north, many of the States would not attend. Friesland refused, holding that she was prevented by her ancient privilege of never having to cross her own borders to appear before a foreign judge. Drente, Overysel, Groningen, and Gelderland had their own reasons for staying away. And there was one condition of these united meetings which made them ineffective. The decisions taken in them were not binding on the minority. It was so in the Provincial-States themselves. The resolutions of the majority were disregarded by the nobles and towns who had voted against them. The counts, naturally, contended that they were binding, and if they were strong enough they enforced their opinion; but, generally, they were not strong enough, and the minority acted as they had voted. Precisely the same principle of weakness was introduced into the general gatherings of the States.

Charles V. abdicated in favour of his son Philip. Philip II. of Spain had still less respect than his father for the privileges of the Netherlanders. He

was going to rule them with a hand of iron, and regardless of their rights and customs make them conform to his will in religion and government and policy. At first, he was opposed by the nobles only, but by-and-bye the burghers were roused to revolt, and at length, in 1568, when Alva was devastating the country by his bloody policy, William of Orange took the field. Several years were to elapse before allegiance to Philip was thrown off. But we are not going to follow the rise of the United Provinces, or the fortunes of the Republic in the succeeding centuries; our concern is only with a few incidents in that history which illumine the development of the Dutch Constitution. One of these was the Pacification of Ghent, in 1576. It was the union of Holland and Zeeland in the north with thirteen provinces in the south in the demand for the restoration of their liberties, and it recognised the meeting of the States of these provinces in general assembly for a purpose in which they were all united. It is necessary to point out a distinction, not, however, recognised by all, between such an assembly as that of the Pacification of Ghent, — the General States it might be called, — and the States-General. The General States was the assembly of all the Provincial-States of the Union in general council, and in Holland we find it meeting at The Hague, as late as 1651, under the presidency of the poet Cats, — the "Great Meeting" it was called — to consult on questions of government. The States-General, on the other hand, was an assembly of the representatives of the Provincial-States, soon to

become a permanent assembly, which may be said to have been established by the Union of Utrecht in 1579. Between that event and the Pacification of Ghent, much had happened. Alva had reduced the southern provinces. Between north and south, the difference in religion had become more and more a marked line of cleavage. The opposition to Spain was consolidated in the northern provinces; and when these leagued together in the Union of Utrecht, and soon after threw off their allegiance to Philip, the first lines of the Dutch Constitution were laid.

It must not be supposed that even in their opposition to Spain the northern provinces were brought into union at once. A few of them signed the Union in 1579; the others joined piecemeal. Parts of provinces came in, and separate towns; separate towns and parts of provinces held out. Nearly twenty years passed before all the signatures were received. It was the old story, — jealousy of State rights and of civic privileges. Yet by the conditions of the Union these rights and privileges were carefully guarded. The provinces were united "in eternity," and were to remain united as if they were one: so it was laid down; but the condition, quite irreconcilable with that, was admitted that each town and each province was insured its own privileges. No attempt was made to bring uniformity of constitution into the Provincial-States. The provinces were to govern themselves as they liked, even as we have seen the towns were doing.

It was the representatives of the Provincial-States who met together as the States-General: at first from time to time, in different cities, Utrecht, Delft, The Hague, now in one, now in the other; but shortly after the departure of Leicester, in 1593, as a permanent body which gradually took the government into its own hands, including much of that which hitherto had been in those of the council of State. But it was constituted in a most irregular manner, which lasted all during the Republic. There were, it is true, as many votes as there were provinces, but there was no uniformity in the representation of the provinces. The accounts of the meetings of the States-General given by travellers in Holland at different times seem quite irreconcilable, owing to the fluctuating number of deputies mentioned in them. It is impossible to follow Sir William Brereton, who wrote about 1634, when he attempts to detail the representation of each province. Mrs. Ann Radcliffe, who made some notes on the government of Holland one hundred and fifty years later, gets to the root of the matter when she says that the chief depositaries of the sovereignty were not the States-General, but the Provincial-States, of whose deputies the former were composed, and without whose consent they never voted upon important measures. She adds that in the States-General, each province had one vote; which, with the reasons for it, might be delivered by an unlimited number of deputies. Thus it appears that at the very end of the Republic, at which time Mrs. Radcliffe wrote, the

confusion in the government, which we find when the war with Spain was going on, was only worse confounded. During the whole Republic, though there were only seats in the council-chamber of the States-General for twenty-two representatives, there were always far more present, and sometimes several hundreds. The vote and the reasons for it were delivered by the "unlimited number of deputies;" and the vote was in accordance with instructions from the Provincial-States, with whom lay the real sovereignty. We might go further, and say that the depositaries of the sovereignty were not the Provincial-States, but rather the nobles and the councils in the towns, whom they represented. The States-General had to await the decision of the Provincial-States, the Provincial-States that of the nobles, and of the towns, of which there were nearly a hundred. It is a fact that some twelve hundred persons had to record a vote before important action could be determined upon by the central authority. And all this, be it remembered, in a country that had to fight Spain and England and France, and to build up and maintain an empire.

This, however, was not all. In many cases unanimous consent was necessary before any action could be taken; and in any case the vote, when it was cast, did not bind the minority. It generally did, it is true, under a strong and masterful Stadhouder like Maurits; but the question whether it did or did not was ever cropping up to paralyse the central government. Between the provinces, there was a constant clashing of

A Gossip.

From a drawing by Elchanon Verveer.

interests, and an unequal distribution of burdens and of influence. Each province had one vote; but for long, out of every hundred guilders contributed to the national treasury, the province of Holland paid fifty-eight and Overysel three and a half. It is little wonder that the province which paid the piper thus should seek to call the tune, as was the case after the Peace of Munster, when the Stadhouder William II. had to lead an army against Amsterdam to compel the upkeep of the soldiery in the province. Drente, again, had signed the Union early, and she contributed one per cent to the treasury, but she had no representation in the States-General. Immediately after the Union she had been occupied by the enemy. She did not lose her right to a vote thereby, but only had been prevented from exercising it: so it was urged in her behalf when she claimed representation later. Her claim, however, was refused. The maritime provinces could not allow the land provinces to be strengthened by a single vote. The difference of interests between the two was always a trouble, and sometimes a serious trouble. The union of Utrecht, the first Constitution of the Republic, had made provision for the settlement of differences between the provinces by referring them to the Stadhouder; it did not take into consideration the possibility of there not being a Stadhouder. Again, it allowed the provinces to have separate Stadhouders, or to have the same one in common, without defining the powers of the office. Thus no more check was put upon too great a consolidation of power

in the central authority than was put upon an excessive diffusion of sovereignty throughout the provinces. Between those two extreme dangers of a Republic, Holland was tossed. The diffusion of sovereignty we have seen; the tyranny of the Stadhouders was no less clear. The office had become hereditary in the House of Orange. Position, wealth, something like genius, above all, enormous services to the State, placed the Princes of Orange in the position of master, when nominally they were only servants. The differences among the provinces were weapons in their hands. It was union that the Republic required, and the Princes of Orange fought for union. That was their policy, whether they were sacrificing themselves and their fortunes, or Olden Barneveldt and De Witt. But it was a policy that realised their ambitions, and their ambitions, realised, realised the needs of Holland. The strong Stadhouders usurped a central authority which the Union failed to provide. They became hereditary Stadhouders, the "Eminent Heads" of the State in name, sovereigns in all but name. They had the filling up of numerous offices. By-and-by, they made alliances in marriage with royal families. Foreign powers might treat with the States-General as representatives of the Republic, but they asked audience of the Prince of Orange. In this way the power of the States-General was doubly weakened. Moreover, it had a rival in the council of state, a body older than itself, and less subject to provincial dissensions, since the provinces were represented on

it in proportion as they contributed to the national expenses. At the beginning of the Republic this council was much more powerful than the States-General. Very soon, however, its influence became less. Maurits weakened it greatly. But it never was broken, and its power, now greater, now less, complicated still further the conditions of government. It had the affairs of the army in its hands without making any easier for the Stadhouder and the States the delicate question of the control of the troops. It was the council of finance, or was during a period at least, and as its budget was sent to the States-General, to be laid by them in turn before the Provincial-States, there was interminable delay here also ; and very often, in the end, the province of Holland had to pay the deficiency caused by the neglect or the refusal of other provinces to contribute their share.

The Constitution of the Republic, in a word, was an impossible constitution. There was not one Republic, there were seven. Before the Spanish wars, the sovereign power, whether it was Burgundy or Austria or Spain, had held the provinces together in a manner. When it was thrown off, nothing took its place. The States-General did not, for the sacrifice of their rights by the provinces, which alone could have made that possible, was never dreamed of. The Stadhouders did in a measure, but their authority depended on individual personality and the temporary needs of the nation. A pressing danger was as an authority to the provinces, but when it was removed dissension and

secessions returned. The wonder is not that at last the Republic collapsed, but that, constituted as it was of weaknesses, there should have been found in it the noble and virtuous elements to hold it together for such marvellous performance.

The old Republic may be said to have fallen with the flight of William, the Fifth Stadhouder, to England in January, 1795. In 1813 his son returned to Holland, to be crowned as William I. During the years between these two dates Holland was a Republic — the Batavian Republic — experimenting in governing herself by systems based upon the latest French models; then a kingdom, dependent on France, and with Louis Napoleon on the throne; and lastly a mere prov-

A Peep in the Hague.
From a drawing by Klinkenberg.

ince of France, with her capital, Amsterdam, counted the third city in the Empire. In each period there are one or two events that throw light upon the present Constitution, to which we have been leading up in this survey.

The leaders of the Patriot party, which brought in the French and expelled the Stadhouder, were impressed with the need of union. They were also strongly influenced by French revolutionary ideas. The spirit of States sovereignty was not dead: it existed in the provinces, and showed itself in the National Convention, which made the first attempts at drawing up a Constitution. The extreme Unionists, therefore, effected a *coup d'état*, cleared the convention of the party of State Rights, deprived the followers of Orange of all power, and proceeded anew to the business of constitution-making. Church and State were separated. The aristocracy of the towns were reduced. To break down the old State feeling, the boundaries of the provinces were disregarded in the political divisions of the country. In place of the provinces came eight departments, and these eight departments were broken up into eight equal sections. They were also broken up into rings, from which the members of the departmental governments were sent up. Irrespective of the departments, the country was divided into ninety-four districts, each with 20,000 inhabitants. Each district sent up a member of Parliament, elected by a complicated system of nominations from sub-districts. The Representative body consisted

of two Chambers and kept the legislative power in its own hands, while the administrative power was entrusted to ministers of its own choice. This elaborate Constitution was unmanageable. It threw upon the administrative body too much work, and it gave the departmental governments (so they thought) too little power. But though a new one was called for almost immediately, this Constitution had a lasting influence. Before it could be modified, Napoleon had interfered to pave the way for the annexation of Holland, which followed a year or two later. Of the Constitutions imposed upon Holland before the Restoration, it need only be said that they recognised again some measure of State Rights, and restored the old provincial divisions of the country; they were more moderate, so that, for example, the members of the Orange party were no longer excluded from office; and, ultimately, were more monarchical. With Louis Napoleon at the head of the State, the legislative body consisted of thirty-nine members, and there was a States council of thirteen. The ten provinces were given equal rights, and there was a governor and a council in each. The Code Napoleon, specially adapted to the kingdom of Holland, and a jury system, were introduced. The Code remains, but the juries have disappeared. Finally, in 1810, when Holland was incorporated with France, the departments were given prefects and under-prefects, and French names; the burgomasters became mayors; conscription was introduced; the freedom of the Press was limited; and education, for which

Schimmelpennick, Napoleon's pensionary, had done so much, fell into a deplorable condition. Then the country, wearied out and drained of its money, welcomed a Prince of Orange as its king.

The troubles of Holland, however, were far from being at an end. In the Constitution with which William I. came to the throne, in 1814, three great principles were embodied: freedom of religion, equality before the law, and the independence of the juridical power. There re-appeared in it many of the institutions of the old Republic. The Estates were still represented in the Provincial-States, which were elected, by the most highly-taxed subjects, from among the nobles and the councils of the towns. The Provincial-States chose the States-General, which sat in one Chamber, and one-fourth of the members had to be selected from the nobility. But it was sought to avoid the weakness of the Republic by giving the States-General complete independence in legislation from the Provincial-States, which were reduced accordingly to be a merely administrative body. Scarcely was this Constitution adopted, than, by the Congress of Vienna, the Belgian provinces were incorporated with Holland, which it was intended by this means to reinstate among the Great Powers. The experiment was not successful. Between the northern and the southern provinces there was friction constantly; arising partly, as of old, out of the religious question, and still more from their opposing fiscal policies. Belgium was protectionist and at the same time liberal; on

The Mauritshuis, in the Binnenhof, The Hague.
From a drawing by Klinkenberg.

which very account free-trading Holland seemed to become more conservative. The union with Belgium had made a revision of the Constitution necessary, and among the changes was one that considerably reduced the representation of the Estates, and gave the landward villages a share with the towns in local government. After the revolt and separation of the Belgian provinces in 1830, Holland carried these modifications still further, as we see in the Constitution of 1848. By that Constitution Holland virtually is still regulated. We can now take a brief glance, therefore, at the present system of government in Holland, which we can do with a better understanding of its development after this rapid survey of changes and revolutions in the past.

The communal councils and the Provincial-States, we have seen, are popularly elected bodies. In the same way, the legislative power in the State lies with the people through their representatives in the States-General. The name States-General remains, but the Estates themselves have disappeared completely. The States-Provincial have not a shred left of their old sovereignty: they are, as the reader has been asked to note already, merely an administrative body. The States-General, on the other hand, consist of two elective Chambers: the First is elected by the Provincial-States, the Second, the more important, popularly known as The Chamber (*de Kamer*), directly by the people.

The fifty members of the First Chamber are chosen

from among the most highly taxed subjects in each province, the qualification being so fixed that there is one eligible person for every three thousand of the population. Since 1887, however, men occupying, or having occupied, certain high positions in the State, though not possessed of the necessary money qualification, are eligible for election to the First Chamber. The members are elected for a term of nine years, and every year one third retires.

Earlier in this chapter it was shown that the electoral qualification for the Second Chamber is the same as that for the Provincial-States, and that the franchise for them often is wider than that for the communal councils. The Act of 1896, by which it is fixed, also created one hundred electoral districts, each sending one representative to the Second Chamber. Of these districts, Amsterdam with Nieuwe Amstel contains nine, Rotterdam five, The Hague three, and Utrecht two. The Second Chamber dissolves every four years. No one is allowed to be a member of it who is not at least thirty years of age.

The Chambers sit at The Hague, in the Binnenhof, the old palace of the Stadhouders. The Binnenhof is the true heart of Holland. It was here that the Counts, and later the Princes of Hainault and Bavaria, had their palace, and lived and ruled. The building in it where the archives of the Home Office are preserved to-day was the hall of the Knights of the Middle Ages. It was in the Binnenhof that the representa-

tives of the Seven Provinces formally threw off their allegiance to Spain and founded the Republic. In the court in front of it, a little more than a hundred years later, Olden Barneveldt was beheaded, sacrificed to the dissensions through which ultimately the Republic was to fall. It witnessed the welcome of William III. of England, the humiliation of the Fifth Stadhouder's flight, Holland's humiliation when Louis Napoleon entered it as her king, — all those changes which we have been following in this chapter.

It is in the midst of these associations, inspiring, or so they ought to be, to every Dutchman, that the States-General meet. The room of the First Chamber was once the meeting-place of the States of Holland and Friesland. The Second Chamber sits in the old dancing-hall, in which William the Fifth Stadhouder appeared for the last time in public before he left for England. The Chambers sit together at the opening and closing sessions, and at the coronation of the sovereign. If it should ever happen that they have to take the reins of government into their own hands, owing to there being no capable heir, they will have to be elected anew, in double numbers, and sit together. The Second Chamber meets under the direction of a president who is nominated for the session by the sovereign. Any member of it can initiate business, and has the right to propose amendments to any measure. The First Chamber, on the other hand, has not the right of initiative or of amendment. It can only reject or accept bills as they are sent to it from the

THE MEETING-PLACE OF THE CHAMBERS, IN THE BINNENHOF, THE HAGUE.
From a drawing by Klinkenberg.

Second Chamber. The president is appointed for each meeting by the sovereign.

In both Chambers there are committees which consider proposed legislative measures, and report upon them to the government. It is the usual practice for ministers to answer their report before the question is debated in the Chamber. Government bills are submitted first of all to the Second Chamber, the members of which may question the government, and the ministers in charge of them are present, and reply, unless they put forward a plea that to do so would be prejudicial to the interests of the country. After the various interpolations, the usual course is for the Chamber to pass a Motion of Order, giving its clear opinion on the matter in hand. If the subject under debate is of vital importance and causes strong party feeling, the opposition may move a vote of no confidence; or the ministerial following may move a vote of confidence; either of which courses may lead to the resignation of the government.

The ministers are at the heads of eight departments: Foreign Affairs; Justice; Home Affairs; Finance; War; the Navy; Waterstaat, Commerce, and Industry; and the Colonies. They are chosen by the sovereign, who has the right of abolishing any department, and of creating a new one, as was done in 1877 when Waterstaat, Commerce, and Industry were separated from the Department for Home Affairs and erected into one by themselves. A Department for Agriculture has been created recently, but without a minister at

the head of it. The true government lies with the body of ministers: they are its guiding hands; they advise the sovereign, whose person is inviolable, and are responsible to the nation. There is no provision in the Constitution for the sovereign and ministers consulting together; but they do so consult. All administrative decrees of the sovereign have to be countersigned by one of the ministers. It may be said that in that respect the sovereign's power is merely nominal; but the influence of a strong ruler upon the whole process of government can be very great. The sovereign has the power to declare war without consulting the Chambers; the necessary supplies, however, must be voted by the representatives. He need not report to them treaties made with foreign powers if he considers it against the interests of the State to do so; although treaties embodying cession of territory or pecuniary obligations, or touching a matter of lawful rights, must be confirmed by the States-General, unless previously they have conferred special powers upon the sovereign. The sovereign maintains an army and a navy, appoints, promotes, and dismisses all officers, appoints ambassadors and consuls, and, with certain exceptions, regulates the salaries of officials who are paid out of the country's treasury. The prerogative of mercy is in his hands, and he can create nobility and bestow orders. Further, and this is an important point, he has the right to dissolve Parliament, and he can propose measures to the representatives, and can reject their measures.

The sovereign is assisted in carrying out these duties by an advising body chosen by himself, known as the council of State. This is the *Raad van Staat*, which, we have seen, has existed in Holland for centuries. The sovereign is president of this body, which comprises a vice-president and fourteen members, and a crown prince becomes a member of it as soon as he reaches the age of eighteen. Government bills are examined by the council of State before they are introduced into the Second Chamber, and when a private member's bill has passed both Chambers it goes to the council of State before it receives the royal assent. As a matter of practice, however, ministers pay just so much attention to the deliberations of this council as they think useful. The really important function of the body is the exercise of the royal power in certain cases foreseen by the Constitution, as, for example, when the sovereign is unable to reign and there is no regent, or when the succession is in doubt. In addition to these councillors of State proper, the sovereign may appoint Honorary Councillors, to the number of fifteen, who when called upon to advise with the *Raad van Staat* are given equal powers with the ordinary members. As this council of State is called upon to advise the sovereign in certain cases where a final appeal is made to him, it has to that extent some judicial powers; but, except when it takes up the royal power, it cannot interfere directly with government, and the right to dissolve Parliament is never placed in its hands.

In the Second Chamber, the Lefts are the Liberals, while the Rights are the Clericals, — the Roman Catholics and the Calvinists who sit in strange alliance here. The extreme Radicals in the Chamber are very few. The Liberal party, however, is split into Moderates and Progressives, the differences between them having been emphasised in connection with the recent Reform Act. The Progressives supported a bill, introduced by a Liberal government, which practically would have given the country manhood suffrage; but the measure was withdrawn when the Chamber accepted an amendment greatly narrowing the effect of the franchise clauses, and at a general election which followed the government was defeated. The timid Act of 1896, the provisions of which we have seen, was a compromise between the Progressive Liberals and the various groups with more conservative and plutocratic tendencies. But the real dividing line between political parties in Holland, it must be remembered, is Religion. The alliance which has sprung up between Calvinist and Roman Catholic has given a piquancy to Dutch politics of recent years, and is one cause of the revived public interest in them which is so marked in the present day.

There are one or two points in the representative system as it is found in Holland to which it is necessary to call special attention. The right of dissolving Parliament, as we have seen, lies, not with ministers, but with the sovereign, and as generally happens when it does lie so, he uses it so rarely that it need scarce be

considered as a factor in the system. The hold upon the representatives, by both the government and the people, is weakened in consequence. In Holland, however, parties seldom degenerate into groups to such an extent that there is no clear issue to determine the situation, and thus, though the selection of ministers is in the king's hands, there are almost always parliamentary, not royal, Cabinets. If a minister falls, almost invariably all the ministers resign with him, and, in most cases, they do not return to office without their colleague. The most important point of all is that ministers are not chosen wholly from within the legislature, and that those of them who are, and accept office, do not as a rule seek re-election to the Chambers. As a matter of fact, most ministers are selected from the Second Chamber, and the Premier almost always is. But it is not at all times possible to select ministers from within the legislature, for, with few exceptions, they are chosen for departments in keeping with their professional fitness. The Minister for War is an officer of the Army, the Foreign Minister is a diplomatist, the Minister for *Waterstaat* an engineer. And as there cannot always be found in the Chambers men suitable, in this respect, for office, men who are, have to be sought for outside of the legislature. Ministers have the right to sit in both Chambers; indeed, as they introduce and defend government measures, the Chambers have a claim upon their attendance. Moreover, they are eligible for election to either Chamber. Some twenty years ago, one of the

ministers of the day was a member of the Second Chamber; and in the present government there are two ministers who are members of that Chamber. They entered it at the election of June 1897, were made ministers, stood for re-election, and were successful. But these are probably the only exceptions in recent times to the rule that ministers, even when they have been chosen from within the legislature, do not allow themselves to be re-elected to either Chamber.

In this sketch of the methods of government in Holland to-day, the attempt has been made to correlate them with the political history of the past, not with the thought that we can trace the growth of a system of government, for anything like a perfect development there was not, but only that the reader might have suggested to him, in the existing political institutions of Holland, no less than in others that we have considered, the enduring qualities of the national character. Stress was laid especially upon the persistence with which the Individualism of the Dutch has been displayed throughout their political history. More remarkable still, however, and more naturally impressed upon our minds at the present moment, is the vitality of the House of Orange. "*Oranje boven!*" was the cry with which the Dutch went into their long battle with Spain, the cry that time after time since then has resounded through their cities; and as I write these pages, the words are leaping to all Dutch lips and the sentiment that inspires them is filling all

PORTRAIT OF H. M. QUEEN WILHELMINA, IN FRISIAN COSTUME.

Dutch hearts. The genius of the House of Orange is to be "on top!" Three centuries ago, this noble family, at the head of which was a woman of singularly simple and sterling character, a true mother of him who was to be Father William to his people, emerged above the political horizon of Europe. By the sacrifice of many sons, it endeared itself to a nation. Through a succession of warriors and statesmen of the first order it consolidated its own and its country's position. With a leap, Orange became Holland, and Holland became one of the great Powers. There followed times of trouble, betrayals of trust, dissensions, humiliations, the shipwreck of the House and of the State; but both survived together. I do not know whether the story is a testimony more to the vitality of the family or to the enduring affections of the nation. And at the present moment, both are holding the eyes of the world. The real significance of the rejoicings of Holland over the installation of Queen Wilhelmina on the throne is missed if we see in it merely the expression of a nation's loyalty to a sovereign and its delight that a minority has been happily passed. The hold of the young queen upon her people is altogether singular. She is their pet, — the pet of their fancy. With her personality they are only slightly acquainted. She has been brought up by a wise mother in a strict seclusion. Her people believe that she has grown into a woman of strong and independent will, patriotic, cultivated as Dutchwomen are cultivated, homely as they are homely. But of her

real personality little is known by her people, and by an unwritten law the Dutch press is prevented from professing to instruct them further. She is the embodiment of an idea; that is how their affection has grown round so vague a personality. At the thought of the minority over, and the queen ascending to the throne alone, ruling, though it be for a short time only, without a consort, wise Dutchmen give a sigh of relief. One of the great dangers of their country is past. In her person, thus, Queen Wilhelmina stands for safety. Yet wise Dutchmen know that behind the rejoicings of the coronation lurk new dangers; that, for example, of alliance through marriage with reigning houses, to which their whole history points a warning finger. For it has to be remembered that Queen Wilhelmina holds her people's affections, not wholly because of her youth, not at all because she is the queen, but because she is a Princess of Orange who rules over them. A queen of the House of Orange: that is the idea she embodies. If, unhappily, she had not lived to her eighteenth birthday, to fill the place of the immortal heroes of her House, Holland, it is not improbable, would have become a Republic. Holland is not now, at any rate, less Republican than ever she was, and Dutchmen with the welfare of their country closely at heart cannot but at times reflect that the future may hold events whereby it might be convulsed with an internal struggle. In the moment of the national rejoicings, however, these forebodings may be put aside. A young queen is on the throne, ruling

over a happy and contented and patriotic people, at the head of a nation that at this auspicious moment shows signs of a remarkable quickening of industry and science and art and literature; secure in her place in her people's hearts because she is of the family of Orange, for whose services the Dutch have ever shown themselves affectionately and enduringly grateful.

The Palace in the Noordeinde.

THE FIGHT WITH THE WATERS.

A GREAT part, and by far the most characteristic part, of the government of Holland comes under the head of the *Waterstaat*. Previously to 1877, the *Waterstaat* was controlled by the Minister for Home Affairs; in that year it was erected, with Commerce and Industry, into a separate Department, under a Minister for *Waterstaat, Handel en Nijverheid*. This Minister, under the Sovereign, has a general supervision over all the various works for repelling the outer waters and expelling the inner, enemies against which he keeps an army of engineers constantly employed.

The outer waters, so called, are the sea and the rivers: it is necessary to remember the distinction in seeking to understand the drainage system. The inner are the morasses, the marshy pools and soft fens caused by overflow or rainfall, the inland seas where the outer waters washed out the soft mud or for which the Hollanders had made a bed in their already overrun country by exhausting the peat. Of the inroads of the ocean we have already heard much. The innkeeper in the Betuwe brought home to us the dangers

amid which, even now, the people by the Rhine and the Maas live when the river waters are out. The invasions of ocean and river are readily pictured without any intimate knowledge of Holland. They threaten

THE LITTLE MILL.
From a drawing by Willem Maris.

most countries, and have been hurled on occasion against most, and it is not difficult to imagine the nature, even the magnitude, of the defences raised against them. But with the inner waters it is otherwise.

They are different from the inner waters elsewhere because Holland is different from other countries; they are greater in extent, a greater menace, at once more difficult of reclamation and more urgently requiring to be reclaimed, as we can realise only when we have learned that the half of Holland itself is below the level of the outer waters, is guarded from them by dikes and dunes that it is perilous to pierce by exits for the inner waters, and yet, if the inner waters are not carried out through these dunes and dikes somehow, is certain to be submerged and its inhabitants drowned like rats in a trap. Quite evidently, the drainage of the country is a work of combined reclamation and defence that is peculiarly characteristic of Holland.

It may be thought that in the following pages this point is urged at unnecessary length and with superfluous detail. The character of Holland is a matter of common renown, it will be said. For all English-speaking people, at any rate, the satire of Andrew Marvell has made it memorable.

> "How did they rivet with gigantic piles
> Thorough the centre their new-catchèd miles,
> And to the stake a struggling country bound,
> Where barking waves still bait the forcèd ground,
> Building their watery Babel far more high
> To reach the sea, than those to scale the sky!
> . . . . . .
> Yet still his claim the injured ocean laid,
> And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played,

As if on purpose it on land had come
To show them what 's their *mare liberum*.
A daily deluge over them does boil;
The earth and water play at level coil.
The fish ofttimes the burgher dispossessed,
And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest,
And oft the Tritons and the sea-nymphs saw
Whole shoals of Dutch served up for Cabillau,
Or, as they over the new level ranged
For pickled herring, pickled *heerin* changed.

. . . . . .

Among the blind the one-eyed blinkard reigns,
So rules among the drownèd he that drains;
To make a bank was a great plot of state,
Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate."

There, in a few lines, is the whole story of reclamation and defence, and it would be worth no writer's while to amplify so happy a satire by the plain prose of facts and figures. But the difficulty is to be persuaded that it is literally true. Between common knowledge of the Dutchman's fight with the waters, and intelligent comprehension derived from the sight and study of the fight actually in progress, there is all the difference that exists between a platitude and a conviction. And, then, to visit Holland is not necessarily to be convinced; even, it is not necessarily to see any marks of a struggle. The agencies employed by other peoples against hostile elements are self-evident. Though they cease to be active, they still leave patent to the eyes some testimony of the enterprises that have been attempted or performed. The arma-

ments of the Dutch in their conflict with nature, on the contrary, are for the most part hidden underground, and neither fighting nor disabled do they catch the easy homage of the eye. Sometimes one is so fortunate as to see them in the course of construction or being placed in position, before the earth or the sea has covered them up, and with the sight, the whole problem of Holland is discovered. I remember my own delighted amazement a few years ago at Ymuiden in such a fortunate experience. The new locks on the North-Sea Canal were being built; they were nearly completed, but the channel connecting them with the harbour had not been cut to admit the water, and sluice-heads and lock walls and gates and channels stood there naked and apart among the dunes. It was a revelation. I had spent an hour previously beside the old locks: they are not so large as the new ones, but they have been dug out of the same sandhills and face the same ocean, and that was sufficient to stir the imagination to some understanding of the difficulties that had been overcome in them. But they left one almost indifferent; whereas before the marvel and beauty of construction in the new locks as yet uncovered by the water, there came to one in a flash the conviction of the skill and daring of Dutch engineering. It is rarely, however, that such a happy opportunity presents itself, and, instead, we have to impose upon ourselves the study of facts and figures and the exertion of trying to realise them. In what follows about the battle with the waters in Holland, therefore,

many details are insisted upon, but I would ask the reader's patience in considering them. They are necessary to an understanding of how the battle is fought, and they cannot but assist to a juster appreciation of the character of the nation who fight it.

I

SINCE the Middle Ages, the Dutch have been reclaiming their country from these inner waters. There is a tradition, that as early as the beginning of the fifteenth century a hydraulic windmill was set up near Alkmaar. Early in the next, it is probable, impoldering was in general practice on a small scale. In 1600, we know, the Zijpe, in the north of North-Holland, was drained. By 1625, the Purmer, the Wormer, the Beemster, the polders to the north of Amsterdam, which every stranger visits, as well as those to the east of Stavoren, and between Workum and Hindelopen, had come into existence. The Schermer followed soon after. In 1643, Adriansz Leeghwater published a scheme for draining seventeen thousand acres of that inland sea. Two hundred years later his dream was being realised by the aid of steam. Between 1833 and 1877, Holland had increased from 8,768 square miles to 12,731 square miles. In that extension were included, besides the bed of the Haarlem Lake, the Y-polders created by the drainage of the Y at the making of the North Sea Canal. Com-

paratively, there remains little of value to be reclaimed in the interior, and the Dutch are turning wistful eyes upon the Zuider Zee. If they do not attempt to drain it, the reason will be that they do not think the enterprise worth their while, and not because they are afraid to essay it.

The Haarlemmer Meer, we have seen, was a monster that for three centuries swallowed land and villages and smaller lakes, growing ever greater and more ravenous, until in 1836 it almost devoured Leiden and Amsterdam themselves. Leeghwater's scheme in the seventeenth century contemplated the draining of seventeen thousand acres only, and by means of one hundred and sixty windmills. In the next two hundred years a full score of plans were put forward to get rid of the evil that every day was becoming greater. One of them, Baron van Lijnden's, proposed that steam should be used, and its author was at the head of the Commission which actually took in hand the work of draining by steam-mills, after the tempests of 1836, by which time, possibly, nothing but steam-power would have availed. The Meer, even in normal conditions, was now over forty-five thousand acres in extent, and the annual cost of keeping it within these bounds involved an expenditure that would have furnished forth a herring-fleet. The water to be drained was some eight hundred millions of tons at the start, with another hundred millions, or more, to come from rainfall and infiltration: all below the lowest possible point of outfall. To lift this body of water out of

the country, and so empty it into the outer waters, — that was the undertaking.

Except for the magnitude of the operations, however, there was nothing unusual in the plan of work-

On the North Sea.
From a drawing by Philip Sadée.

ing. A canal was dug encircling the lake, and the excavated earth helped to build the encircling dike on the inner side. Earthen dams plugged up the inlets. The monster was at least caged. Then engines were planted at different points on the dike. In May

1848 pumping began, and by July 1, 1852, the lake was dry. Along the length and breadth of the newly-drained territory canals were dug, and the whole area was further divided into sections by smaller canals and ditches, and the sections were sold. Two years later they were fields of splendid colza, with the bees busy in the golden crop.

That is the usual course of impoldering; but here it was carried out on a gigantic scale. Figures are an inadequate means of realising the undertaking, but with the help of figures one must be content. The encircling canal is nearly forty miles in length, and as wide as the Thames at Shepperton. It had not merely to receive the pumped-out water; the lake traffic had to be carried on by it as well. For making the dike, the earth from the canal was not sufficient, as the sand diggings at Bennebroek still show. Canal and dike together cost £160,000. The area of water they enclosed was over seventy square miles. An English firm designed an engine capable of discharging one million tons of water in a little over twenty-five hours, and three such engines were built, and set to work upon the one thousand million tons. To build them in position, and to keep them running, cost an additional £200,000. One, the Leeghwater, — all three were named after famous Dutch hydraulic engineers, — was placed at the south-west corner, and pumped the waters into the Kager Meer. From there they were carried down the Warmonder Lee to the old canal from Leiden to Haarlem; from this canal another

joining the Old Rhine near Katwijk was dug to receive them, and in consequence of this influx of waters into it, the works constructed at Katwijk forty years earlier for lifting the river into the sea had to be made stronger. The Cruquius, again, was placed half-way up the west side of the Lake, on the Spaarne, which then flowed past Haarlem and fell into the Y at Spaarndam. Here was a natural exit for the water pumped by this engine. The third engine, the Lijnden, is at the north end. The water raised by it was led into the small Lutkemeer (impoldered since then), and from there into the encircling canal, which had an outfall into the Y near Halfweg. By these three engines the lake was drained in exactly four years.

But they are still at work. Infiltration here, as in most Dutch meadows, is a constant danger; and the polder, too, is deeper at the centre than at the sides. Over such an area, the rainfall is considerable. So the engines have to raise some fifty-four million tons of water sixteen feet on the average, annually. The two main transverse canals are each eighty feet wide, while six of less width cross the breadth of the polder, and four the length. The land reclaimed in all is 41,675 acres. One hundred and thirty miles of roads cross the polder, and the canals are spanned by sixty or seventy bridges.

The total outlay on the work was about £800,000, and it has been fully repaid. A foreign syndicate came forward with an offer to buy the whole polder at the rate of £10 per acre. At the latest sale of re-

claimed land of the same kind, previously, the average price realised was under £6 an acre, so that this offer seemed good; but owing to certain conditions in the issue of the drainage loan, it was not accepted. A year after the draining of the Lake, there was a first sale of some two thousand acres, of which the City of Leiden claimed the ownership. Before the auction opened, a protest was lodged, on behalf of the city, against the sale, and purchasers were threatened with proceedings if they attempted to settle on their lands. The government checkmated this by a guarantee to all purchasers of undisturbed possession. The sale then went on, and the price realised on the average was not £6, or £10, but £24 16*s.* 8*d.* per acre.

A very much higher price, it is worth noticing, was obtained for the reclaimed lands in the Y polders which were drained in the construction of the North Sea Canal, — one of the engineering triumphs of the century. The 12,450 acres realised £80 on the average. Some of the ground, of course, was very near Amsterdam, and suitable for building upon, and it sold for as much as £340 per acre. This brought up the total yield; still, £112 per acre was paid in some cases for agricultural land. As has been said, the new polders generally have been bought at too great a price, and as a result agricultural enterprise is hampered by the high capital value.

And yet the Dutch are dreaming dreams of still greater conquests. At Nieuwe Diep we take a fishing boat of Oudeschild and sail from the mainland to the

FELIX FAUR.

From a drawing by Elchanon Verveer.

island of Texel. The strait, in which some naval cruisers are manœuvring, was once the mouth of the Ysel; the half-crescent of islands — Texel, Vlieland, Terschelling, Ameland — was part of the mainland then, and the Zuider Zee did not exist. Some token of that is given by the sandbanks that show their bright tops in the cold sunlight on our left. To the right, and behind us, lies the island of Wieringen, like a row of enormous poles topping the water. Farther south, North-Holland shoots out a spur, a line of blue, into the mists of this wonderful sea. For the sweep of an arm, the horizon-line is the meeting of sky and water. Here it seems are boundaries of Nature's own delimitation, not to be revised. But the Dutchman does not think so. In his ambitious imagination the scene upon which we are looking takes another shape. He sees a gigantic highway running from North-Holland to Wieringen, and from Wieringen again to the mainland of Friesland. The fishercraft have disappeared from the sea within. Its bays are become rich pastures; fields stretch from Wieringen to Medemblik, from Stavoren to Kampen, the bight of Hoorn is dry, and the south shore of the Zuider Zee is a straight dike from the Ysel to the Y. There is no longer a Zuider Zee, indeed, but only the inland lake of the waters of the Ysel, which discharge at the sluices at Wieringen; and the dead cities have come to life again.

That or something like it has been the dream of Dutch men for fifty years, now, — ever since the Haarlem Lake was drained. Still, they hesitate to

try to realise it, chiefly because they are not certain that if the Zuider Zee were made dry, they should find a fertile bed like that of the Haarlemmer Meer or that of the Y. Convince them that they should, and no doubt they would start upon the drainage works to-morrow, with a light heart for all the obstacles between them and the reclaimed hectares. Yet the obstacles are enormous. Consider, for one: into the sea that it is proposed to impolder, there falls, at Kampen, the river Ysel. How will the waters it pours into the Zuider Zee be got rid of? Build a dam to Den Helder, and carry on it to the North Sea, as through a town's water-pipe, a river like the Medway? That has been seriously proposed. If the work is undertaken, however, it will be in all likelihood on the lines of the scheme presented in 1892 to the Government by the Zuider Zee Association, the engineer of which was Mr. Lely, now the Minister for *Waterstaat*. The Government submitted the plan to a Royal Commission, who reported upon it favourably; and it is on it that is based the ambitious scheme of the Hollanders as I have described it. Let us examine it more in detail.

The island of Wieringen supplies the natural starting point for the works. Between North-Holland and Piaam in Friesland, from mainland to mainland across Wieringen, is some thirty or thirty-five miles; and right along the twenty-five miles of this distance between the island and Friesland is to run an embank-

ment, with a height of seventeen feet eight inches on the average above sea-level at Amsterdam, and a breadth at sea-level of two hundred and sixteen feet. The actual summit of the dike will be between six and seven feet broad; but a little lower, on the inner, or Zuider Zee side, a level stretch of fifty-five feet nine inches in width will carry a railroad, and the ordinary traffic. It is estimated that the building of this embankment, which is to be begun at Wieringen and the mainland of Friesland simultaneously, will take ten years. Between Wieringen and the North-Holland mainland is the Amsteldiep. This will be closed. At Wieringen are to be constructed two sets of locks. To keep out an enemy's ships, the locks will be small: one, three hundred and twenty feet by thirty-three feet, the other, for fishing boats, one hundred and thirty-one feet by twenty feet. These finished, impoldering may be begun.

In the centre of the Zuider Zee will be left a large lake, the Ysel Meer, as a storehouse for the waters of the Ysel. The northernmost polder will consist of some thirty thousand acres, enclosed by the dam of the Amsteldiep and a dike sweeping round from Wieringen to Medemblik. On the Friesland side, a dike from about Stavoren to near the north bank of the Yselmouth at Kampen will shut in two hundred square miles; while a third widely encircling the Golden Sea will add a hundred square miles to North-Holland. Finally, nearly four hundred square miles will be reclaimed from the south bight between Amsterdam and

the Ysel. In all, a Province as large as Zeeland will be added to Holland; reclaimed and kept drained in exactly the same way as all polders are reclaimed and drained. The dikes will keep out the Ysel Meer, and the inside waters will be raised step by step till they can be poured into the outer waters. If the works were to be begun now, the eight hundred square miles might all be under the plough by the middle of the twentieth century, — scarcely before; but as actual reclamation can be carried on from the start, long ere then some portions of the bed of the Zuider Zee would be yellow with colza. At least thirty million pounds will have to be spent on the transformation. We were right in saying that the Hollander takes long views.

All this may help us to realise the magnitude of the work of reclamation in great and notable polders like those of the Haarlemmer Meer and the Y-basin: of reclamation in the first instance, and of keeping them dry from hour to hour and from day to day ever afterwards. But the drainage of the largest polder is not to be considered by itself; it affects the drainage of the whole country. A polder is any basin made dry, and the greatest polder of all is the whole Lowlands of Holland. They lie below the level of the outer waters; they were a swamp, if not a sea; and just as the smallest polder, once drained, has to be kept drained, so the whole of the Lowlands, reclaimed from the waters, are kept reclaimed only by continual and strenuous labour. Thus the drainage of the country is one system, in which the smallest polder equally with the largest has its definite place and interest: proof once more that

the safety of Holland may be a question merely of half an inch of water.

Besides the works of reclamation within the country, the greatest of which, finished or in contemplation, have just been described, there is going on constantly, on the broken fringes of Groningen and Friesland, and of the islands of Zeeland, a system of impoldering from the sea. The conjoint action of Nature and of man in these sea-polders is this: The ocean leaves against the dike-faces, rapidly at first, more slowly as the deposit mounts higher, layer upon layer of clay that at last keeps a dry head above the waters save at high-tide. This wet, sea-washed clay is known as *slikken*, and is deposited chiefly in the months when the wind is off the land, and the jabble of the tides consequently less: these months are known locally as *slik-maanden* (*slik*-months). Once lifted above the ordinary sea-level, the *slikken* become covered with growth, first with sea-coral, and afterwards with sea-grasses, and are then known as *kwelders*. Upon the *kwelders* agriculture is not possible, for the high-tides still overrun them; but sheep and cattle are put upon them to graze. At length, when the soil has mounted sufficiently high to seem to justify impoldering, they are encircled by dikes, after the system we have seen followed in all polders, and the work of reclamation goes on apace. Such is the process at work constantly all along the broken coasts of Holland. Standing upon any of the sea-dikes there at ebb-tide, we observe towards the sea, first the grass-grown *kwelders*, then the *kwelders* covered with sea-kail, farthest out of

all the brown slimy *slikken* left exposed by the falling waters. If we look inland, there, as likely as not, is an inner-dike, perhaps another dike within that again, once the defence against the sea, but now high and dry amid the reclaimed fields. I cannot give a better idea of the practical work of sea-impoldering always proceeding on these coasts than by quoting from the

THE BRIDGE IN THE MEADOW.
From a drawing by Stortenbeker.

Rotterdamsche Courant of one day in April last, the following from its correspondent in Hunsingoo, in the extreme North of Groningen.

"The Province of Groningen grows continually in the North. The sea is busy day after day, and the progress it makes in a short time is astonishing. The farmers have dug ditches, running from south to north, with little straw-covered mounds on their side that bear the name of 'dogs.' These 'dogs' and ditches are real mud catchers, and their cost in

wages to the farmer is soon repaid. The formation of the soil spreads from the west to the east. Behind Pieterburen and Westernieland it goes on rapidly. Fifteen or twenty years ago there was a decrease of land noticeable behind the Andel; but now there is an increase again, and behind Usquert, and especially behind Warfum, the new soil is plainly to be seen. The North polder, stretching from Westernieland to Usquert, was diked in, in the year 1811, and now the sea can be seen forming a new polder. When it will be diked in, is uncertain; so soon, at any rate, as the farmers see that impoldering will repay them. The outer fringes of the Province, the *kwelders*, are of great importance as meadow land. Horses and cattle are put upon them; but above all sheep, the rearing of which, as it happens, is a profitable business in the country just at present. The great drawback to the *kwelders* is, of course, that when the north-west wind blows, they are flooded, and for days are useless. To mitigate this, the farmers have had some forty hectares behind Westernieland and Pieterburen surrounded by a summer-dike of a few metres in height, with conduits so constructed below them that the water can flow out of them, but cannot enter. This dike, however, suffered greatly by the storms of February. A few day-labourers contracted to restore it, but their work did not satisfy the farmers, who stopped it accordingly, and took the repairs in hand themselves under the direction of a surveyor. These small indikings are forerunners of the greater ones."

So much, by way of popular description, for the polders and the drainage works of the *Waterstaat*. It is necessary to say a word about the dikes. The

reader is now acquainted with the river-dike at Maurik that protects the orchards of the Betuwe from the irruptions of the Rhine. It is faced with a layer of fascines, and covered, save on the roadway, by a coat of green turf. At dangerous spots it is strengthened by basalt, and it is supported in places by piles. It is a good example of an important river-dike. Later on, at Helder and at Domburg, we shall visit the still greater bulwarks of Holland against the ocean. Giant dikes like these stand upon immense rafts of earth and stones sunk one upon another in the water; they are girded with granite, and tower above the ocean whose thundering tides are broken against their basalt greaves. We can learn, if we wish, all about their height and weight and cost. Here, we have to remember chiefly that it is only on account of their magnitude that they are to be considered by themselves; that the simplest mound round a polder belongs to the same system as the West Capelle, which has cost in upkeep its own weight in copper.

II

THE whole of the low-lying area of Holland which requires protection from the outer waters is divided up into sections of varying extent. In some cases the boundaries of these sections correspond with the boundaries of the Communes. In almost all they are fixed in view of the parity of interests concerned in the defence against the water. Each of them is

known as a *waterschap,* and the legislation for these *waterschappen* and the administration of their affairs is of the highest interest and importance. But before they can be properly understood, it is necessary to realise clearly how closely the *waterschappen* are linked in a common system. The simple polder is surrounded by a dike that keeps the outside waters from entering it, and makes it possible to regulate the level of the waters within. The superfluous inside waters are pumped out of it into a lake, river, canal, or other convenient basin; and several such storage basins at the same water-level encircled by dikes and dams make what is known as a *boezem.* But the same water sometimes belongs to more than one *boezem;* in which case, of course, it is divided into sections by dams and sluices, and each section is kept at the water-level of the *boezem* to which it belongs. Take the *Oude Rijn,* for example. That branch of the Rhine, having parted with the Vecht at Utrecht, crawled on to Leiden and so to the North Sea at Katwijk. Centuries ago, however, it had become so decrepid that it had to stop far short of its destination at the coast; it sat down, as it were, in the middle of the Rhineland, and for some hundreds of years was an object of contempt and a nuisance to the whole country side. At length under the direction of Louis Napoleon, early in this century, it was helped on to its feet again, and given a new set of crutches, and so partly lifted, partly shoved, into the sea at Katwijk. The figure of beggarly decrepitude will not avail further; and it may

as well be said that it is not a true figure according to everyone's reading of the evidence. Floods and drainage-works, the forces of Nature and the contrivances of men, have within historical times completely altered the course and branches of the Rhine after its entry into Holland: that is undoubted; but precisely the changes that have been made are matters of dispute. Especially, the course of the Old Rhine, and whether (as my figure assumed) it ever had a mouth at Katwijk, are interesting and debateable questions. Here it is sufficient to understand that what has happened to this Old Rhine is that it has ceased to be a river, practically, and is cut up into a series of basins, with dams and sluices, at varying water-levels. So it is with other waters; they are subdivided into reservoirs. Lakes, where they exist, perform the same service. Now these *boezems*, again, communicate with the outer waters, or, if these are at a very much higher level, with higher *boezems*; so that, by a succession of steps, the superfluous waters of the lowest polders are brought to the outer waters at last. Finally, the country is protected from these outer waters by dikes, smaller or greater according to the volume and force of the outer waters, largest of all, of course, where the outer water is the driving ocean tides, at Den Helder or at West Capelle.

It is now clear why the *Waterstaat* is so great and so characteristic a part of the government of Holland. From very early times it has been recognised as an

institution of the highest importance, requiring a separate administrative system. By the end of the Eighty Years' War, the country was broken up into *waterschappen :* an old house in Delft still exists as a memorial of the Dike Counts and their assessors of the Rhineland. Nowadays, each *waterschap* is governed by *heemraden*, who are elected by the proprietors of land within it. A hectare entitles to one vote, but no proprietor may exercise more votes than a fourth of the hectares in the *waterschap*. The *heemraden* conduct the business of the district from day to day, the matters of greater importance being dealt with by the proprietors (*ingelanden*) in council, or, in *waterschappen* of large extent, by their representatives (*hoofd-ingelanden*). The President of the *heemraden*, in the smaller districts, is nominated by the Standing Committee of the Provincial-States; in the larger, by the Sovereign. The body has the power to levy the money required for the upkeep of works and for the general administration, and for making police regulations for the use and protection of the works, and for enforcing penal statutes.

From what we have seen of the system of draining, however, it will be evident that many of these sections of country form part of more than one *waterschap*. Thus a polder, or small *waterschap*, has its own administration, with its mills and canals, levying its own taxes; it pumps the water into canals, or other storage reservoirs, common to other polders, under the administration of a great *waterschap*, which levies rates

THE STORM.

From a painting by Philip Sadée.

against the upkeep of engines and sluices for carrying the waters to river or sea; while over all there is a *heemraadschap*, levying for its dikes against sea and river.

The powers given to these dike and polder governing bodies are very great. They are not confined to those of taxation and police regulation already referred to. Certain *heemraadschappen* have, by ancient usage, the right of digging out of the *uiterwaarden* the clay that is necessary for the building of the dikes. They can use the clay, that is to say, the best of the land, when they find it on the nearest spot and can take it with the least damage (*te naaster lage en minster schade*). This really is an ancient burden on all the *uiterwaarden*, dating from a time when the ground outside the dikes was of little worth. Now the value of these outer meadows is very great, and still the proprietor is indemnified for a small part only of his loss; although it seems likely that before long full compensation will be allowed. There are few things, indeed, that the governing bodies may not do, if the doing of it seems necessary for protection from the waters. The country threatened by flood is in a state of siege. The dike governor issues his orders and they must be obeyed. In Holland, no one can be dispossessed of property without a special act declaring the expropriation to be for the common weal and without the previous payment or the assurance of indemnity; but the Constitution of which that is an article expressly excepts cases of war, fire, and *watersnood*, and *watersnood* com-

prises not only broken dikes and actual inundations but the imminence of these as well. Then, the government of the dike or the polder can take possession of anything, and can occupy any place, as they think fit. They can call for any service they require. When the dike is threatened by a flood, it is protected by osiers placed upon its face. If the waters appear likely to mount over the dike, then the dike-slopes are temporarily heightened by planks, and the space on the top between the planks is filled up with anything that comes to hand. The polder-proprietors have to supply labourers as in feudal days proprietors supplied soldiers; but others may be impressed for the work. Carts, wagons, wood, brick, manure, anything in fact that can be useful, may be appropriated without by-your-leave or more than the understanding that the value will be refunded. Houses can be demolished to supply stop-gap materials; houses have been demolished thus by *dijk-graven* who still live to recount the urgency of the danger that required measures so heroic.

Something of the same necessary arbitrariness is to be seen in what is known as the *normaliseeren* of the rivers. Let me take by way of illustration our old friend the Lek, of whose turbulent doings the innkeeper and his wife at Maurik have told us. I have been fortunate in getting hold of a sectional plan of the scheme for normalising that river some thirty years ago, and from a description of it possibly the reader will be able to gain a clear idea of the process. The

section represents about three-quarters of a mile of the river considerably below Vianan. At this point, the distance between the great North and South dikes varies from about 190 yards to 450 yards. In winter floods, the water stretched from dike to dike. Nearer the channel are shown the smaller summer dikes that confine the river in summer, leaving the lands between the summer and winter dikes — the *uiterwaarden* — smiling to the sun as the reader saw them in his first excursion into the Betuwe. Such was the varying bed of the Lek at this point. It has to be noticed that along the course of the summer dikes there are thrown out into the stream piers and jetties,—*kribben* the Dutch call them because they "crib" and confine the soil deposited by the river. Even the bed between the summer dikes varies greatly in extent; and thus the ordinary current of the river is irregular, — fast in the narrower parts and slow in the wider. In the wider, a large amount of sand is deposited, and the current is diminished still more. When *kribben* are constructed, however, the bed becomes narrower, and the current, digging out this narrow bed, deposits the sand between the *kribben*. After the space between them is filled up with the sand, a layer of clay forms upon it, grass begins to spring up, and thus new land is added to the *uiterwaarden*. A glance at the chart, however, shows that the *kribben* are of two kinds. Some run out at an angle, with the current, while others stand up to the current boldly. The first are not part of the scheme of normalising. They have been made by the pro-

prictors with a view to enclosure, and are condemned as being unscientific in principle. It is no longer allowable to construct them. All the *kribben* that are built now are of the other kind and run boldly out into the water. As has been explained, they are designed to bring the river into a normal channel lying between the two normalising lines that we see indicated in the chart as running parallel to each other and touching the outjutting *kribben* on each bank. The river flows in this deepened channel, the evils of flood are mitigated, and it is found that the ice melts quickly in these deep waters in the centre of the stream, and that the danger of an *ijsgang* is lessened. That is the principle of normalising the rivers, which the observant traveller can see traces of in his railway journey over the Maas, the Waal, the Lek, between 's Hertogenbosch and Utrecht, or indeed at almost any point where the train crosses a river. The arbitrariness with which it is applied is made plain in the chart. The normalising lines are shown running through the *uiterwaarden*, and for the portions of land on the river side of these lines, which are broken away by the current, the proprietor gets small compensation. In the last revision of the Constitution, in 1887, an article was inserted which seemed to hold out to the proprietor a promise of full indemnification against loss sustained in this manner. But as yet it has not been fulfilled. He is no longer allowed to build *kribben* and enclose at his discretion, and he has no claim upon the ground enclosed by the approved *kribben* unless he incurs the cost of construct-

ing these. If, as generally happens, he declines that undertaking, the State builds them and becomes the possessor of the new *uiterwaarden.*

Now it is in connection with this whole system of drainage, for protection and reclamation, that the Provincial-States play so important a part. All their other duties, as has been shown, are purely administrative, but the legislative powers placed in their hands in this exceptional case are very great indeed. They can form, unite, separate, the various *waterschappen;* they lay down the laws of their constitution; and the Standing Committee (*Gedeputeerde Staten*) have the permanent control of their administration.

It is evident that when there are so many bodies, all interdependent in view of a common danger, yet each of them representing separate interests, there must be frequent cases of diversity of opinion, of cross-purposes, and even of competitive action, calling for the exercise of this power of the Provincial States. An action at law recently before the Dutch courts admirably illustrates this clashing of interests. It concerned the dikes upon the Lek, of which so much has been said already. The North dike, which protects a tract of country stretching to the gates of Amsterdam itself, had always been higher than the South dike, that guards the Betuwe. It ought to be explained that neither dike really was as high as it ought to have been, else the relative measurements would not have mattered. As it was, the lower height of the South dike gave the country to the north com-

THE MILL.

From a drawing by Jan Hendrik Weissenbruch.

parative immunity, and in that selfish assurance the *heemraadschap* in the north were lulled into inaction. The direction of the South dike, however, was in very energetic hands, and one bad morning, when there were threats of inundation to rouse them, the north body wakened up to discover that the opposite dike was higher than their own. Immediately the cry was raised that Holland proper was in danger. A higher dike in the north was customary, and the customary, the *heemraadschap* contended, had passed into the right. They threw the onus of the present danger upon the shoulders of the *heemraadschap* in the south, and of the government that had permitted them to heighten their dike. But the southern *heemraadschap* had a spirited answer. It was, they said, opposed to the root principle of the defence system to put limits to the energy and foresight with which a dike control protected a country under their guardianship, and they suggested that it was for the Provincial-States to step in and order a corresponding heightening of the dike on the north. This was exactly the course the Provincial States took; they gave instructions that the North dike was to be raised half a metre.

In the meantime, however, the *heemraadschap* on the north side had come to the conclusion that their dike must be heightened, and they had enlisted the assistance of the *heemraadschappen* of the districts in North- and South-Holland, which the danger threatened, in a scheme for raising it a metre. So the instructions of the Provincial-States were met by the request of the

heemraadschap to be allowed to make the half-metre a metre, and ultimately this was granted. And now arose the interesting questions that in time came before the courts for decision. For the addition to the dike, earth had to be abstracted from the *uiterwaarden*: were the proprietors to be indemnified against its loss? Then there was a difficulty about compensation for the trees upon the dike. It was contended by the *heemraadschap* that they ought not to have been there. The old practice of planting the Dutch dikes, with the idea of strengthening them thereby, had been condemned, and an order issued by government against the trees. The proprietors, however, chose to assume that in the absence of direct instructions the old trees upon a dike might be allowed to remain, and, remaining, they were on the Lek dike now to give rise to this litigation. Lastly, a change in the height of the dike involved a corresponding change in its slopes, and the consequent occupation of fresh land within the dike as well as without it; and here again was a ticklish point of indemnity to be settled. On all counts, I believe, the *heemraadschap* won the day, but that does not specially concern us. The whole history of the case is instructive as showing the nature of the questions that come before the Provincial-States for settlement.

III

I MUST invite the patience of the reader a little further, while I mention another set of engineering works that exhibit the Hollanders' fight with the waters. In writing of the great waterways of Holland, it will still be necessary to employ figures, which for many are a distraction rather than a help; but not so largely as in the case of those undertakings already described, the machinery of which is almost entirely hidden out of sight. Unlike the drainage works, the Dutch waterways have something to say for themselves. One might be standing in the middle of the Haarlemmer Meer, and have no reason to suspect that he was in a polder, or that he found a footing there only because, somewhere or other, enormous pumps were busy discharging thousands of tons of water from it. But it is impossible to sail along the North-Holland Canal or the North-Sea Canal without realising some of the labour involved in its construction and upkeep.

The canals of Holland are innumerable. Broad and narrow, they flaunt like ribbons through the land. Here they are little dividing ditches, there the singels round the towns, again they are connecting chains between the great rivers. Sometimes, constructed for drainage, they become highways of traffic; at other times, they have been constructed as highways of traffic, and are absorbed into the drainage system. Their involutions are bewildering. Between canals

close-linked and canals flying loose ends, rivers canalised, rivers dammed, rivers given new mouths or lifted out to sea, we are befogged. He is not setting himself an easy task who would demonstrate how it is that the so-called Maas which flows past Rotterdam is in reality the Lek, and that not a drop of water from the Maas sources in the Ardennes falls into the sea by the Maas mouth at The Hook. As we go round Holland, we shall strike the main lines of the canal system, and be able possibly to clear up some of these mysteries. For our present purpose, it is sufficient to visit the two great waterways from Amsterdam to the sea.

These waterways are the outcome of the needs of Amsterdam as a city of commerce. In earlier days, and in earlier conditions of trading, she did not require them. Without any outlet to the ocean save the impracticable channel of the Zuider Zee (which is choked at the city mouth by the great sandbank, the Pampus, and is strait and dangerous at the other end where it cuts off Texel from the mainland), she was in a state of splendid isolation that favoured, rather than retarded, her commercial superiority. Sometimes the merchant ships came as far as the Pampus, whence their cargoes were carried to her in the *scheeps kameelen*, or ships camels, lighters specially constructed for that traffic; others, too large for the shallows of the Zuider Zee, lightened at Den Helder. The day arrived at length, however, when the necessity of an outlet to the sea became imperative if the capital was

to hold her own, and in 1819 was begun, and five years later was finished, the North-Holland Canal, with an exit at Nieuwe Diep.

It is interesting to notice that as far back as the middle of the seventeenth century, one Jan Pieterzoon Don had prepared plans for a canal across North-Holland at its narrowest part where the North-Sea Canal now lies: though it ought to be observed that his object was not so much to provide communication with the ocean as to get rid of the inland sea of water which robbed the country of thousands of acres and threatened to rob it at any moment of many thousands more. A hundred years later, an engineer of the *Waterstaat* revived the project, and in the second decade of this century William I. strongly advocated it. But in 1820 the country was no more ready for the undertaking than when Don planned it in 1634, and the canal that was determined upon was the North-Holland Canal issuing on the sea at Den Helder.

Even now, perhaps, that is the Dutch canal best known by the visitor to Holland. De Amicis says that it is nearly fifty miles in length and forty-three yards in breadth, and estimates its cost at £1,250,000; and he speaks of it as one of the most wonderful works of the nineteenth century. Most of the notable descriptions of Holland, like that of De Amicis, have been written before the completion of the rival canal to Ymuiden: and, indeed, the winding course of the older waterway, by innumerable locks and under innumerable bridges, past Zaandam and Alkmaar, quaint and

characteristic, and other show places, out to the sea at Nieuwe Diep, gives it a picturesqueness at least that

NORTH SEA FISHERMEN.
From a drawing by Elchanon Verveer.

cannot be claimed for the shorter, straighter, more business-like canal to Ymuiden.

For some fifty years this North-Holland canal was the only waterway for Amsterdam ships to the sea. But the locks at Den Helder, crowded and unrivalled

thirty years ago, stand deserted now, eclipsed by the great works at Ymuiden. In one forenoon, last spring, when we sat beside them, delighting in the never-ending movement and play of colour in the wharves at the Willemsoord, one vessel only, a small gunpowder boat for the forts, passed through the gates. The North-Holland Canal, with its tortuous course and many locks and bridges, has outlived its usefulness; the very qualities that give it picturesqueness have made it unserviceable. It happened often that the great ocean ships were sighted from the heights at Velzerend days before they could enter at Den Helder; not infrequently, in tempestuous winters, weeks, months even, passed before they reached Amsterdam. So in 1865 the Prince of Orange put the first spade in the sand at Ymuiden, where (as has been seen) it had been proposed to put it half a century earlier. The North-Holland Canal was dead, the North-Sea Canal was coming into existence.

The Haarlemmer Meer had been drained; but there still remained the gulf of the Zuider Zee known as the Y. It stretched south to Halfweg (on the present railway route from Amsterdam to Haarlem), and on the north to near Zaandam, and westwards almost to Beverwijk at the foot of the North Sea dunes. To-day it is a polder: save for the canal and its branches, a stretch of fertile green. The inland sea has been drained; a canal has been run through it from Amsterdam to the coast at Ymuiden; and the reclaimed land of the Y-polders has been sold and has been occupied

as we have already heard. All's well that ends well. But that was an undertaking entered upon, and little wonder, with hesitation, and with opposition even. Timid citizens of Amsterdam, as they well might be, were fearful for their city and their province. Consider: to give exit to the canal, the dunes had to be cut; the natural defences of the country were to be deliberately broken down, and that at a point where the North-Sea comes thundering upon them. Moreover, many interests were concerned, many interests clashed; and the cost was in proportion to the danger. In the end, however, all obstacles were overcome. For twenty years, now, the great ships have been passing to Amsterdam through that impoldered stretch.

As a picturesque route, as has been said, the North-Sea Canal cannot compare with the other which meanders through North-Holland northwards to Nieuwe Diep. Its great points of interest are its locks. Those at the throat of the Zuider Zee, at Schellingwoude, over against Amsterdam, are three in number, conjointly named the Oranjesluizen, after the late Prince of Orange. At the same time as the Oranjesluizen, two locks were constructed at the North-Sea end of the Canal, at Ymuiden; but after a time they were found to be too small, and work was begun upon other locks of greatly larger dimensions which were finished and opened for traffic in 1897. I will ask the reader to join me in a visit, already referred to, which I paid to these locks in the summer of 1896.

Instead of making the railway journey all the way to

Ymuiden, we alight at Velen junction, and walk. By doing so, we come gradually and with better understanding upon the main works: First, a mushroom hamlet, not Dutch in character, but sprung out of the needs of the enterprise, and in its squalor and neglect, and curiously enough in its background setting also, reminding us of a familiar mining village in the east of Scotland. For the next few hundred yards, however, we are in Holland: the road is of *klinkers;* peasants in Dutch costume pass along it, and over the flat landscape to the right appear, now and then, a mast, a sail, a column of moving smoke, — indications of a canal. Suddenly, at a bend of the road, the melting morning mists discover, pale but bright, the village of Ymuiden, with two tall lighthouses rising apparently from its

In the Docks, Amsterdam.

midst, and, beyond, the sea. On our right, as we walk along, are the works themselves,— the branch canal to the new lock, dredgers vomiting forth yellow water at the tail of the bank, endless chains of buckets, cranes, sheds, lighters, steamers, groups of navvies; and all the while, on the main canal nearer us, the everyday traffic, and cutters and fishing-smacks skipping across the harbour beyond the locks. For a hundred yards or so the road becomes the main street of Ymuiden, and by a sharp turn at the farther end leads on to the quay. A Grimsby smack or two lie beside it, unloading for the auction proceeding, in Dutch fashion, close by. After a time spent in watching some vessels entering the old locks, we cross the canal to visit the new works. A courteous native of whom we make inquiries about them is eager to impart all the information he possesses, and insists upon being our guide. He is a fish-buyer or a ship's-chandler, a plain citizen at any rate, but in these last five years plain citizens of Ymuiden have become as voluble about hydromechanics as an engineer of the *Waterstaat*. So we are piped on our way to the new locks to the tune of marvellous dimensions. From here to the East-dock locks at Amsterdam, it seems, is a distance of fifteen miles and a half. Throughout that length, the canal has an ordinary water-level of 1 ft. 7 in., and a depth of 27 ft., below A. P., a bottom width of nearly thirty yards, and a width at water-level varying from sixty to a hundred and twenty yards. Then come figures to prove the superiority of the new locks over all the

other locks in Holland, and from them I extract this comparative table, which contains all the information on the point that a reasonable man can desire: —

	Length in feet.	Width in feet.	Depth below A. P. in feet.
Main lock at Schellingwoude	315	59	14½
Old Main lock at Ymuiden	394	59	25
New lock at Ymuiden	735	82	33

Our guide follows up his figures with a boast. "The biggest steamer in Holland will be able to enter Amsterdam now," he declares, and I have a reason of my own for believing it. A Rotterdam man had been telling me of a large new steamer that was sailing out of the Maas, — the largest vessel in the Dutch fleet. "Will it be able to sail from Amsterdam when the new North-Sea locks are opened, do you think?" I asked him. "That," he replied, looking very grave, "is a doubtful question;" whereby I was convinced that the largest vessel in the Dutch fleet *could* sail from Amsterdam. A Rotterdammer does not give Amsterdam the benefit of a doubt.

But now there is no more need of the pæans of our guide, for we have crossed the island between the two channels, and can see for ourselves the new lock and all the marvel of its construction. It lies farther inland than the old locks, and about seventy yards from the old channel. That was as near as they could venture to bring it, in view of the dangers of ground water. The canal branches off to it at a point about a third of

a mile to the eastwards, and on the sea-ward side a channel has been dug to connect the harbour and the lock some three hundred yards below the old sea-gates. Water lies in the branch canal up to the inner sluice-head; but the trough of the connecting channel is nearly dry, for the natural dam between it and the harbour will not be cut until all the other operations are finished. How shall I describe the lock itself, — or rather the locks, for though there is only one opening, there are two pits, a shorter and a longer, so that in the passage of smaller vessels as little sea-water as possible may enter the canal? Imagine the Strand, a greatly widened Strand it must be, from Waterloo Bridge to the Adelphi, lined with unbroken walls of solid, beautifully-finished masonry where now are houses, and with gigantic gates at either end and somewhere about Southampton Street between. Imagine further that the level of the house-tops is the level of the surrounding country, and that you are standing there on the edge of the walls, and looking down into the Strand. You will then have some idea of the appearance of the locks before the water had been admitted. Unfortunately, however, there is a little water in the locks covering the floors, and so even we at Ymuiden have to exercise our imaginations if we are to understand all the wonders of their construction. With our guide at our elbow and the Strand fancy in mind, however, it may not be difficult to realise some of them.

First of all, the pit in which the locks are situate

had to be excavated, and I do not know that we get any clearer idea of the labour which that involved when we have learned that fifty million cubic feet of sand were removed. There are other figures rather more informing. The original design was to make the thresholds of a depth of a little over twenty-seven feet, nine inches below A. P. Later they were planned for three feet deeper, and ultimately were brought to thirty-two feet, nine inches below A. P. But this last addition of two feet cost close upon £30,000, and before it was sanctioned by Ministers, it had become "a great plot of State." The reader may be spared the consideration of the results of borings, experiments with ground water, and calculations as to the rise and fall of the tides, that determined the manner of constructing the thresholds. The pit kept dry, drier than had been expected, and the subsoil was firm. The chief concern, it seemed, was to offer a sufficient resistance to the high water outside the gates in its efforts to force a way within. To accomplish this, a floor, eight feet thick, had to be laid of *beton*, a rough concrete composed of brick, sand, slacked lime and tufa. To receive this *beton*, a framework — a wooden tub as it were — was sunk round the bottom of the pit. It was fashioned of planks, a foot wide and eight inches thick, and no less than twenty-six feet long. This great length was necessary because, from the fear of water when they dug deeper, the engineers sunk the planks when the bottom of the pit was only twenty-six feet deep, and they had to allow them a hold sufficient

to resist the outside pressure when the pit had been further excavated to thirty-two or thirty-three feet. It can easily be understood that to drive home this framework was enormous labour. To overcome the great resistance at this depth, pipes through which water was pressed were inserted on each side of the plank, so as to loosen the sand before it in its way down under the blows of the rammer. Moreover, since the framework had to be nearly as watertight as it could be made, the planks were not merely driven into the soil, but were deeply grooved into one another. It gives us some idea of the quantity of materials used in this frame, when we learn that the grooving of the planks necessitated an additional fourteen thousand cubic feet of wood, and increased the cost by £1,000. Nearly nine hundred thousand cubic feet of *beton* were swallowed up, and the cost of floor and frame together was £50,000.

We have had more than enough of figures, else we might go step by step through the different stages of construction, and learn exactly how, and at what a cost, Holland's enemy was circumvented and subdued. There was a critical moment in the fight, when the water rushed from below through an old boring in one of the sluice-heads, burst, and scattered aside the *beton* floor, and seemed to be about to demolish triumphantly the work and skill of years. It is an interesting story by what means, now hidden from sight, that assault was met, but we will not tell it. There is no need of hidden proofs of the ingenuity and daring of the

engineers. The lock itself, just so much as we can see of it, without any explanations of guides or blue-books, proclaims their triumph loudly enough.

So we bid farewell to our guide and his miles of bewildering measurements still unrecited, and are ferried across the fisher-harbour to the light-houses. After a blowy walk along one of the piers, which the harbour shoots, like gigantic feelers, into the North Sea, we return to the outer light-house, and climb to the top. And now, far more vividly than in metres and kilometres and tons and cubic feet, we realise in a wide view all that we have been gazing at in detail. Here, unbroken, save where the harbour stretches a neck through them, are the dunes, from sixty to eighty feet high, that shelter the low-lying country from the ocean. But for them, the whole country to the very gates of Amsterdam would be at the mercy of the sea. To pierce them,

THE DITCH.
From a drawing by Anton Mauve.

The portion of the country marked [ ] is under the level of the sea.
The portion of the country marked [////] is under the level of the rivers.

trusting to these fragile arms to keep back the enemy, is surely daring confidence in human skill. To-day the sea lies peacefully shimmering in the sunlight; but think of it, as we have seen it many a time, thundering hoarsely under a grey sky. And then the eye turns inland to the locks. Enormous locks and enormous gates, beautifully and ingeniously constructed, giants among engineering works, yet, after all, pigmies beside the ocean when the tide has risen six feet, say, above the normal water level of the Y at Amsterdam! We need no figures to persuade us of the wonders of that sight.

The whole story of the fight with the waters surely forces upon us the consideration that, howsoever brilliant and daring and successful it has been, if it have not an enduring and ennobling influence upon the national character, then it has been in vain. In itself, to pump water out of peat-bogs, and to keep them drained, is not a high destiny, and in Holland it is not even a work that has repaid the cost. What, of itself, is another province of Zeeland gained? If there is no other result than that from all this expenditure of energies, it would have been better had William of Orange, as it is said he once contemplated, carried his people to a new home across the Atlantic, and allowed the sea to find and to keep its level right up to the Eastern sandhills. *Luctor et Emergo* would be a poor motto for Holland if she had come out of the fight possessed of nothing more than a few thousand hectares of land. Our figures and our descriptions have failed

of their purpose if they have not called up to the reader the picture of a whole nation going about their daily work peacefully below the level of the sea, secure in the constructive skill and patience and daring that have bridled its powers, and opposed a barrier to its inexorable assaults. No estimate of Holland and the Hollanders is complete that omits that pregnant consideration.

HOW HOLLAND IS EDUCATED

IN several places earlier in this book, I have set down my impressions of education in Holland as it seemed to be discovered by Dutch men and women, in the relations of life which education chiefly influences. I must ask the patience of the reader now, in following an outline of the scheme of education in Holland, so that these impressions of practical results may be supplemented by a plain statement of theoretical opportunities. Those who are concerned with the question how far a practical education, an education that from the beginning keeps in view the special career for which its recipient is intended, is necessary for a nation that is to hold its own in the world, will find much to interest them in this pretty scheme of the Dutch; while by the comparison which it institutes between Holland and herself, as it were, more light is cast upon the character and social conditions of her people.

Elementary Education (*Lager Onderwijs*) in the State schools is divided into two grades. In the lower, the instruction must include reading, writing, arithmetic, the elements of Dutch grammar and Dutch

history, the elements of geography and natural history, some physics, singing, the rudiments of drawing, and simple calisthenics; and girls are taught useful needlework. Children enter these schools at the age of six, having already (in the larger towns at least) passed through Infant Schools (*Bewaar Scholen*), which for the most part are free; there are half-yearly promotions, and the course is six years. To the instruction of the lower schools are added, in the higher, French, German, English, and universal history,—some or all.

The dividing line between the curricula of the lower and the higher schools is not very sharply defined. Thus, in Amsterdam the elementary schools range through four grades:

(1) Mixed schools, for boys and girls from six to twelve. The instruction is that prescribed for lower schools, and the fee (from which poverty exempts) is a fraction over a penny a week.

(2) Mixed schools, for boys and girls from six to twelve. The instruction is that of (1), with a little French; and the fee is fourpence a week.

(3) Separate schools for boys and girls. French, universal history, and an advanced course of calisthenics, are added to the subjects taught in (1), and the fee is 22 guilders (£1, 16*s.* 8*d.*) a year.

(4) Separate schools for boys and girls. French,

German, English, calisthenics, and universal history are added to the curriculum of (1). The pupils are kept until they are fourteen or sixteen, and for most girls the course is considered a sufficient education. The fee is 75 guilders (£6, 5*s*.) a year.

Varying conditions are found in all the larger towns: for example, the highest fees in Leeuwarden and Groningen are less than half the highest in Amsterdam. In all these schools, books and the necessary materials are supplied free.

All over the country there are private elementary schools, especially for children whose parents wish for them religious instruction — an increasing class. Private schools of every kind are subject to the same educational and sanitary inspection as the State schools, and the teachers in both pass the same examinations. Speaking generally, adventure schools do not receive support from the State; they do, however, from the communes in many cases. For example, the case occurs to me of a private school for girls which receives 200 guilders a year from the commune in which it is situate, and 100 guilders from a neighbouring commune. The two villages consider it worth their while to contribute £25 a year in support of a school which may attract families to settle in them. The law, however, provides for State assistance to denominational schools which comply with certain conditions in the interest of Education in general. This is the result of a com-

COW-GIRL.

From a painting by Anton Mauve.

promise arrived at in 1888, when the joint clerical parties were in a majority in the Second Chamber.

The teachers in the elementary schools are of two orders, according to the certificates they hold, Teachers and Head-Teachers; and under the supervision of a Head-Teacher classes may be taken by Assistant Teachers, who are young men and women, from fifteen to nineteen, studying for a Teacher's certificate. Only a Head-Teacher can open a private school. When, as often happens, foreigners, English, French, or German girls, say, teach in such schools, they can do so as Assistant Teachers, that is to say, without passing any examination, up to the age of nineteen; but after that they must have qualified by passing precisely the same examination in the language they profess (which in most cases, of course, is their own language) as native teachers in the high-burgher schools, and even then they must have the Royal sanction. And deception as to age is not easy, for every foreigner settling in a commune in Holland has to lodge a certificate of birth with the burgomaster. Foreign teachers over nineteen are comparatively few in consequence. The training of teachers is carried on in a variety of institutions. In Nymegen, Maastricht, Deventer, Groningen, Haarlem, 's Hertogenbosch, and Middelburg there are State Normal Schools, which admit, after examination, pupils of fifteen or sixteen, and provide some twenty bursaries each of £20 for brilliant students without private means. To each of these Normal

Schools is attached a Teaching School (*Leer School*) for practical instruction. Many communes have established Normal Schools on similar lines. The one in Amsterdam has a four years' course, and in the *Leer School* connected with it there are generally about three hundred young teachers in their third and fourth years of study. Leiden and Groningen have two-year-course Normal Schools also; that of Leiden especially has a very high repute. In places where there are no Normal Schools, the Head-Teachers in the public schools can give training instruction, "Normal Lessons" they are called, on Saturdays, and in the evenings. An examination has to be passed before admittance to these is granted. There are courses of instruction in twenty-six communes for candidates for a Head-Teacher's certificate. The State gives a grant to certain private establishments for the training of teachers: such are the private training colleges for girls at Arnhem and Haarlem, the Roman Catholic training colleges at Eysden and Echt, in Limburg, the Netherlands Reformed Church's school in Amsterdam, and the so-called "Christian-Schools" at the Hague and Zetten. The State and the communes spend about £100,000 annually in the training of Teachers.

Under the control of the Minister of the Interior, three Chief Inspectors supervise the education in all schools in the Maritime, the Southern, and the North-Eastern Provinces respectively, and they are assisted by twenty-five District and one hundred Arondissement Inspectors. Further, there are local inspec-

tions: in places with fewer than three thousand inhabitants by the burgomaster and magistrates; in places with over three thousand, by a specially appointed "School Commission."

To sum up. As yet, education is not compulsory. Elementary instruction, however, is provided in each commune, and relief is granted to parents who are too poor to pay the small fee charged for it. An extended elementary education is brought within the reach of almost all. In the higher elementary schools, children are taught — and taught to speak, chiefly — several modern languages while they are still of an age to acquire them easily and well; and a little French is included in the curricula of all save the lowest schools. In the public schools, the education is strictly neutral in the matter of religion, but schools with special religious instruction are plentiful, and many of them are in receipt of State aid. All schools, whether supported by the State or not, adventure and denominational schools as well as the public schools, are under State supervision. No unqualified person is allowed to teach in any school, and the qualification to teach practically is the same for all.

Secondary Education (*Middelbaar Onderwijs*) covers all the instruction given in schools between the elementary schools on the one hand and the gymnasia and the universities on the other. It is regulated by an Act of 1863, but the system introduced then has undergone many modifications. According to it,

secondary schools are of two classes: the lower, called Burgher Day and Night Schools (*Burger Dag-en-Avond-Scholen*), and the higher, High-Burgher Schools (*Hooge Burger Scholen*) with three and five years' courses.

It is in connection with the burgher day schools that the chief change has been made. Established originally for industrial and agricultural workmen, these day schools were failures, and most of them were closed twenty years ago. The only one still in existence is at Leeuwarden, where the course embraces mathematics, elementary mechanics, physics and chemistry, natural history, technical instruction in agriculture, the elements of geography and history, the rudiments of the Dutch language, simple social economy, artistic and mechanical drawing, and calisthenics.

To take the place of these burgher day schools, there have been established technical or industrial schools, for the training of carpenters, blacksmiths, joiners, mechanics, painters, turners, plumbers, and the like. As a rule, there is a three years' course of instruction, and a fair pass in the elementary schools is demanded before entrance; but local conditions control the entrance examinations, the length of the course, and the nature of the curriculum. In Enschede, for example, weaving and artistic draughtsmanship are taught. In the school for mechanics in Amsterdam the course is four semestres and a year of practical work; after which a diploma is granted which gener-

ally ensures employment in the sugar-refineries of Java, in railway construction, ship-building, and the like, or as engineers on board ship at home or in the colonies.

In Amsterdam, The Hague, Arnhem, and Rotterdam there are industrial schools for women, open to pupils with a fair pass from the elementary schools who are over thirteen years of age. In these the lower school studies are continued, and there are classes in fancy-work, book-keeping, the making and drawing of patterns, wood-engraving, drawing and painting on wood, satin, and china. All the materials used are free. At the end of the free three-years' course, the girls are taught for a small fee dressmaking for six months, and there are evening classes in fancy-work for those who wish. In the Amsterdam school, special attention is paid to drawing, and to the training of lady assistant-chemists.

In some sixty towns in Holland there are day schools for instruction in drawing. The Fine Art Academy at The Hague has no fewer than eight different courses. It is attended by five hundred or six hundred students, men and women of all ages and classes, of whom fully ten per cent go forward to the examinations. At the Haarlem School for Decorative Art, which in the evenings workmen can attend, botany is made a special study. Lectures are given in the Rijks Museum in connection with the Amsterdam School of Decorative Art. The application of architecture, sculpture, and painting to all branches of industry is the special

HOLIDAY WEATHER.

From a drawing by Philip Sadée.

study; there are two courses of two years each, and diplomas are granted. Two different diplomas — "Maître de dessin," for lower drawing, and "Professeur," for advanced — are given after the three-years' course in the State Normal Drawing School in Amsterdam.

So much for the industrial schools which have taken the place of the unsuccessful burgher day schools established in 1863. Meanwhile the burgher night schools, founded at the same time, have increased in number and in reputation. There are in Holland to-day some forty of them, attended for the most part by working men and women who have obtained a fair pass in the lower schools. Most of them are free or the fee does not exceed 10*s.* per year; the cost is borne by the communes, and special instruction is given in the local industries and manufactures.

The largest of the night schools is in Rotterdam. The special subjects taught in it are modelling, anatomy, the history of architecture and of sculpture, and horticultural drawing, and, for mechanics, English, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, physics, artistic and mechanical drawing. Over a thousand students are in attendance at this school.

In Leiden, again, in addition to the curriculum of the day schools, there is special instruction in the principles of ornament, modelling, architecture, and hydraulics; and in Utrecht there are classes for training carpenters, bricklayers, blacksmiths, instrument makers, joiners and stone-cutters, goldsmiths and sculptors,

painters and lithographers. The Utrecht school has generally about two hundred and fifty pupils.

All this practical instruction comes under the head of Secondary Education, the higher and more theoretical branches of which are supplied by the high-burgher schools. These high-burgher schools are of two grades: those with a five-years' and those with a three-years' course. The conditions of entrance and the qualifications of the teachers are pretty much the same for both: the course of the one is the first three years of the other. There are twenty-four three-years high-burgher schools in Holland, ten of them founded by the State. Of the thirty-nine five-years schools those at Tilburg, 's Hertogenbosch, Gouda, Alkmaar, Middelburg, Utrecht, Leeuwarden, Zwolle, Groningen, Assen, and Roermond are State schools, and the remainder, including a commercial school at Amsterdam, are founded by the communes. There is also a free Roman Catholic training school for the priesthood at Rolduc.

The age of entrance is twelve years, and there is a preliminary examination. The instruction, carried over the five years, includes mathematics, physics, mechanics, chemistry, natural history, cosmography, the study of the political institutions of the Netherlands, social economy, artistic and mechanical drawing, geography, history, the literatures of Holland, France, England, and Germany, book-keeping and the commercial sciences, caligraphy and calisthenics. At the five-years school at Amsterdam, the pupils pay four hun-

dred guilders (£33, 6*s.* 8*d.*) a year: the "golden school" it is called. The fees at The Hague are 100 guilders, and elsewhere they range from 50 to 60 guilders.

There are high-burgher schools for girls at Arnhem,

SOLDIER.

From a drawing by Papendrecht.

The Hague, Rotterdam, Leiden, Dordrecht, Haarlem, Leeuwarden, Utrecht, Groningen, Amsterdam (two), and Deventer. Except at Deventer, all these schools have a five-years' course; and the ladies who teach pass the same examination as the teachers in the boys' schools. The course of instruction, too, is much the

same as with the boys, but the use of the needle is carefully taught, from plain sewing in the first year to "cutting-out" in the fifth. Every girl is taught to sew. For music, a girl has to go to a music school, and she is sent only if she shows a natural talent; whereby one of the horrors of our home life is escaped. Mrs. Lecky, who knows, wrote in an English magazine a year or two ago that "Dutch girls of all classes are proficient in needlework, and in the remotest fishermen's villages the neatness of the quaint and often elaborate costumes, of the linen on the bed and in the press, is faultless." Every one who has lived in Holland must have noticed so much, and possibly may have had an opportunity of seeing the skilful needlework of the orphanages. The *Industrie School voor Meisjes* in the Wetering Schans in Amsterdam, the industrial school for girls already referred to, has a very high repute. The coach which the people of Holland presented to their young Queen for her Coronation was embroidered and decorated there. The pre-eminence of the Dutchwoman in sewing, however, is not in fancy-work. I have seen more artistic sewing in farmhouses and decayed shipping towns of Scotland than in any Dutch *huis-kamer*, but never anywhere more beautiful useful needlework, mending and patching. In many Dutch families still the saying is that machine should never touch linen.

There remain to be mentioned under the head of Secondary Education certain schools of instruction in one or other special subjects. An annual course in

butter-making in the school of Bolsward, in Friesland, is open to women who are seventeen years of age, and have had good elementary instruction. It is rather curious that it is at Bolsward that one of the largest butter-making works has been established, with the result that the local butter market is rapidly decaying. The same subject is very successfully taught on farms in Overysel and Gelderland lent by the proprietors for the purpose. Those who receive the diploma as agriculturist in the State Agricultural School at Wageningen are allowed to proceed to a course of forestry. The Horticultural and Forestry Schools Gerard Adriaan van Swieten, on the ground of the Society of Charity, and the van Swieten School of Agriculture on *De ronde Blesse*, at the same place, are all very successful. There is a Veterinary School in Utrecht, and instruction in horseshoeing is given at Assen, Winschoten, Haarlem, Wageningen, Venloo, Glyteren and Weesp. Further, there are State agricultural teachers; and "walking agriculturists," chief among them "Ericus" (M. Baron), whose lectures are well attended.

A word about the qualifications to teach in the elementary and the secondary schools. The certificate of Teacher is fairly easily gained; there is a wide range of subjects, but only the elements are professed, and no languages. To teach a language in the lower schools, a special examination in it must be passed; as a matter of fact most Teachers hold a certificate for elementary French or English. The examination for a Head-Teacher is much more difficult; still, the diffi-

THE FARM.

From a water-colour drawing by Anton Mauve.

culty is due to the wide range of subjects, not to the high proficiency demanded in any one. With those who teach in the high-burgher schools (*Leeraren*), it is quite different. If the school is one with a five-years' course, they must hold a university degree, or the equivalent diploma granted by government. The women teachers (*Leeraressen*) must all win the diploma. It is given for each subject, separately, and a very complete knowledge of the one subject professed is required. Generally, diplomas for two subjects are held.

From this survey of secondary education in Holland, it will be seen that there is ample provision for technical training, and further that in the higher — the high-burgher — schools, no less than in the purely industrial schools, the instruction is strictly practical and "modern." Latin is not taught in them. It is not even taught in the high-burgher schools for girls. If girls are to learn Latin, they must attend the gymnasia, and the result is that although many Dutch women are splendidly educated, comparatively few of them know any Latin. There is thus a change from an earlier condition of things in Holland when, travellers tell us, men and women could be found in all ranks able to conduct a conversation in Latin fluently. Under the present system, there is a parting of the educational way at the end of the elementary course. The path through the secondary schools, we have seen, is designed to lead to a commercial and industrial life. We will now follow that through the gymnasia to the universities.

The gymnasium is the preparatory school for the university. An Act passed twenty years ago provided for a gymnasium, with a course of six years, in every town of over twenty thousand inhabitants. It permitted smaller towns to have a pro-gymnasium with a four-years' course, but these pro-gymnasia were abolished ten years later.

Gymnasia are found in the following places: Province of Brabant: 's Hertogenbosch, Breda; Province of Gelderland: Arnhem, Nymegen, Zutphen, Doetinchem, Tiel; Province of Limburg: Maastricht; Province of Overysel: Deventer, Kampen, Zwolle; Province of Utrecht: Utrecht, Amersfoort; Province of Drente: Assen; Province of Groningen: Groningen, Winschoten; Province of Friesland: Leeuwarden, Sneek; Province of North-Holland: Amsterdam, Haarlem; Province of South-Holland: Rotterdam, The Hague, Leiden, Delft, Dordrecht, Gorcum, Gouda, Schiedam; Province of Zeeland: Middelburg.

Each of these communes supports its own gymnasium, but the State gives a grant to all except Amsterdam, The Hague, and (for a special reason) Kampen. Kampen, it so happens, is a town with many possessions, and the rates and the scale of living are very low, in consequence. In Kampen, therefore, the fee for the gymnasium is only 30 guilders (£2, 10*s.*) a year. Elsewhere, pupils at the gymnasium pay from 70 to 100 guilders. Pupils enter the gymnasium when twelve years of age, and the course over the six years includes Greek, Latin, Dutch, French, German, history, geog-

raphy, mathematics, physics, chemistry, and natural history. The professors at the gymnasium must possess a university degree, or they must have passed an equivalent examination fixed by government. At the end of the gymnasium course there is a passing examination into the universities.

There are four universities in Holland: Leiden, established in 1575; Groningen, in 1614; Utrecht, in 1634; and Amsterdam, which was an Athenæum from 1630 until it was made a university in 1872–73. Two other universities, Franeker, in Friesland, dating from 1585, and Harderwijk, on the Veluwe, from 1648, were closed by Napoleon in 1811. In each of the existing universities there are the five Faculties of Theology, Jurisprudence, Medicine, Mathematics and Physics, and Philology. To obtain the doctor's degree, the student must pass a professional examination and a doctoral examination; after that follows the public promotion. The degree of Doctor is given in:

I. Theology.
II. The Sciences of Law or Politics.
III. Medicine, Surgery and Obstetrics.
IV. (a) Mathematics and Astronomy. (b) Mathematics and Physics. (c) Chemistry. (d) Mineralogy and Geology. (e) Botany and Zoology. (f) Pharmacy.
V. (a) Classical Literature. (b) Semitical Literature. (c) Dutch Literature. (d) Language and Literature of the Indian Archipelago. (e) Philosophy.

All students at the universities, however, do not aim at a doctor's degree: most theological students, for example, after passing the candidate's examination, go before a commission of clergymen and are admitted as "Proponents." Then they are eligible to be called to a Protestant Church. Many medical students, again, are content to pass the State examination, the essential scientific examination which gives one the title of Physician (*Arts*), without writing and defending the thesis which wins the ornamental title "doctor." Indeed, most medical students are not eligible for the doctor's degree, for they come from the high-burgher school, and the doctor's degree can only be obtained by students who have passed through the gymnasia, or have passed an equivalent examination. Amsterdam is the great medical university. Utrecht, the centre of orthodox opinion, sends out the greatest number of theological students, whereas Leiden, which teaches a more liberal theology, is strongest in law. At Utrecht and Leiden, there are observatories, and there astronomy is studied chiefly.

The nominal course at the universities is four years for Law, six or seven for Literature, five for Theology, and six or seven for Philosophy, and seven or eight for Medicine. Most students in Law, however, remain longer than four years. All students pay £16, 13*s.* 4*d.* (200 guilders) each year for four years; thereafter they attend classes free.

The Free University of Amsterdam is only a Calvinistic institution for the study of Theology, Law,

Philosophy, and Letters. The Polytechnic School at Delft ranks as half a university, half a school; and the Institution for instruction about the languages and peoples of the Indian Archipelago, in the same town, and the State School in Leiden on similar lines, have a somewhat similar standing.

The principal Roman Catholic seminaries are at St. Michielsgestel, Kuilenburg, Driebergen, Voorhout, Warmond, Roermond, and Rolduc. At Amsterdam there are seminaries of the Evangelical Lutherans, Confessional Lutherans, and the Baptists; the chief training college of the Remonstrants is at Leiden, and that of the Reformed Christians is at Kampen.

'S HERTOGENBOSCH AND THE SOUTHERN PROVINCES

'S HERTOGENBOSCH is the northern gate of the southern provinces. As has been seen, the Dutch geographers cite it as the typical town in Holland of the Franks. It is, at any rate, the typical town of the Roman Catholics, and the fitting capital therefore of North-Brabant.

Like almost all Dutch towns, it is prettily situate. Set flat upon the plain, the towns in Holland originally were fortified: a ring canal or river — a *singel* — surrounded them, with ramparts on the inner bank. Now the fortifications have been demolished, and the ramparts converted into walks and gardens, shady and delightful, by the waterside. As a rule, the railway only skirts the towns, and the traveller, descending at the station, enters them by bridge and *plantsoen*, — an engaging approach. If the town is extending or has extended in recent years, the new part outside the *singel* is ugly and raw, and at best it is Suburbia; inside the canal, you are certain to find everything quaint and most things beautiful. That is true of all the towns of Holland, and therefore of Den Bosch. It is not so beautiful, nor has it so beautiful an approach, as Groningen, Utrecht, Zwolle, and many

others that might be mentioned. But though it is not specially handsome within, it is not so distressingly shabby without as Utrecht, or, to take an example nearer it, Breda. That means, no doubt, that it is not such a flourishing town as either. As the Dutch say, it is in *verval*, or in decline. Such is the impression left upon me by everything I have seen and heard in Den Bosch except the declarations of the inhabitants. I remember it as composed of uninteresting, straggling streets; a very monotonous city, not at all distinguished. The large irregular market-place may be picturesque, as most Dutch market-places are, when crowded with peasants and their farm-stock, at the Wednesday's cattle-mart; but certainly it is not so when huddled on other mornings with stalls of cheap clothing and confections and ware, and old rusty iron, or when, after mid-day, it is deserted by all its mean traffickers. The buildings that surround it are not striking. The Town Hall, for example, is not, and it contains the most depressing collection of antiquities (if the coins be excepted), that ever a *concierge* had to make a story about.

The Town Hall ought to be visited, nevertheless, on account of the decorative panels it contains by the young artist Derkinderen, who is a native of the town. Other examples of this designer's work are to be seen in a stained-glass window in the staircase of the new university building in Utrecht, and in a panel, "The Procession of the Miracle in Amsterdam," in the Municipal Museum of Amsterdam. The Den Bosch

PLOUGHING.

From a water-colour by Anton Mauve.

paintings are as medieval in sentiment as they are modern in treatment; and apart from their artistic qualities are interesting to the visitor here because, symbolically, they tell the story of the founding of the city. The artist's intention has been explained in a pamphlet by M. Jan Veth, himself one of the most distinguished of young Dutch artists, to whom I am indebted for much of the description that follows. Tradition carries us back to a hunting-lodge in a great wood at the junction of the Dommel and the Aa, belonging to Henry of Brabant, round which 's Hertogenbosch sprang up. This is represented in the central panel. The Duke on horseback, with a falcon on his hand, is attended by huntsmen with greyhounds in leash; behind him rise the towers of the lodge, and the building of the town round it is suggested in the background. Two stalwart figures in the foreground represent labour, and the man nearer the Duke is a spokesman of the people. Round this central story of the rise of Den Bosch are grouped other paintings, in which is indicated with fine artistic ingenuity the condition of the world at that time. The figures in the wings are Pope Urban and the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, the two great ruling powers. The various panels of the frieze are descriptive of the Crusades. In one, Peter the Hermit kneeling in prayer receives for his mission the authority of the robed Christ. In others are depicted Godfried of Bouillon, with Hugo, the founder of the Templars, and Gerard, the Grand-Master of the Order of St. John, on either side;

Bernard of Clairvaux, the Emperor again, and the King of France; Richard the Lion Heart; and William, Count of Holland, the grandson of Henry of Brabant, who founded Den Bosch, and the Crusader who led the Dutch and the Frisians against Damiate, the expedition which the silver models of ships and the bells in the great church of Haarlem commemorate. Hajo van Wolvega, with his flail, represents the small Dutch nobility; and Olivier of Cologne and Jean de Joinville, the historians of the Crusades. In still another section, Louis the Holy lies on his deathbed at Tunis. Above the frieze are proverbs that still further illustrate the history of the Crusades. In order to equalise the wall-space, which is pierced irregularly by a door-way, a band or ribbon runs up to the frieze and is crowned by the Christ; and on this are inscribed the arms of the Pope and the Emperor, then those of Brabant, and under them again the arms of 's Hertogenbosch, with those of Brussels, Antwerp, and Louvain to indicate the ties of friendship by which the four cities of Brabant are bound. At the foot of the scroll is inscribed: "In the days when the Christians went towards the East in the Crusades, when Urban was Pope and Frederick Emperor, then, under Henry, Duke of Brabant, Den Bosch was founded, and Brussels, Antwerp, and Louvain built the gates." The scheme of decoration is continued in a separate panel, less ecclesiastical in character, filled with a painting symbolising Charity, one of the four virtues which, it seems, always has

distinguished the people of Den Bosch. The painter does not inform us what the other virtues are, and in our visit to the city we failed to discover them.

This fine and interesting work of Derkinderen has been inspired not a little, we may suppose, by the one object possessed by 's Hertogenbosch that is unrivalled in Holland, — the Church of St. John. Not only is it one of the largest of the Dutch churches, and perhaps the finest architecturally, but it is the only one that is well preserved within. Haarlem, Leiden, Utrecht, Rotterdam, and Amsterdam possess Gothic churches, all of them handsome externally. Round all of them, little buildings have been allowed to cluster, till their proportions have been almost hidden. So it is especially with the old church in Amsterdam. The Haarlem church, it has always seemed to me, gains as well as loses in appearance by being buttressed thus by shops and houses; but, for better or worse, these adjoining buildings in Haarlem are being removed. All of the churches that have been mentioned, however, have suffered from the iconoclasm of the Protestants. In all of them, whitewash has been used with frightful effect. A portion, the whole nave generally, is enclosed by a wooden screen of singular ugliness, and within it are the pews and chairs, and on Sundays the melancholy services, of the Reformed Faith. A carved pulpit, perhaps, remains, or a fine old chandelier; but that is all. In the dreary outer courts, sometimes, there is a piece of fine sculpture, as at Breda and Utrecht; or some glass, as at Gouda.

All else is desecration, and the abomination of Reform.

To this, the Church of St. John in Den Bosch is an exception. It still is a Catholic church, and treated reverently. Inside, the eye takes in the true proportions. It is enabled to do so the more easily that the choir-screen has been removed, and the eye ranges uninterruptedly from end to end of the building. The screen, a beautiful piece of work, can be seen in South Kensington Museum, to which it was sold for £900; and that sum is being spent upon interior decorations, — not always, it is to be feared, in great taste.

There is an interesting point connected with the restoration and preservation of Dutch churches. The work on the exterior is undertaken by the State, as being upon a building of antiquity; while interior restoration and decoration is left to the church itself. The present architect of the State, from personal predilections it happens, but also with a right artistic sense, is introducing into his restorations much ornament of a kind that is only to be seen in Roman Catholic churches. Thus in the Protestant church at Zutphen, a small statue of the Virgin had been placed above the west door, with a very pleasing effect. Its appearance there has caused many searchings of heart among the ultra-Calvinists, but the more enlightened do not feel that they worship in a less Protestant manner because of the Madonna looking down upon them as they enter to their devotions.

Brabant and Limburg, the southern provinces, for the

most part lie away from the route of the traveller who makes the railway journey round about Holland. Of Limburg I can speak from repute only. "You must see Limburg. Limburg is the garden of Holland" — so the stranger is told by his Dutch acquaintances, who prove to him, thus, that he need not expect to find anything very typical of Holland there. It is, of course, because it offers a contrast to their own districts that the Dutch in the centre and north are enthusiastic about it. For one thing, it lies high, — in the south, as much as seven hundred feet above sea-level. Undulating fields of wheat, with lively streams playing through them, take the place of level and sleepy meadows and canals. South Limburg grows great quantities of fruit and vegetables, — the Dutchman gets his earliest asparagus and strawberries from there, — so that that part of the province is rightly named a garden. For those beyond the benefits of its early asparagus, Limburg has a greater interest in possessing the only mines in Holland. They are found in the extreme southeast, and are worked, I believe, by a railway company who holds them from government, on a ninety-nine years' lease, half of which has still to run. The output is extremely small, and the coals are only used locally. In the same part of the country, near Maastricht, are the tufa quarries of the St. Petersberg, with I know not how many thousands of labyrinthine passages, extending to I know not how many miles; grottoes in which, according to the guide-books, the temperature is always at about 50° Fahr., and no ani-

In Maastricht.

From a drawing by A. L. Koster.

mal or plant life exists; to which rather dreary picture the colour of human interest is lent by the thought of the peasants flying to the quarries with their cattle in the times of the great wars. Another thing in Limburg, of which the Dutch speak much, is the manufactory of ware in Maastricht. Some years ago there was a Parliamentary inquiry into the condition of the workmen there, which afterwards dragged on for many months as a Government Inquiry, and the revelations greatly shocked the Dutch. That was several years ago, but the Limburg manufactories are still spoken of in the north — with what amount of justification I cannot say — as places of social degradation.

All this, however, is hearsay. In Limburg I have, literally, set foot only. When paying a flying visit to the Peel, which will always be one of the pleasantest recollections of Holland, our host brought us to the very border of the beautiful place in which he lives in the midst of that forlorn tract, and bade us step across it upon the moorland, in order that we might say we had been in Limburg province. The Peel lies partly in it, partly in Brabant: a great stretch of high fen, once impassable almost, from which the peat is being dug now. But it will be best if we return to see the work of reclamation on the Peel after we have visited the older fen-colonies in the provinces farther north.

Brabant is not so well-known as it ought to be to the visitor in Holland. It is true that it has no arresting characteristics. It wears no air of distinction; is not impressive, or picturesque like the Dutch Low-

lands, or even in any way unfamiliar. But its broken undergrowth and informal villages give it the negligent rusticity that is the staple of our dreams when we are sweltering in cities. A most refreshing country for the simple, cheerful man, who likes to wend his holiday steps through not too heroic places, and to let his thoughts chase one another through a sunny countryside irresponsibly with the birds and the butterflies. I am reminded by a martyr to the stony roads which Napoleon drove through the west of the province, even through the beautiful woods there, and especially the main road from 's Hertogenbosch to Bergen-op-Zoom, by Tilburg and Breda, that the cyclist is to be warned against them. In east Brabant, however, the roads are excellent, for foot and for wheel. And the country folk accord with their landscape: a rather poor and ignorant people, but chatty and polite, and always in a busy pother about their work. Perhaps the reader would like to share with me a glimpse beyond their roof-trees.

In a hamlet in the neighbourhood of Helmond is a little workshop for the manufacture of wooden shoes, with an open door that bids us shelter from the thunderstorm rolling up from over Eindhoven. We cross the threshold, and stand ankle-deep in poplar shavings. An apprentice boy stops in his work of rudely shaping the wood-clumps, and eyes us boldly. Farther off, gouging the white oily wood out of the roughly fashioned shoes, is the master of the place, an elderly little man, clean-shaven, with a small inquisitive eye. He

straightens himself for a moment as our shadow falls lightly on his bench, nods, and bends to his work again. Our "good-day" is answered by his wife, who is seated at the back of the workshop: a woman of middle age, with handsome brows and nose and lips, and cheeks of the splendid colour of the haw. "Would Mynheer like to be seated?" Mynheer would be delighted. She flings down the shoes she is carving, and from an inner shed brings out a chair. We talk of the road we have come, and of the storm, the first raindrops of which are spluttering on the window pane behind her. The man lifts his inquisitive face to strike in with a question. "We are from America? No? England? He had never been in England, but once he had been in Rotterdam. No, never so far as Amsterdam. His *vrouw?* — Oh, no (this with a laugh); but often in 's Hertogenbosch." "With eggs and chickens," she chimes in, smiling with a gleam of white teeth. The storm bursts with a flash and a peal, and the woman, the colour mounting on her cheeks, crosses herself hastily, and mumbles a few words. "From London?" asks the man, whose mind works round an inquisitive pivot like a gin-horse; and when I assent, "London 's a big country?" the woman inquires. "London 's a town, — like Amsterdam, not a country," the man who has been as far as Rotterdam corrects her. "I know, well enough," she replies curtly, her eye flashing up at him before she bends to her work.

I discreetly bring back the conversation to the country-side, and all the new manufactories, engineering

works, and the like that are springing up in this corner of the country. "You are wakening up, down here." They don't know anything about that, but the burgomaster is a brewer, and has put two of his sons into a cigar-making business. "B for Brabant, for Beer, and for 'Baccy," a Dutch alphabet ought to run. That was the cigar factory which we passed half-a-mile higher up. Women are not employed, I find out, and the men earn about 15*s.* a week. Nine guilders a week is more than a living wage in the country parts in the east of Holland. They make bigger wages in London, the woman supposes, and the man that everything will cost more. Now in this corner of Holland, they rent this workshop, and the house behind, and two bunders of land for 60 guilders a year; that is, four or five acres and house and workshop for £5. They keep a cow sometimes, and hens and goats. "If Mynheer would see —?"

The establishment I am shown over is little better than a piggery. Behind the workshop is a shed, and at right angles to it, running the depth of shed and shop, a narrow stall in which the cow is kept, when they have one. At present it seems empty, but by-and-by, as the eye gets accustomed to the darkness, it discerns two wise-visaged goats in the far-off corner. Every few minutes the thunder bursts, as it seems, among the dim rafters above us, where, between the peals, a turtle-dove is cooing. The woman, crossing herself at every step, leads the way into the living-room. It is almost bare of furniture, quite bare of orna-

ment except for a few cheap Catholic prints upon the walls. An open fire burns in one corner. In a smaller inner room there is a stove. From a recess, the woman produces the plate of goat's-milk butter which she has been anxious to show me all the time. Her pride of housewifery, so evident in her face, compels me to admire the poor, sickly-looking product. When I come back to the shop, the man is still busily scooping out his *klompen* — a boy's pair, he has told me, for which he will get a few pence. Fortunately, boys get through wooden soles even more quickly than leather ones, and the man is kept busy. "Always at work?" I ask, "no holidays?" "Ah, yes! the kermis!" It is months off, but the mention of it brings brightness to their faces. "And what do you do at the kermis?" I inquire. The woman puts her hand to her mouth, tilts back her head, and nods in the direction of the man. He grins. "Geneva," I say; "but that is for you. What about the *vrouw?*" "But yes, she also," he says, and the woman gives a little laugh that is corroboration of the statement. "But not the boy, at least," I say. "It is your boy, is it not?" "Nay," she replies, in a tone that shows what is her sorrow. "I have no children — he is a *knecht.*" "But he doesn't drink Geneva?" "Now, doesn't he?" says the man, and the *knecht* grins.

The storm has passed to the eastwards, and I must step on my way. It puzzles me how I shall manage to give a gratuity to these polite people, till I think of a baby-girl in England, whose little feet will be an

excellent excuse for ordering the daintiest pair of wooden shoes the woman can carve for them. The puzzle will be, even paying liberally for ornament and postage, to convert the anticipated few pence into a respectable sum. So I think; but I need not have troubled. The price of wooden shoes has gone up in Brabant in the last ten minutes, and I leave the hospitable *klompen*-shop the richer for many good wishes, but the poorer by several guilders. A chatty, polite, and very wide-awake people. But the little maid duly received her wooden shoes, and one household in Brabant at least has a nest-egg against the next kermis.

We have lingered so long in this pleasant country that there is time for little more than a passing glimpse of the towns in the north of the province, along the railway route from Flushing. From the islands of Zeeland, the traveller passes into Brabant through Bergen-op-Zoom, and if he is interested in the physiographical condition of Holland, let him note how rapid is the transition at this point from the treeless, flat meadows on the sea-clay to the well-clad sandy slopes. Round about Bergen-op-Zoom there has sprung up of recent years a sugar-beet industry, that may put new life into the old town that has had its days of greatness, and by the art of Coehorn was converted into a fortress worthy of facing Antwerp. Tilburg, again, can boast of no antiquity. It is a town of woollen manufactories, — the Leeds of Holland, — which has prospered by the separation of Belgium,

and at the next census will probably show a greater increase of population than any other town in the country. Between Tilburg and Bergen-op-Zoom lies Breda, greatly more interesting than either. It is the good and pleasant town that Guicchardini found it, and the sumptuous castle with the double ditch of water he writes of still remains, altogether restored, of course, and no longer the residence of the Princes of Orange. The castle is now a college for cadets, which gives the town a military air. The visitor must see the Spaniard's Hole, where the peat boat lay, at the east port, with its load of volunteers whom Maurits sent to take the castle, the story of which is one of the most striking pages in Motley. But nothing in the history of Breda and none of its old buildings are quite so interesting as the prison, which probably is the newest thing in it.

THE CHURCH OF BREDA.

The prison in Breda is a rotunda of brick, set in one end of an oblong piece of Brabant sand-soil enclosed by high brick walls of beautiful Flemish bond. It wears a fresh, almost a gay air. A lightsome dome-roof, and clean red-brick walls pierced by trim little windows (picked out, of course, with white) with the iron bars so painted as not to be conspicuous, suggest anything but a prison. Anything less like Holloway you could not imagine. When first you come upon it you say, the *Circus Carré;* the next moment, something, you could not tell what, about it, makes you change your mind in favour of a scientific institution, a theatre for vivisection, say. It is new, like science, and prisons are old, nearly as old as crime. It smacks of paint, being Dutch; and smells (once you enter) of carbolic rather than of skilly, being the really, modern, up-to-date prison you were told to expect. And up-to-date means humane; we shall see.

In the front wall is a porter's lodge in a rather cheap castellated style, whereby the yard is entered. The first thing for the eye to light on is a Black Maria. Underneath it at this moment, oiling the springs or painting the axle-tree, is a figure in coarse brown cloth, wooden shoes, and the features covered by a veil of blue stuff with two hideous large eye-holes. Now we remember: this is a prison on the isolated cell principle. The very Black Maria is partitioned so that one poor devil may not recognise another; no cheerful human huddling even there. Once inside his cell, the convict may not speak to living being, or hear speech that is not

a command or a priest's or chaplain's exhortation, till his sentence is worked off, and that may be five years. Each day he is veiled and conducted to a brick shed in the open with an iron grating diabolically shut out from the vision of any other iron grating, and here he exercises himself like a hyena in a cage, for half an hour. Then he is led back to his cell, and blessed work. If he behaves well, he is allowed betimes an interview with wife or child or friend, if that can be called an interview at which the sight of the visitor is denied him, and he, shut up in one cage, must speak through a perforated sheet of metal with his visitor shut up in another, and a warder in a third between. Is he sick? Then he goes to hospital; but all by himself, in an hospital all by itself. Sick in soul, as all of us are supposed to be, he is sent to church, and occupies a cage that would be condemned in any menagerie as too small for an orang-outang; the caged ape can stand at least, but the convict for very want of room to do otherwise must sit on a spar, one of a hundred or more of his kind thus caged and seated and shut off from vision, grateful for a message to their souls because it is spoken by human lips. If in a passion to hear some voice, though it is only his own, he shouts aloud, then bread and water and a bare plank in a cell below await him. In their craving for human intercourse, the prisoners invent and practise a language of signals by taps on their cell-walls, like a Morse code. If you go into a cell, and tap so, immediately on both sides the signals begin, as you can hear

death-head moths ticking o' night in a press-bed in a country kitchen. The language of taps is forbidden ; so is conversation conducted (as out of their necessity, prisoners have discovered it can be) along the pipes that heat their cells ; but both are practised, which makes a weak point in this precious elaborate system.

The rotunda has an inside floor space of fifty-three metres diameter, paved with stone flags, thickly strewn with fine white sand to deaden the footsteps of the warders. There is a spacious dome, thirty-five metres high, with a ventilating lantern of glass, and clean fresh wooden panels in the spandrels. Undoubtedly the prison is airy and fresh. In the centre of the floor there is an office of administration, somewhat like a cabman's shelter, with a little observation tower on top. Round the walls of the rotunda are four balconies of iron, reached from the floor by iron staircases, and on these give the cells, 208 in all. Each cell contains thirty cubic metres ; in it the convict sleeps and eats and does his work, unless his work be that of the blacksmith, in which case he has a working-cell next his living cell. His bed folds down against the wall; his food is passed in to him by a sliding shelf in the door, and he eats at a little shelf in the wall; there is a little wooden stool on which to rest and work. Hot-air pipes heat him. By day he gets light from one of the windows that pierce the outer wall of the rotunda, and there is electric light for night, from sunset until 10 o'clock. For his work, for which the prison direction contracts with some private

trader in the town, the convict is paid a trifle ; if he is a good workman he can earn as much as £5 a year. If he is well-behaved, he can expend some of that in the kitchen once a week in eggs and milk and other such luxuries. His ordinary fare is brown bread at breakfast and supper (0.75 kilogram daily), with coffee at one or other, and once a day he has a hot meal, generally of potatoes or peas and beans, but of barley soup or barley porridge once a week, and once a week of meat. If he has any demand to make, he rings an electric bell, and by a simple mechanism the warder in the tower is informed in what section a convict is signalling, and can pick out at once the particular cell from a disk that falls outside of it when the bell is pressed. The cooking is done by steam in vats in the kitchen, on the walls of which hang copper utensils bright as we expect such to be in Holland. The prisoner himself is washed when he enters, and once a month while he remains. His bedclothes are washed fortnightly. And of course, to make the course complete, the Bertillon system has been introduced, to the very thumb mark, — at least, if the prisoner is to be immured for over six months, and has reached the age of twenty-three, after which time, it is supposed, his measurements will not change.

In one angle of the yard, next the rotunda, stands the church, — Netherlands Reformed or Roman Catholic, which you will. Now it is Protestant; you pull a string, a curtain withdraws from the high altar, and it is Catholic. The cages are in ascending double

rows; those in front entered from the front, the rear ones from the rear. Five or six double rows of caged unfortunates, with warders seated on little stools on top, face the clergyman, whom Heaven help!

In the oblong yard, at the other end from the church, are the larger cells for exercise. In each of the two angles stands the warder's observation box, and in quarter circles round it are ranged the exercise stalls, — fifteen brick sheds like those in Zoological Gardens in which bears are allowed to take their tub, with iron bars in front. The prisoner looks across the potato patch to the warder in his corner, but he cannot see his neighbours. The outermost men might strike a line of vision along the arc of the quarter-circle, into each other's sheds, were it not that wooden screens are flung out at points to shut off their line of view. Nothing is forgotten.

This is the system of the isolated cell as practised in the newest and most perfected prison in the country. "What do you do with your insane?" is the natural question to ask of the doctor who is showing us over the prison, with the courtesy and pleasure in giving information which almost unfailingly the Dutchman exhibits. Well, it appears that, contrary to what one would have expected, the system is not productive of insanity. The insane are not in greater proportion here than in any other random collection of men, the doctor says; you must remember, he adds, that crime itself is the product of insanity. If a prisoner does show a tendency to

mental breakdown under the treatment, then he is sent to one of the long-term prisons, like that at Leeuwarden, where convicts who have been isolated for five years work out the remainder of their sentences, doing hard labour in gangs. But it is seldom that that is necessary, I am assured. The figures on which this estimate of the proportion of insane is based are somewhat misleading. All sentences of five years and under, even twenty-four hours for brawling, are worked out on the same system, in the same prisons; and in most cases in Breda, when we visited it, they were too light to be likely to affect the mental condition of the prisoners. Still, the testimony was firm that the proportion of insane in these prisons is not above the normal. The true explanation no doubt is that the system is a partial failure, that it is impossible to enforce complete isolation. It may be admitted at once that no one without experience in the treatment of prisoners has any conception of the evils resulting from allowing them more free intercourse. The principle of isolation is right, no doubt. But certainly the impression made upon one by the visit to the prison at Breda was that the system was elaborated there to a degree that made it beyond measure degrading and inhuman.

UTRECHT, AND THE EAST

FROM 's Hertogenbosch to Utrecht is a railway journey of about thirty miles, which, earlier in this book, and in the glow of impressions that pales a little on reflection, I described as being in spring one of the most beautiful in the world. Well, in spring it is beautiful. And, whatsoever the time of year, make the journey by daylight. Then, as we cross the Maas and the Waal and the Lek, by great viaducts with arches that leap over dry fields if it is summer, and that are reflected in water if it is winter, we find a more vivid story of the fight with the waters in the carriage window than in any printed page. Indeed, as the reader has been told already, there is scarce any peculiarity of landscape, or variety in the conditions of life arising out of geographical situation, which the traveller expects to see in Holland that he will not find somewhere or other in Utrecht, Gelderland, or Overysel. Before exploring the city of Utrecht itself, which is by far the most interesting place in them, let us make a flying visit round these eastern provinces.

We double back upon the railway route from 's Hertogenbosch, and alight at the village of Geldermalsen, from where another line runs eastward

through the Betuwe to Nymegen. Geldermalsen lies on the pretty little river, the Linge, and is well worth a visit, especially when, as now, it is smothered in cherry blossom. Later on, when the fruit is ripe, the cherry orchards are an excuse for one of the many little festivities of simple Dutch people. Parties are made up for a cherry feast. They go to an orchard, make an arrangement with the farmer, and having paid their money are allowed to take their choice, and eat as many cherries as they can pick. I am reminded of many a happy hour on an upland farm-garden at home, when by an act of grace we boys were let loose among the gooseberry bushes, with no restriction upon our desires save that there was to be no pocketing. But old manners and customs are rapidly dying out in Holland. In one of the orchards in Geldermalsen here, this forenoon, a farm-labourer and two lads, his sons probably, are taking their siesta. Beside the man, I observe, is a pair of sabots which he has kicked off for comfort, but the lads are wearing leather boots. Even from the Betuwe, that seems to prophesy, the old-fashioned wooden shoes will soon disappear.

East from Geldermalsen is the great Gelderland horse-breeding land, with its "head-place," as a countryman tells me, at Tiel. Horse-flesh is the talk of the countryside. The landlord of the inn where I drank coffee turned the conversation upon it immediately, and now the third-class carriage in which we are travelling to Nymegen is full of cigar-smoke and the

HOME-COMING SHEEP.

From a painting by Anton Mauve.

points of a *peerd*. No horsey man (except, I am told, the very latest and most up-to-date of the class) talks about a *paard*. All the farmers in the district through which we are travelling breed horses, to be sold ultimately at the August market at Tiel. The finest animals go to France and to England, the ruck to Germany. One of my neighbours in the carriage says that the very best five-year-olds bring a thousand guilders, and the more ordinary beasts a little over half that price; but this opinion starts a heated discussion, from which I gather that there has been a sharp drop in prices recently. Competition, too, it appears, has been cutting down the profits of the fruit export from the district, and of the vegetable culture farther east. Thus is the journey to Nymegen beguiled by the rehearsal of the Betuwe farmer's grievances.

Nymegen is not a typical Dutch town. When we get clear of the large houses and hotels near the station, and penetrate to the heart of the old city, — for it is very old and very quaint, — we find ourselves looking up a steep street that leads to the Church of St. Stephen, and realise by the refreshment we derive from the sight how, all unconsciously, we have been bored by the flat country, in which we have been spending the last few days. Built upon seven hills, Nymegen cannot be typically Dutch. Traces of the influence of Charlemagne still remain in it. The oldest object in the city, probably the oldest in the whole country, is the scanty ruin of the Valkenhof, — the *hof* or palace on the Waal, where Charles the Great and

Frederick Barbarossa held their court, when they came to hunt in the Rijkswald close by. The presence of the Kaisers is commemorated still in the names of curfew and hotel and *plein*. But the feeling of the city to-day is distressingly modern. Its beautiful and bracing environs have caused it to become a favourite residential town, and a family resort in the spring and summer. In an expedition from the town one Sunday afternoon, our way lay along a road, high above the Waal, dotted with hotels and *pensions* and summer houses, and crowded with pedestrians and holiday-makers of all sorts and conditions, and especially with a species of cyclist, — a particularly objectionable type of the dandy scorcher, which, I am glad to say, I have never seen before or since. The many pretty women and young girls in it, however, were the most noticeable thing about this Nymegen crowd. Pretty women are not very often met with in Holland. "Ah! You must go to The Hague," say the Dutch. I have been to The Hague. One reads frequently of the handsome women of North-Holland and Friesland, with dairy-maid colour; and it is impossible to deny them the possession of handsome, pliant figures, without any tendency to *embonpoint*, such as popular conception associates with Dutch women. No doubt the wide breeches of the fishermen, and an ambition among their wives to wear manifold petticoats (unsatisfied, I am given to understand, with fewer than thirteen), carried by means of a bag of sand round the waist, have given rise to the general idea of the enormity of

the Dutch *à parte poste*. The most handsome faces among the peasant women are apt to be dull and inani-

mate, and the complexion goes early. It was in their complexion chiefly that the beauty of these Nymegen girls lay.

It is not for its holiday crowds and pretty women,

however, that I remember Nymegen, but for the old grey part of the city lying by the side of the Waal. I can think of no old quarter of any old city more full of romantic suggestion. In order to get a better view of Nymegen on this old side of it, we choose steamer instead of train to carry us to Arnhem, and enjoy an early sail up the Waal and down the Rhine, with the finely wooded country about Cleves lighted by the morning sun ever in sight. Even as, on leaving it by river, we see Nymegen at its best, — so now we see Arnhem at its finest by approaching it on the water side. But Arnhem is to be a disappointment. It is a city of great age; though a communicative traveller on the boat, when pointing out to me the village of Huissen, on the other side of the Rhine, told me that the old direction for Arnhem was "Arnhem, by Huissen." It possesses buildings of considerable interest, and the most beautiful environs of any place in Holland. With the exception of Tilburg, it is the Dutch town that has grown most in recent years. It is a gay, fashionable, military city, where the "nabobs" settle down when they return from the East: the most attractive town in Holland to live in, it may be, as its inhabitants declare, but the most barren of interest it certainly is to the visitor who is unsatisfied with anything not peculiarly Dutch. In this it differs from the three typically charming and picturesque towns that come next on our route: Zutphen, notable for its sieges and ships, and above all, to me, for one friendly and hospitable household in it; Deventer, where the

carpets and the *koek* come from, and Terburg was burgomaster, and painted a picture of his Council which hangs in the Stadhuis; and Zwolle, Terburg's birthplace, the capital of Overysel, with a sleek and comfortable population, well-stated in life.

But as I wish to see a more modern Holland than is to be found in these towns of ancient peace, we will strike eastward to the seats of the so-called Twente industry. In the district of Twente, in an earlier day, a great deal of the land was under flax. There were weavers in every village, and gradually there sprang up a considerable industry which received a fresh spurt when the Twente towns gave asylum to many Flemish weavers who had fled from the Baptist persecution. In time, the handlooms disappeared before steam, and a company that was established at Goor, under the direction of Thomas Ainsworth, did much to increase the output in the district. After the separation of Belgium, which had provided Holland with most of the calico she required, cotton-spinning encroached upon flax-spinning, until to-day flax has nearly disappeared, and the industry is almost entirely one of cotton. It is an interesting history, of which we hope to learn many details in Twente itself. In that, however, we are disappointed, and we find also that in electing to come to Almelo we have hit upon a town, or a village, — it has some four thousand inhabitants only, — which is likely to leave upon us too bright an impression of a Dutch industrial centre. We ought to have gone to Enschede, it seems, — a

rough and rowdy place, say the workmen in Almelo with whom I converse, with greater poverty than is to be found among themselves, or indeed, almost anywhere else in Holland save in Limburg. Possibly the Almelo workman exaggerates the depraved condition of Enschede, because so much is done by certain of the masters in his own town to make its condition comfortable in comparison. Possibly he exaggerates — or at any rate the workman with whom I spoke longest on these matters — the benefits of which he is the recipient. In one mill we found bathrooms for the use of the workers, and of others in the town on payment of a small fee. There were elementary and sewing schools, also, and a music-corps, and I gathered that a committee or board of workmen managed several institutions of an educational and charitable kind connected with the mill. We paid a visit to a Mechanics' Institute, presented to the town by one of the manufacturers, a fine building with several acres of ground round it, containing a lecture and entertainment hall, in which, also, science and art classes meet. These and many other proofs of a philanthropic spirit among the masters I saw and heard of, and I carried away the pleasantest recollections of an afternoon spent with an intelligent and widely-read workman. But I did not feel that anything I saw or heard was a guide to the social condition of the working-classes of Almelo even, far less of Twente. The town, it appears, has gained the reputation of being the headquarters of Socialism, owing to a demonstration

a year or two ago when the young queen and her mother were passing through it. The workmen who were our guides seemed to think that that black mark against Almelo must be wiped off, and assured us again and again that Socialism was on the decline. But that was the only thing they were very definite about.

From Zwolle to Utrecht, our way lies through the Veluwe, the land of wood and waste ground, thinly populated, a white spot on the map. Several agricultural colonies have come into existence here; one, at Barneveldt, some two hundred and twenty acres in extent, of which fully the half is under cultivation, belongs to the Salvation Army, and last winter gave work and shelter to about thirty destitute men. Private enterprise is also engaged in important experiments in planting the sandy wastes, traces of which the traveller can see on the railway journey from Hardewijk to Amersfoort. It is not unlikely that in the future the reclaiming energy of the Dutch will exercise itself chiefly on this heath-planting. In earlier days, the Veluwe was famous for its hunting. Up to thirty years ago, falconry was carried on over its wide open heaths; especially near the royal palace of Het Loo, which, like the other palace at Soesdijk, farther east near Baarn, was originally a hunting lodge. All over these eastern provinces there is good sport; and the reader will not be surprised to learn that the Dutch sportsman, though modern methods have their

In the Wood.
From a drawing by Anton Mauve.

temptations for him, is for the most part a *jager*, a hunter, still, and something of a naturalist as well, who considers the finding of the game, and not the shooting of it, the better part of the sport. See this hunter of the old school setting out for the day after an early breakfast. Considerations of appearance weigh lightly with him. An easy coat above a woollen jerkin, a wide-awake hat, trousers tucked into the boots, and leggings to the knees, — that is the costume you will frequently see alongside of shooting suits cut in the newest English fashion. The Dutch hunter, however, prefers to go out alone, accompanied only by his servant and his dog. The gun over his shoulder, though a serviceable weapon, is not of the latest pattern. The bag which the man carries contains no elaborate luncheon; cold tea, a little gin, perhaps, the inevitable buttered roll and cheese, a slice of cold tongue, — that is all. Pine-woods and meadows and moor and sandy hillocks lie on his ground. If a broad ditch intervenes, the servant has his *polstok* at hand, — a stout pole, some twelve feet in length, by means of which, if you have the knack, wide waterways can be crossed. As long as there is light, the sportsman continues the hunt, working hard for each item in the bag, which generally is heavy and mixed when home is reached.

We are nearing Utrecht now, and can scarce miss seeing the fortresses that rise every here and there from the plain around it. It does not appear, indeed, that everyone recognises them as fortresses. I re-

member travelling between Zeist and Utrecht in a railway carriage in which was an English lady with her two daughters. The girls appealed to her to know what the green mounds were that we were passing. "My dears," she said to them, "these are graves." She had some dim recollection, I suppose, of reading in Baedeker about the *hunnebedden*. These fortresses belong to the first line of defence, the *Nieuwe Hollandsche Waterlinie*,— which stretches from Utrecht northward along the east bank of the Vecht by Nieuwersluis and Weesp to the Zuider Zee at Naarden and Muiden, and southward to Vreeswijk on the Lek and to Gorkum on the Maas. The fortresses in the second and main line of defence are concentrated upon Amsterdam. In the event of an invasion on the land side, the garrisons on the frontiers will gain time for the inundation at the first line: that is all that is expected of them. For the real defence of Holland is her ubiquitous and mortal enemy — water. In centuries past, the sea from which she snatched bare life bred the men who made world-wide conquests for her. It was the sea, allowed its way across her rich pastures, that saved her from the arms of Spain. And were she put to the pinch to-day, as she was when Valdez sat down against Leiden, inundation would be her only possible safety. To the east of this *Nieuwe Waterlinie* the land slopes upwards, and in time of invasion the base of the acclivity would be flooded, and the progress of the enemy barred. If a physiographical map of the country be studied carefully, it

will be seen that there is a weak spot in the line of defence at the high ground about Houten, to the south of Utrecht. The scheme of inundation provides as far as possible for flooding by fresh water, so that the land may not suffer more than is necessary. The water would be brought to such a depth that neither wading nor the passage of big vessels would be possible; and as certain portions of the immersed country require less water than others, regulating reservoirs would be used. The dams at these reservoirs and the railways are so many highroads for an enemy, and they are commanded by fortresses; and the sluices, of course, will have to be kept in the hands of the defenders. All these things are in the scheme. The scheme provides, also, for the blowing up of the bridges across the rivers; though whether there would be found the resolution sufficient for the demolition of such a viaduct as that across the Lek at Kuilemburg is doubted by many Hollanders. The stranger might live a year in the country and never guess at all this preparation. It is still another example of the value to Holland of a foot or two of water, and of how her great works are hidden from the eye.

In the provinces in which we have been making this flying tour, however, there is nothing more picturesque or more interesting than the city of Utrecht itself. It is encircled by the *singel*, the old fosse, round the inner side of which runs a broad path, the site of the ancient ramparts, portions of which still remain. Within, the city is intersected by canals, — numerous

branches of the *Kromme*, or Crooked Rhine, — which at one time evidently was in greatly larger volume than at present, and followed various courses that have been dammed and mined and bridged throughout the centuries, the river being changed in the construction of the city, and itself modifying that construction. All this, however, is too general. Canals intersect all Dutch towns. But the Oude Gracht, the main intersecting canal of Utrecht, has a peculiarity which, so far as I know, is found nowhere else, — and it is this. There are, on the sides of the Oude Gracht, dwellings below the level of the street proper. From it you descend to the water, by two great steps, as it were, the fall between them forming the front of these dwellings, and the second step being a narrower strip of causeway at their doors. The explanation of this is that there used to stand upon the Oude Gracht, — some of them are still standing, — very large and high houses, town mansions of the country families in the province, which were built upon arched cellars, to afford them secure foundations. These cellars are the dwellings that give upon the canal-side. Most of them are used as stores, now, it is true; but there remain some that are inhabited, and by their show of white curtains in the windows, and flower-pots on the sills, picture what used to be.

In earlier days in most Dutch towns, the streets skirting the canals were lined on the waterside by low parapet walls, upon which the folk sat and chatted after the familiar fashion of our own fishing-villages.

In front of the houses, too, there were seats (as for that part there are here and there still), and these and the ground on which they stood, often on elevated granite blocks, belonged to the owners of the houses. A little out-jutting rail divided the properties. In course of time, in the larger and busier towns, as traffic increased, and space became valuable, the seats disappeared. But often the little separate rails remain, sometimes the granite slabs; and such "plainstanes" as there are, are strips of brick set on end, on a level with, and encroaching upon, the "crown o' the caus'way." There, we have the history of the eminently uncomfortable streets — not of Utrecht only, but of all Dutch towns. This natural discomfort of the streets is made infinitely greater by the coachmen. More reckless driving than you find in Holland does not exist, I think, anywhere in the world, — not even in Paris. The French cabby sweeps round corners with a malicious gaiety, but the Dutchman pounds through. The one rule of the road known to Dutch *koetsiers* is that the foot-passenger must get out of it, and this he has to do as best he can by slipping up those railed-off slabs or dodging into the shelter of shop-doors. To one accustomed to London streets, the effect of this on perambulation is similar to that caused by scorchers on the wheel. In Utrecht, to make matters worse, the city is traversed by tram-car lines which, instead of lying along the streets in a humane and orderly fashion, wind through them from side to side, like the track a horse seeks when going up a

brae. This of course is to ease the car's passage round the corners, which is narrow and jolting withal; but the consequence is infinitely disconcerting, and the harsh clang of the warning bells maddening to the nerves. Were the traffic carried on in the streets mainly, life in Dutch towns would be shortened by years. But the canals are the great highways of commerce, and the water deadens, or rather harmonises, the sounds. The silent motion of the barges, the coolness, the play of colour, and the sombre shadows over the bustle deep down on the canal-side, act on one soothingly.

Utrecht is not a city of "sights," so called. An Archiepiscopal Museum and the Museum Kunstliefde, both of them containing pictures ascribed to the vagabond Jan Scorel, and the latter several genuine examples of his work; a town museum with the model of a Dutch interior of earlier date; now and then an interesting and unpresuming exhibition of modern pictures, or of arts and crafts,—these are all. The truly interesting Utrecht is a creation of the imagination, and imagination peoples it with ecclesiastics. The Dom tower, rising from its centre, commanding it and half a province besides, testifies to the power of the clergy. To understand the city rightly in its plan, even to-day, you must conceive of it as a city of churches, around which clustered in close squares the houses and cloisters of the clergy. Janskerkhof, Pieterskerkhof, Munsterkerkhof, are examples of the squares so formed. Once they were completely shut

off from the rest of the city, — some of them even were walled in and moated within the encircling canal; and it was at a comparatively recent date that the many streets broke in upon them. Let the visitor who is sufficiently interested find his way to the Voetsiussteegje,

A Town Canal.

in the northeast corner of the Munsterkerkhof, presently joining it with the Pieterskerkhof, and consider it as the only inlet, and he will get an impression of the plan and appearance of the city in earlier times.

At one side of the square rises the Dom tower, remarkable in little save its height, its singleness,

and its detachment. Unlike most Gothic churches, Utrecht Cathedral was designed with this one tower only, and it, accordingly, of the unusual height of 360 feet. Or we may believe, in perfect accord with history, that, as a tower of great height was required for spying purposes by archbishops surrounded by enemies, one such was as many as they could undertake. The tower's detachment shows that the cathedral was beyond their powers a little. From the choir, which is all that is left of the church, — sadly disfigured in its whitewashed interior, — to the Dom tower, there is a great open space, the heart and centre of the square, defiled by foot-passengers and traversed by the wretched tram-lines of which lament was made before. Now, though before the great havoc-playing storm of 1674, which swept down I know not how many spires like ninepins, the tower and the choir were joined in one completed cathedral, it seems most likely that the connecting nave was of wood only. During the two hundred and more years in which the cathedral has stood in its present ridiculous state of dismemberment, the square itself has changed greatly, and always for the worse. The new university, on the southeast side, was needed, if we are to judge by the entrance and staircase of the former university which still exist, enclosed in a corner of the present one; but the old buildings connected with the church, in which it made a home, must have been in better keeping with their neighbours in the square, and were furnished no doubt in a less sumptuous style of upholstery, more in accord-

ance with our ideas of a teaching university. Under the changes in the university, these old buildings have undergone a continual and curious transformation. And so it is on all sides of the square; for example, the old archbishop's palace, on the south, is now a coffee-house.

Besides being a great ecclesiastical city, of which many evidences still exist besides its plan and its churches, Utrecht had a period of commercial greatness. Its position in the centre of the country, and on the Rhine, made it one of the great markets of the Middle Ages. To-day, however, its commercial character is entirely lost. Utrecht is probably the most typical learned and formal and conservative town in Holland. The university dominates it: the university, not the new university building which hides itself modestly — and indeed it is not very handsome — in the corner of the Dom Plein. You are not long in the city without being aware of the presence of the students, generally bowling along the streets in open carriages, which appears to be their favourite amusement. Every special occasion is seized by them as an excuse for going for a drive. The student who has taken his Doctor's degree has his thesis printed and bound; and, seated in a landau, — it might be called a chariot, — driven by a coachman and attended by lackeys (who are fellow-students generally) gorgeously attired, he delivers his valuable work at the houses of professors and friends.

Dutch universities, like the Scots, are not residential.

The students live with their families or in lodgings in the town, each of them a link of interest, or of self-interest at any rate, between the university and the citizens. In some of the Dutch university towns, however, the relations between Town and Gown have long been strained, and in Utrecht they have become so in recent years. For that and similar changes, the spread of Socialism is a reason that comes readily to many Dutch lips. At the most, there is only a growth of Radical feeling. The burghers, or some of them, have begun to resent the extravagance of the students, which they compare with their own straitened or frugal mode of living. In Holland, as in other countries, the students are apt to be spendthrift, and they appear to be more so than they really are because the rest of the community, as we have seen, are so orderly in their expenses. Many of them no doubt leave the university with a load of debt round their necks which it takes years to cast off. Whether their extravagance is the reason or not, the students in Utrecht are no longer allowed the licence they once were. Even their processions are interdicted at times lest they should lead to disturbances with the populace.

With the society of the towns, many of the students are on an intimate footing; but there are some who hold aloof, ostensibly with the view of preserving their liberty of action. The Dutch student leads a singularly untrammelled life. For him there is no Chapel and no Gate. He does not even come under an obligation

to attend any classes. There are students who spend years at the university without entering a class-room. Generally these are young fellows of private fortune, studying in the law, without any intention of practising their profession later, who look upon the years at the university as a time for gaiety and pleasure merely. There are fewer such now than there used to be. The gymnasium system has had the effect of sending lads to the university later in life and presumably with more wisdom than formerly; it is admitted that most of the students work well. But many who work well, and take a brilliant degree, are irregular in their attendance on lectures. There are easier and quicker roads than through the class-room to the knowledge necessary for the examinations. Law students go regularly to lectures for two or three years only out of the six or seven of their course. There is the same freedom in the other Faculties, but for several reasons it is not so generally taken advantage of. The thorough practical knowledge demanded before a medical degree is granted, can only be attained by attendance on the demonstrations of the professors. Theological students, again, are constrained to attend classes more regularly than their fellows by a sense of honour as well as by the instigation of prudence. They pay less, and might be suspected of seeking to live their student's life on false pretences did they not follow the classes closely. They have to keep in view, also, the good conduct leaving-certificate without which advancement in their

profession might be difficult. But between professors and students there are few ties, and the few there are, are being weakened. There used to be a general custom among the professors of giving a "Tea" to which the students were invited, but these mild entertainments are disappearing, and where they linger, attendance on them is as slack as on the lectures, save, perhaps, when the examinations are drawing near. The Dutch student is his own master, and for what he does is accountable to no one, except his parents, it may be, and the canton judge, if in his pursuit of liberty he has had the misfortune to come into conflict with the police.

No account of Dutch university life is complete that does not mention the Corps, in which these scattered and freedom-loving students, otherwise united under no authority, are in a manner held together. There is a Students' Corps in each university, and all of them have very much the same constitution. They comprise all the students save a few, the *boeven*, the knaves, they are called, who cannot afford to pay the necessary subscription, or shrink from undergoing the rough discipline of the novitiate. At the head of the corps, to administer its affairs and attend to all its interests, is a Senate, or College, composed of a Rector, a Secretary, and three members, elected annually, generally from among the students of four years' standing. A member of the Corps is entitled to be elected to the Corps Club and to any of its various social and sports societies. The Corps, in fact, is the heart and spring of student life.

The novice, or "green," has to endure for three or four weeks a severe test of his spirit. The first thing he does is to leave his name with the Senate, after which he starts upon a round of calls upon the members of the Corps. The reception accorded him is of

The Dog in the Cart.

a kind less agreeable to himself than to his entertainer, who discovers a painstaking interest in all his doings, in his religious views, his morals, his scholarship, the various members of his family. Before the interview ends, the "green" has to get a signature to his visiting book, which is examined by the Senate

once a week. From early morning until ten at night, he is at the beck and call of any member of the Corps who may be feeling in need of a little entertainment, and with the best grace he can muster he has to submit to any usage, howsoever insulting, so long as it falls short of physical constraint. It is a bad time for molly-coddles and bumptious fellows. In this common discipline, however, the "greens" of each year are united in an informal body, with certain rights which are jealously preserved. One of them is the sanctity of their social meetings, from which any old member who invades them is expelled by officials whose title of *Uitsmijters* is exactly translated by "Chuckers-out." When the novitiate is ended, the "greens" are formally installed by the Rector in all the privileges of membership, at a special meeting of the Corps; and they too, of course, drive through the streets, decked in the colours of their Faculty, and hold a feast of fraternisation at the Club.

A summer or two ago, I witnessed a pretty pageant with which the Students' Corps of Utrecht celebrated the 260th year of their university. It was during the week of feasting, referred to earlier, in which we discovered Dutchmen shaken out of their accustomed formality. On this occasion, at least, "Town" followed "Gown" into very high jinks. For a week the people of Utrecht were just a little bit "daft." The receptions and orations of the opening day were caught up in a whirl of concert and garden-party, reunion dinner and *bal champêtre*, and the feast-week

ended with a burst of horseplay more boisterous than we should tolerate. The crown of all these university celebrations is a masquerade, representing some historic scene, and on this occasion it was the Tournament in Vienna in 1560, given by Maximilian, King of Bohemia, in honour of his guest, the Duke of Bavaria. It happened that at that time Utrecht had many students of great wealth, and this pageant was specially splendid in consequence. Some two hundred students took part in it, half of them representing historical personages, the others their heralds and bodyguards, and all of them, in armour and trappings and costumes, careful reproductions of the originals. For the whole week they played their mimic parts. Men-at-arms stood at every corner, knights in armour pranced in every street. During that time the student who represented the king held his court, dined in state, with a hundred knights around him, watched the dance from his throne with the beauty of his choice seated beside him, and received the obeisance of the citizens (punctilious on the part of the professors) when he rode out with his retinue. On the field of the tournament even he flew his colours over his pavilion, set beside that where the orange waved above the young and sweet-looking Wilhelmina, and in the name of the *Koning* his mock majesty's heralds announced to the real sovereign that the tournay was at an end. I wonder if the young fellow felt any decline when Sunday morning came, and he had to step out from all the pomp and circumstance of royalty? There were signs at any rate that

the coat of mail sat as heavily upon him as the cares of state are said to do. And, speaking from the spectator's point of view, one never quite lost the sense of a mimic show, — except once, when the procession passed through the Maliebaan in the darkening to the music of pipes and tambours, when the ostrich plumes of the knights reared against the overhanging branches, and their armour glanced in the light of the torches, in the smoky gloom of which the mimicry was hid for a moment, and the pageant of the sixteenth century realised.

GRONINGEN AND THE NORTH

IN a village just across the borders of Drente, there is an inn dining-room that gives upon a pleasant garden. In the garden are a bed of tulips, some hens, more or less of the Dorking breed, and a fox terrier with an unusually long tail. The Dorkings are circumspect in avoiding the flower-bed, except when the long-tailed terrier makes a dash at them, which he does every few minutes, sending them flying with destructive wings among the tulips; whereupon the company in the garden is joined by a jolly and excitable old Dutchman who is distracted between the desire to reach the cause, the terrier, and a wish to bind up the broken consequences in the tulip-bed. During these excursions of his I am left sitting at the dining-room table with my finger on the map of the northern provinces, holding on to the loose end of a demonstration of their character in which my Dutch friend has been interrupted. Possibly because it was delivered in these exciting conditions, I have never forgotten that evening's demonstration. "Butter on one side, peat on the other," he would say as he returned from pursuit of the dog. "You see Meppel, here — a junction. From Meppel and Heereveen and Drachten and Dokkum — put your finger on them — the land

begins to fall away to the sea. All meadows, sir, and the railway line from Meppel to Leeuwarden runs through them. Now this other line from Meppel to Groningen: observe how it runs. Hoogeveen, Assen, Groningen, — sand and heath. Butter on the one — d—n the dog!" But I have learned the lesson: Butter on the one side, peat on the other. It is a capital working direction for the traveller in the northern provinces.

As our first choice is peat, we will take the railway route to Groningen. But before starting by way of it for the fen colonies in the northeast, let us visit two colonies of another kind upon the sandy moorland between the butter and the peat. The first of these are the agricultural estates of a private charitable association, the *Maatschappij van Weldadigheid*, which lie almost due north from Meppel. I take the train to Steenwijk, the first station on the Leeuwarden line that leads into the meadow-lands, and from there drive four or five miles to the entrance of the colonies. On leaving Steenwijk, we pass a low-peat bed with men busy in it extracting the peat. The ground belongs to the town, and the peat upon it is sold to private persons or to a private company, — in this case, the coachman tells us, to some of the townspeople, — who work it. When the peat is all removed, the ground will revert to the town. Our way lies along a canal, into which the country beside it is drained: we can see the mills busy here and there; but many of the fields are wet, many of them completely sub-

merged. In the depressed condition of agriculture, the farmers are probably finding the cost of the draining operations too heavy. We pass into the colony over a neat drawbridge, and find ourselves at the house of the Director, which is flanked by oaks and pines. The Director is not at home, but I am fortunate enough to meet Mr. Bleeker, the head of the Horticultural School, who most courteously offers to drive with me over the colony, and show me all that is to be seen.

But first of all we visit his school, which is just opposite the residence of the Director. Five or six acres of garden lie round the handsome house which, like the Schools of Forestry and Agriculture elsewhere on the estate, were built by Mr. Gerard Adriaan van Swieten, and are called by his name. It is a beautiful morning, so the school-room is empty, and the lads are busy at work outside in the garden and orchard and hot-houses. Mr. Bleeker tells me he has twenty-six boys at present under his instruction. Before they come to him they have passed through one or other of the public schools in the colonies, and when they are ready to leave him and can earn their own living, there will be no difficulty in finding them situations. As with all the young people who go out into the world from the colonies, their careers will be carefully watched, and by an act of grace they may receive assistance should ill-fortune overtake them.

While walking in this beautiful garden, which is always changing its appearance, as the lads are taught

to plant it and lay it out in fresh designs, Mr. Bleeker tells me something of the history of these colonies. Briefly, in the evil days following the French occupation in the beginning of the century, Count van den Bosch founded the Society of Charity, with the purpose of giving poor people the means of livelihood in reclaiming some of the waste lands of the country. A great interest was taken in the work by Prince Frederik, the son of William I., and the first colony, this one on which we are at present, was named Frederiksoord after him. Frederiksoord lies in Drente; to it was added Wilhelminasoord, which is partly in Friesland, and Willemsoord in the northeast corner of Overysel, and, later, Kolonie VII. The four colonies together contain over five thousand acres of land, which when they came into possession of the society were sombre Drente moorland such as I have described earlier. The work is supported by private subscription, and at the moment of my visit sixteen hundred people had their homes on the estate.

Now we can drive through the colonies with some understanding of the conditions in which they have come into existence. A road lined with firs leads past the Forestry School and one of the five public schools, and presently between grass lands with neat little cottages at intervals upon them. In these cottages live the agricultural labourers, the colonists proper, who are paid a weekly wage, from which a small sum is deducted for clothing and the service of the doctor,

and are given their house and a patch of garden ground at a merely nominal rent. There are ninety-one of these colonist families on the estate at the moment. Just beyond the grass lands we come upon the first of the six large farms on which the labourers for the

Washing Day.

most part work. Each farm is from a hundred to a hundred and fifty acres in extent, and is managed by a skilled farmer, a grieve, who is an official. Continuing our drive, we pass a Protestant church, a Roman Catholic church, an almshouse, another farm, and so on for about four miles, when we reach the boundary

of the estate. The ground plan of the colonies is in the shape of the letter T. The road by which we have come through Frederiksoord and Wilhelminasoord is the vertical stem; while the cross-head is represented by Willemsoord and Kolonie VII., which stretch for fifteen miles right and left in a long narrow strip. In these two, also, there are schools and farms and good roads, and in all respects, Mr. Bleeker tells me, they resemble the older colonies, except that in Kolonie VII. there is still a considerable extent of waste ground. Besides the labourers there are on the estate a hundred and seventy free farmers, colonists who after showing skill and industry in agricultural work are made independent by being put into a small farm of five or six acres, for which they pay a rent of from nine to sixteen shillings an acre, according to the quality of the land. I visited one of these free farms, on which lived a man and his wife and three children. With them lodged one of the young apprentices in the Horticultural school, who are admitted from the outside. The farmer took me over his croft, which he worked himself. Part of it was under grass, and he kept a cow, and several pigs. By hard work, he was self-supporting.

On our return drive we alighted to inspect several of the workshops and institutions of the colonies. At the farm Prinses Marianne a new dairy is being built on the most modern lines, to which all the milk on the estate will be brought. On this farm there are twenty-four cows, and two pairs of horses, and while

standing in the farmyard I saw two oxen yoked in a wagon which they were pulling in an erratic manner across the narrow bridge over the canal that ran by the side of the road. I was told that there were some twenty-five draught oxen on the estate. In different workshops in the colonies I saw basket-making, shoemaking, tailoring, chair-making, being carried on, and several handlooms on which jute, cotton, and coco-matting were woven. Six old couples were living in the almshouse; most of them were sunning themselves in their gardens. One man and his wife had just been moved in from a cottage which they had occupied for over fifty years. They admitted that they had been kindly dealt with, and were much better resting here, but the tears ran down their cheeks when they talked of the "old home" they had quitted. The last place I visited was the Protestant cemetery, a quiet spot among trees, decently kept. Two men were working on the shrubs and paths in it when I was there. Mr. Bleeker pointed out to me stones above the graves, which have been erected to the memory of the men and women lying there by sons and daughters born in the colony, who have gone out into the world, and have done well.

I bade good-bye to my agreeable guide, and drove away from Frederiksoord with the conviction, which nothing I saw or heard later changed, that I had been visiting one of the best and the very happiest of the institutions of Holland. It is easy to see defects in it, especially economic defects in the method in which

some of the industries are conducted. I hear of a private, independent, agricultural and industrial colony started in the Veluwe, and it will be interesting to see if it will point out to the charity colonies farther north the way by which such co-operative communities can be made self-supporting. But that the Society of Charity has done a great work no one can doubt who visits Frederiksoord, and reflects that the beautiful estate there, well-farmed, well-ordered, a garden, has been reclaimed from waste by the labour of the waste human products of the country, and that but for it, the sixteen hundred colonists, all of them free, many of them independent and self-supporting, who live busy, contented, and peaceful lives there, might have lapsed into the condition of destitute and vagabond poor.

As to-morrow we are going to visit the Veenhuizen colonies, which lie several miles east of Assen, we continue our journey to that town, after dining in busy, shop-keeping Meppel. Assen, peat-smelling Assen, at ordinary seasons resounds with the screams of stuck pigs, but to-night it is filled with a din, compound of the blare of trumpets, the shrieks of steam-whistles, and the raucous voice of the persuasive showman, that would drown the dying squeals of all the pigs in Drente. We have happened upon the *kermis* week. So long as it retained its character of a fair, the Dutch *kermis* flourished. There were well-known merchants from all countries who attended year after year with special goods, the like of

which for high quality were not to be bought anywhere else. So, at any rate, folks persuaded themselves, and people of all classes made the *kermis* a great shopping time. I know some families who, up to within a year or two ago, bought all their gloves of a certain merchant from the Tyrol, — at least, he wore a Tyrolese hat. These were the days when Basch pitched his magic tent in the centre of the fair, and Carré never failed with his circus; and, after visiting it, the "quality" went on to the *beignet*-saloon and kept the French cooks busy until midnight. Times have changed. Carré and Basch have gone the way that even in Holland the old order must go. The Tyrolese hat has disappeared from behind the canvas stall, and the French cooks fritter their apples on other fires.

So long, however, as there is a *kermis*, there must be *wafels* and *poffertjes;* so often, therefore, as a *kermis* is described, these mysteries must be discovered. Know, then, that *wafels* are thin, square, crisp cakes, with soft fringes, sprinkled with sugar, and seasoned with cinnamon, and baked in a flat folding-iron while you wait. Greatly more imposing is the manufacture of the *poffertje*. High aloft, beside two tubs of burnished brass, one containing batter, the other sugar, a woman sits facing a fierce fire of wood. On the fire is a huge iron girdle, with little hollows in it, and beside it a man-cook, with a tossing-fork in his hand. You have ordered your *poffertjes*, and retired within one of the little compartments into

which the tent is curtained off. The cook deftly brushes the girdle with butter, the woman as deftly ladles the batter into the hollows, the cook turns it over with his fork, in a second or two twenty-four cakes are whipped upon a plate, a pat of butter in the centre of them, and sugar all over, and they are handed in to you, — twenty-four *poffertjes*, according to special *kermis* recipe.

In Assen, to-night, there is abundance of these more or less succulent wonders, but nothing else to suggest an institution peculiarly Dutch. One prettily shaded alley is lined with stalls of merchandise, but the business done at them is mostly in fairings. Even in desolate Drente the market has fallen into decay. At the farther end of the alley, the centre of all the noise and glare, are shows and steam merry-go-rounds at which a crowd of townspeople gape solemnly. A few girls, sillier than their neighbours, persist in getting giddy on the necks of the nodding horses. Now and then the silver helmet of a peasant woman sparkles up through the interstices of her lace cap, to remind us that we are not at a degenerate market at home. But there are few peasants here, though Assen is full of them to-night. So I have noticed, that at a Scots feeing-market the ploughmen and their sweethearts dance on the green, and leave the merry-go-rounds to the burgher lads and lasses. The peasants in Assen are not dancing, but on the other side of the town, on our way hither, we saw them buzzing about a public-house door, — squat and

brisk little figures, the women seemed, under their bullet-shaped headgear, — like bees about a hive. I cannot say that there are any indications of the orgies with which the Dutch *kermis* has come to be associated. It is a silly, noisy festival, — not vicious, apparently. But I only repeat what you will be told

A Kermis Fantasy.
From a drawing by Henricus.

a hundred times in Holland itself, when I say that there is in the Dutch peasant a strain of brutishness, — the old Dutch pictures prepare us for that, — and that the *kermis* is a season of deplorable license still. Several years ago, the magistracy of Amsterdam braved a riot and abolished the festival, substituting tamer frolics for it, and in many other places their

example has been followed. The *kermis* is dying hard, but it is dying, and nobody in Holland will lament it.

The road from Assen to Veenhuizen lies along canals, at first pleasantly through hamlets and green fields, but afterwards over a dreary Drente moor, across which the northwest wind blows viciously, nipping us to the bone even in the sunniest corner of the Napoleon. There is a compensation in the discomfort of the journey; for when we do reach Veenhuizen we better appreciate the reclamation that has been carried out there. We have found another Frederiksoord, so it appears, a green spot planted in this desert of heath. As a matter of fact, the Veenhuizen colonies at one time were part of the estates of the Society of Charity, which afterwards sold the land — it was the poorest land on the property — to Government; and to describe them would be to paint in slightly less glowing colours the charity colonies out from Steenwijk, which we have visited already. When we enter the colony, however, there are many indications that this is not an institution like that which delighted us yesterday. A sentry-box here and there, the barracks built round the square, the official in uniform at the entrance, and especially the distinctive green-brown dress of the colonists unloading the boat on the canal, remind us that this is not free Frederiksoord but penal Veenhuizen.

In Holland, besides the prisons proper, there are penal educational and working institutions under State control. A child who is not yet ten years old

is never brought before a criminal judge, but the civil chamber of the tribunal can commit him for a period, at farthest until he is eighteen, to one of these educational establishments. A judge has it in his power to deal in the same way with children between the years of ten and sixteen who are charged before him. Of the penal working institutions, again, the chief is this colony at Veenhuizen. Here are sent, for periods varying from three months to three years, convicted beggars and tramps who are capable of working, and also men who have been convicted of drunkenness three times within a year. There used to be a similar colony at Ommerschans, in Overysel, but it has been done away with. Until recently, the first establishment at Veenhuizen — there are three in all — was for women, but vagabond women are now sent to Rotterdam.

I have an introduction to the Director of this first establishment, but, finding that there is a Government inspection there to-day, we drive on to Number Three, over which we are conducted by its Director, Count van Limburg-Stirum, who very kindly offers to be our guide. Later in the afternoon we return to Number Two, and are shown over it also. There is no need for the reader to follow us step by step. In the three colonies there are over three thousand persons. The official quarters are separated from the convict barracks, where the beggars live, sleeping in hammocks, slung from the not too lofty roofs of the dormitories, in which also they take their food. This

old and bad arrangement, Count van Limburg-Stirum points out, is in course of being abolished; and afterwards, in the second colony, we are taken over new barracks, nearly ready for occupation, in which the beggars will live and eat in common rooms on the ground floor, while each will have an isolated night cell on the first storey. Black bread is the chief food of the colonists. They are given no luxuries. But of the wages paid them for their work, which run to about tenpence or a shilling per week on the average, they are allowed to spend two-thirds in the canteen, on butter, bacon, and tobacco; the remaining third is retained in the hands of the direction until the day comes when the colonist must go out into the world again. The work done at Veenhuizen is very varied. Number Three colony reminded us a good deal of Frederiksoord. Agriculture was extensively carried on, with fairly successful results; there was a good deal of planting, and we were taken through matting, tailoring, shoe-making, and weaving shops, as well as over a farm-steading. At Number Two, there are more extensive industries than any in the charity colonies. We visited workshops in which smiths and carpenters were engaged on jobs of considerable size. The colonists manufacture or rear almost all that they require, — their clothes, food, and blankets, — that is the sum of their needs; and they provide most things for the officials and for the carrying on of colony work. I saw one man mending a keeper's watch, and others forging a spring for the

Director's landau. The new barracks are built entirely by colony hands.

Are these beggar colonies, then, a successful experiment? Public opinion in Holland certainly says that they are not, and I carried away the impression that the enlightened opinion in the colonies themselves was much of the same way of thinking. There are flaws in the institution which no attempt is made to hide. With perfect frankness, weak points as well as strong were pointed out to us. Veenhuizen is not self-supporting. It is conducted, deliberately, upon a system that makes it impossible for it ever to be self-supporting. Work must be found for the inmates, yet through their work the State must not come into active competition with private enterprise. Such is the policy adopted; consequently, on principle, improved machinery is not introduced into the workshops. Slow and cumbrous methods are preferred because, by means of them, these idle hands can be kept longer employed. Save in one of the shops, where newer machinery has to be used if the colony is to retain certain Government contracts in cloths, all the weaving is done on hand-looms. It costs the country thirty thousand pounds a year to keep up Veenhuizen, and, let it be said at once, that is not an excessive sum for the work done, considering the manner of the doing of it. If any considerable proportion of the colonists who pass through Veenhuizen leave vagabond habits behind them, and enter upon a steady and regular life of work, Holland

purchases the reformation of her beggars cheaply. Only, the pertinent question may be asked, "If such is the result, why is not the system extended?" Though Holland is not a beggarly country, — far from it, — she has more tramps out of Veenhuizen still than ever have been in it. The State, it is very certain, does not contemplate the establishment of other Veenhuizens. Rather, I have the conviction, it looks upon the one it has got already as a white elephant which it must maintain with as little of a wry face as possible. And the reason is that Veenhuizen does not exercise an educative influence, and that it is doubtful if to any great extent the inmates of it represent the real vagabondage of the country. It is openly acknowledged that the same people, as a rule, are to be found in Veenhuizen year after year. There are desertions from it; but rarely only. Count Van Limburg-Stirum told me that it was only first-term colonists, as a rule, who gave trouble. There is testimony in that fact, no doubt, to the consideration with which the inmates, who in reality are prisoners, are treated; but the true explanation is that it is as easy for tramps and beggars, who have no fancy for the life at Veenhuizen, to keep out of it, as it is for the colonists who desire it to get sent back when their term there has expired. One man with whom I spoke had worked for fifteen years in London. "I had a nice house out Kilburn way," he told me, "and made big wages. It's a fine place to live in," he added with a sigh; he meant London, let me say, lest

any Kilburn person should be unnecessarily exalted. "Why did he leave it? A feeling for the old country, I suppose." Now he was in Veenhuizen, because of drink, of course; a man well up in years, too old to return to his old job in London, much as he would like it. I am certain he did not contemplate being out of Veenhuizen for any length of time during the rest of his days. Another colonist with whom I spoke was more explicit. He was a clever mechanic, I was given to understand; he had the face of a very clever man; and he spoke several languages. When he was freed from the restraints of Veenhuizen, he went wrong with drink; so he told me, and also, that as soon as possible after he left the colony he was back again. That was easy, by tacit understanding with the police. Evidently he looked upon Veenhuizen as a free asylum in which he voluntarily placed himself. I do not wish to press the point unduly, but I believe it is not denied that very many of the colonists are voluntary inmates of this penal establishment, and are sent to it with the connivance of the authorities in the towns. The police must know very well when a man begs flagrantly under their noses in order to be arrested. And when it is not a haven for numbed ambitions and conscious weakness of will, Veenhuizen is a shelter in winter for the vagabond who likes to tramp in the summer sunny weather only. The soundest justification for its existence is that by means of it three thousand idle men are kept off the streets (which is much),

TRAMPS.

From a painting by J. H. Wijsmuller.

— and that (which is more), the vagabond population is not added to so quickly as otherwise it would be. But the charity colonies, defective as their principle is in many ways, suggest a system whereby these ends might be reached without the attendant evils of Veenhuizen, and I do not think that it will be long before Holland, which has always been an open-minded pioneer in her treatment of the indigent and vagabond poor, and is in many ways favourably situated to be so, — in Veenhuizen itself, let it be remembered, she was far in advance of other countries, — remodels her beggar colonies, and works them upon a more enlightened method.

These charity and penal colonies have kept us too long out of Groningen, busiest and most flourishing of Dutch provinces, whose inhabitants have a reputation for clever heads, and but little of the artistic instinct. The city of Groningen especially compels the homage of the visitor to Holland. She wears a royal air. Unfortunately, we cannot linger in the great market place or in the handsome boulevards, for we are in search of the peat which is the object of our journey northwards, and the famous peat-colonies lie far to the eastward.

Peat, butter, and the herring, — these are the three great products of Holland. The herring industry is one of her departed glories, and we shall learn something of its history when we visit the fishing-towns on the Maas. In Friesland, the land of butter, as the old gentleman at Meppel taught us, we shall see how

she is struggling to keep a market for her dairy-produce. In both, her competitors have outstripped her; but in the preparation of peat, she is without a rival. The peat-boats on her canals are even more characteristic than the black-and-white cattle of her meadows, or the full-bellied *boms* of Scheveningen and Katwijk.

The reader must understand, however, that the peat beds of Holland are of two kinds. Hard peat, or hard *turf*, as the Dutch call it, is found in the low beds, under a layer of clay of varying thickness. When the bed is opened, this layer is carefully put aside. The peat is removed, the water drained off; and the clay is replaced, mixed with sand, and excellent crops are grown upon it. The peat itself, having been removed by dredging from the water in which it lies in saturation, is spread upon the neighbouring ground, kneaded and treaded, and so brought by the sun and the pressure of human foot to a consistency at which manipulation of it is possible; then it is cut, stacked, dried, and ultimately sent to market. That is the history of the fine, hard peat that is used in the stoves of houses, and in the footstools with which my lady keeps herself comfortable in church; and it has been explained earlier in this book how the exhaustion and non-draining of low peat-beds — often at the expense of fine agricultural land — was the origin of many of the stretches of water which covered the face of the Dutch lowlands in earlier days. The high-fens, again, are beds, several feet in thickness, of peat of a lighter,

softer, more fibrous nature; they stretch, as has been shown already, right down the east of Groningen and Drente, and across the German borders, and one such bed is the notorious Peel, in Brabant and in Limburg, which the reader has visited earlier in his journey. On the northern beds, for two hundred years and more, the famous Groningen fen-colonies have been established, removing the peat, making a new soil, and transforming the dreariest into the greenest landscape. To-day, the great reclaiming energy has been transferred from them to the new colonies of New Amsterdam and New Dordrecht, in the extreme south-east of Drente. Still, near Buinen, we have heard, where the older Groningen colonies have reached into the province of Drente, a high peat-bed is being dug, and we are going there in the hope of receiving from the cultivated fields side by side with the opened high-fen an object lesson in this work of reclamation.

The railway journey, at first through beautiful meadow-land, but afterwards among fields submerged and looking like a green sea, and past the Kropswolde Meer, which is ridden by little snarling waves, ends at Zuidbroek; there, a horse-car stands ready to take us to Veendam, and so on through the fen-colonies. A few minutes in the car brings us to the beginning of Veendam; half an hour has gone before we reach the end of it. It is one long, never-ending street; or, rather, it is an interminable canal lined on each side by an interminable row of houses. Immediately be-

hind the houses the fields begin. By-and-bye, we reach a junction from which a road leads to Pekela, the oldest of the colonies, but we keep on to Wildervank, unconscious where it begins and Veendam ends; and when, as the conductor announces, we pass beyond Wildervank, still the road runs on between the two lines of houses. The explanation is found in the development of a fen-colony. As a first step, canals are constructed, into which the fen is to be drained. That done, the peat-diggers arrive, and of course they settle upon the canal banks. By-and-bye shops spring up; a church and a school follow. The peat is carried to the towns in boats, which return laden with the town's refuse out of which the new soil is to be formed; the rich crops of the colonies here are the products of the refuse of Groningen; and in time boat-building yards dot the canals. In earlier days the peat-boats were all of wood, but now iron-boats can be seen on the stocks, and the clang of the hammers on them is carried far down the canals. Larger houses took the place of the diggers' huts, but always, howsoever the colony increased, it stretched along the canal, never back from it. Thus Veendam and Wildervank are explained.

Somewhere beyond Wildervank, but where exactly I am not certain, there lives a farmer, — one of the clever Drente farmers, says my informant, among whom are to be found the highest agricultural skill and enterprise in the country, — and to him I am to present myself with an informal introduction. I am

to mention to him a name that (so I am assured) will be "open sesame" to his good graces, and am then to say, "Sir, we have come through divers perils by land and water to the end of the world here, to see a high-peat bed; and if you do not assist us, then shall all our travail have been in vain." With this upon our minds, we go as far as the tramway will take us; not without adventures that seem to justify our descent upon the unhappy man, or such is the feeling we encourage. When we have alighted, we are directed to a destination, estimated by the Dutch methods of calculation as being distant "one hour walking." The way is not uninviting. The hot, bright monotony of the landscape is varied by vicious rain-clouds that gather and break in a flood of shadow. In the fields around us is proof of the clever Drente farming, and its success is indicated by the handsome farm-houses, which within their little clusters of sheltering wood have the air of mansions. At length, the farm where the Unknown lives is pointed out to us, and almost before we have realised our rashness, we are reciting to him our extraordinary tale.

The pass-word name does not appear to be "open sesame." As we approached his door, we had seen the farmer seated at a little window-nook that commands the bridge spanning the canal from the road to the gateway, his unwavering eye upon it, the ruminant pipe between his lips. Now, as we stand before him, that eye is upon us as unwaveringly, while he

bids us repeat the talismanic name, and asks us, with long, pondering puffs between, the manner and the purport of our journey. In these moments of suspense, there rises before my mind a vision, and I murmur to myself, President Paul Kruger. Then, suddenly, he throws wide hospitable portals, and passes round the cigar box, and by-and-bye, while the horse is being yoked in the gig, carries us over his farm, — cow-house, stable, pig-shed, — into the very fields, where he scrapes away a few inches of surface soil with his fingers to discover for us the peat in which his fine barley is rooted. It turned out a red-letter expedition; but the reader may only hear of the high-peat bed.

It lay at the end of a two-hours' drive, and the ultimate, black, terrifying steppe in the world it seemed. Entering upon it, drained though it was, the foot sank deeper at every stride, and the imagination pictured the horror and despair of the forwandered waggoner of earlier times when he found himself and his horses and cart sinking slowly into that infernal moss, where the antiseptic peat would preserve his bones till the digger of later days should rake them out. A hundred yards in front of us, where the horrid black tumuli of peat are thickest-set, there is a digger at work. He is a swank man, middle-aged, clean-shaven. His coat is off; besides his shirt, he wears tight knee-breeches, and green stockings, — blue stockings, weather-stained to green. His shoes have flat, extended soles, to prevent his sinking in the sloppy

hole in which he works. His curiously-shaped spade has a blade the breadth of a peat, and as sharp as the north wind that whistles across the moor in spring. With it, with practised skill, he slices through the pulpy bed; first vertically, standing upon the level of the moor, then, down in the pit, horizontally; next, with the same spade, he lifts the peats, one by one, and flings them, in perfect order, upon the open barrow beside him. When it is filled the barrow is wheeled up to the stack, and by a deft movement capsised so that the cubes fall in an orderly heap. So the peat is dug from the bed to a depth of several feet.

A rain-squall scurries across the moor, and we take shelter in lee of one of the stacks of drying peat. The cubes have shrunk to a third of their original size, as the moisture evaporated. The peats are estimated at ten thousand to the stack, which, of the quality in this moor here, will fetch in the market about forty shillings. Such a stack is, roughly speaking, one day's work for six men, who are paid nine guilders for it. Reckoning thus, we fix the digger's weekly wage at nine guilders, or fifteen shillings. Most men, however, make more, — from twelve to fifteen guilders; and they work hard for it, and from the middle of March to the end of June only. This man has been out on the moor since four o'clock in the morning, and he will not leave it until six to-night. He brings his coffee with him; his coffee-pot is kept warm on the little

tuft of burning peat, yonder, from which a wisp of smoke battles with the rain. Lying near him is his little tin of oil, with which he rubs his hands to keep them from cracking. "How many diggers are there in the peat-colonies?" I ask him, when the storm has passed, and we cross to him again. "Seven hundred men in Drente alone, not counting the women and children," he replies, and I almost believe I hear the brogue. "The women and children do the stacking and drying," he goes on, "three guilders a week; but it's not woman's work." "What! Are you a Socialist?" says the Drente farmer. "No, not a Socialist. But it's not woman's work," replies the digger stoutly, and scans the moor as if he might expect the *maréchaussées* to be down upon him.

It is a far cry from Buinen to The Peel, but we must make the journey in order to see a new industry that has sprung up on the peat-beds. The peat on The Peel is very similar to that in Drente, and it, also, is being dug for fuel. But from the upper mossy layers there is made a litter for cattle and horses, known as moss-litter, large quantities of which are exported to Germany, France, England, and Belgium. There is a considerable industry in this on English peat-moors, and English capital is invested in a moss-litter company on The Peel itself, close by the station Helenaveen on the railway route from Flushing to Cologne. It is, however, a Dutch Company's property, Helenaveen, some miles to the south of the

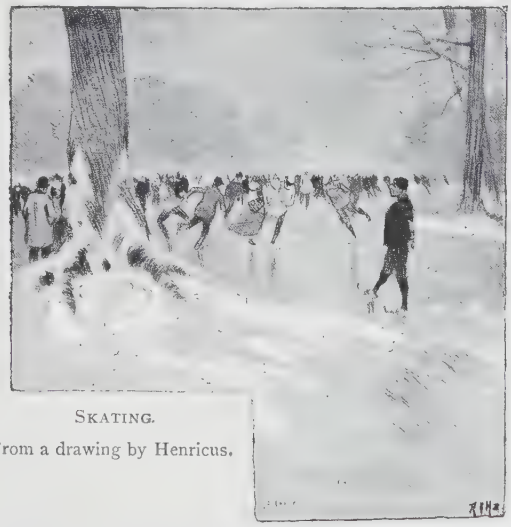
other, that we are going to visit. The manager of the company, Mr. van Blocquerij, has very kindly sent his carriage to meet us; and we repeat an old experience when we drive along the canals, down which the laden peat-boats crawl, and by-and-bye leave the bare black moorland for the green fields of the settlement. The making of moss-litter is neither an elaborate nor a particularly interesting process. As our visit is paid in spring, we find the floating mill moored near the peat-bed that is being worked at the moment; the peat is manipulated in it, and the litter is shipped in compressed bales. Before the canals become ice-bound, the mill is anchored near the station, and is supplied with peat from a store that has been brought there against the winter. At Helenaveen, too, the fibrous moss from which the litter is separated is treated by simple and ingenious machinery, and converted into various products that are valuable on account of their antiseptic qualities. A fine fibre is produced, for example, that can be used medicinally like cotton-wool.

It is considered as a settlement, however, that this property of the Helenaveen company is most interesting. In many ways it is a model colony. How admirably it is conducted is shown by the fact that when, shortly before his death, King William III. offered a premium for the encouragement of the cultivation of waste lands in Holland, it was to the Helenaveen settlement that it was awarded. The boundaries of the estate would be extended farther in

RYE-BREAD.

certain directions, were it not for the disinclination of the neighbouring commune to sell the peat on its common moor. In a characteristic Dutch manner, the commune is looking far forward. When the peat is cleared, it argues, the colonists may not continue to thrive on its agriculture, and the burden of their poverty will fall upon the commune. There may be some foundation for that fear, of course; but at present, at any rate, Helenaveen is prosperous. The fields are fertile. Possibly in time the company may see its way to launch out into new industries. There appears to be no reason why here, as in the fen-colonies in the north, there should not be a factory for making meal from the potato, which grows so well on this soil. The planting done on the estate has had successful results which ought to encourage the Dutch Forestry Society in its endeavours to extend the improvement of heaths and moors. From his house-windows Mr. van Blocquerij pointed out to us peeps of wood and garden of which he was justly proud. Helenaveen is a commercial undertaking, but it was evident that the management have closely at heart the well-being of all who live on the property; and as we drove through it, the model cottages, the gardens, the well-favoured people on the roads, women and children returning from the bakery with the rye-bread under their arms, the workers coming off the moor with a ready salute for us as we passed, — all gave us the pleasantest impression of this desert place made green.

Back to Groningen, and thence through the meadowlands of Friesland by interesting stages: long, straggling, wooded Dragten, where the inevitable inquiry, "Have you come from Holland?" begins; Leeuwarden, picturesque capital of the province, on holiday, when we arrive in it, because of the horse-races; Franeker, the seat of one of the universities



SKATING.
From a drawing by Henricus.

suppressed by Napoleon; Harlingen, Bolsward, Sneek, that skim the cream from these meadows; Hindelopen, the museum of old Friesland; Stavoren, decayed Hanse town, where the boat waits that will carry us across the Zuider Zee to Enkhuizen. We have been passing through the great butter country.

Dutch dairy produce has lost the hold of the world's market which it had for several centuries, but for that

the Dutch farmer is not wholly to blame. Antiquated methods are only one cause of the decline, and it was not the boers alone who practised them. An extensive industry in margarine sprang up some years ago and choked the butter trade. I find that down to 1885, pure butter and this butterine were exported without proper differentiation. In that year, the import into England from Holland of butter and butterine was returned at a gross figure of a little over a million pounds. For 1886, when the imports were returned separately, the figures were 835,328 lbs. of butterine to 359,000 lbs. of butter. By 1894 the butter had dropped to 165,000 lbs., and the butterine had risen to 1,045,330 lbs. That gives some idea of the condition into which the trade had fallen. Meanwhile the pure butter was not of a quality to compete with the produce of America and Denmark with their improved systems of manufacture. It could not be. Then, as now, the Dutch boers housed their cattle well, generally under the same roof as themselves, and generally yielding up to them the southern and western exposures. The cleanliness of the Dutch cow-houses, of course, has always been notorious. But then, as now, the farms were small. They do not, and did not, as a rule, exceed a hundred acres; the average possibly is not above thirty acres. On most of them, it is true, as many cows are kept as there are hectares, but even so the milk produce of each must be insignificant. The middleman's cart was sent round these small farms to collect their produce,

and all the contributions were mixed together and the mass exported under one brand. That was the practice frequently, at any rate, in Friesland and the other butter-producing provinces, and it is no wonder, therefore, that Dutch butter ceased to command the market.

Happily, there has been a change in all this in the last few years. The black and white kine of the meadowlands are mostly of a breed closely related to the Holsteins. They are large and massive animals. "The beeves of Holland and Friesland are very great," wrote Guicchardini at the end of the sixteenth century. Guicchardini visited the country some thirty years after Paul Potter painted his famous "Bull," of which an English agriculturist, Mr. J. K. Fowler, says that it is such a wretch that "I would not have allowed him to look over a hedge into the field where my shorthorns were grazing." But English breeders have made great advances in shape and colour and quality since Paul Potter's day, and so have the Dutch. Many of the boers, though by no means the majority, enter their animals in the provincial herd-books. More care, too, is being taken to breed from milkers, with the result that the cows, while poor in the production of meat, are deep milkers. For quantity of milk, the Dutch cows have always been noted. On the other hand the milk is not of the highest quality. Mr. Fowler believes, and Dutch farmers have told me something of the same kind, that a well-bred Guernsey and Jersey will often produce as

much butter as two Dutch cows, even if she is only half their size.

But the thing most necessary in order to restore the position and good name of Dutch dairy produce was a system of combination in improved manufacture such as exists in the countries competing with it. That is now to be found increasingly throughout all Holland. Everywhere, *zuivel-fabrieken* (as butter-and-cheese factories are called), are as common as *sigaren-fabrieken.* They are of all sizes, and are worked according to a great variety of conditions. In a very large factory that I visited, one of three in the country belonging to the same company, the manufacture of condensed milk, begun on a small scale, has increased to such proportions that a building is being erected for refining the sugar required in the process. A cheap condensed milk is made from milk from which the butter-fat has been extracted, and so there is a considerable production of butter as well. Over the three factories, fully one hundred thousand litres of milk daily, the produce of many thousands of cows, are contracted for. Employment is given to six hundred hands, and from the carriage entailed a benefit accrues to the country. On the other hand, the picturesque butter market is disappearing in those places where such large concerns are established. Even more interesting and advantageous are the small factories that one meets with, often conducted on a co-operative system with a division of profits. In one of these which I saw in Drente, as many as one hun-

THE MILCH-COW.

From a painting by Anton Mauve.

dred and eighty farmers were co-operating. The farms were small, mere crofts, and the output was a very trifling contribution to the Harlingen export, but the results quite satisfied the farmers. Another, in North Brabant, was still more modest. The milk of a hundred or a hundred and fifty cows only was treated, and the machinery was worked by hand; yet the experiment was considered successful. In still another factory, in South Holland, to which some forty fair-sized farms sent their milk, the more exacting demands of a private company were met by a very fair dividend. In all these factories there is emulation after the most improved methods. Competition secures that. Moreover, there is a healthy competition among the farmers themselves. Twice or thrice a week their milk is tested, and they profit according to its quality. A farmer who finds himself beaten in quality by a neighbour will experiment in feeding his cows, and if his milk still fails in butter-fats, he will probably conclude that his animals are not so good as they ought to be, and will replace them when he can buy better. And this admirable rivalry flourishes especially in the smaller combinations. In Overysel the factories are united in a bond, with a trademark, and the members bind themselves by heavy penalties to sustain a certain quality. In Drente at the moment of writing a similar union is in contemplation. It may be the same in other provinces. At any rate, as the result of all these endeavours, Dutch butter is taking a better place in the market. It is acquiring

a better name, — the first step. The import into England is rising, slowly, it is true, but, in proportion, more quickly than that from other countries which do an enormously larger business. The volume of Dutch dairy produce indeed is ridiculously small beside the world's production, but to Holland with her tiny farms sustaining a frugal and hard-living population a slight increase in it means much.

AMSTERDAM AND THE HOLLAND PROVINCES.

LANDED at Enkhuizen, we know ourselves once more in the real Holland. A hundred subtle indications proclaim it. The provinces we have been visiting have their special interests. Each of them possesses one thing or another peculiarly its own, as we have seen. But besides characteristics particular or shared with other countries, there is in them all a something properly Dutch, and the true sources of it are the Holland provinces. In them are rooted the distinctive qualities of the Dutch and of their country. To them lead all the clues we have been following, bringing us to the illustration and the proof at once of all we are in search of. In those low-lying provinces, pre-eminently, are found the constituents of the fight with the waters: the sea, the rivers, the canals, the dikes and dunes, the mills and polders. In them also are the meadowlands, the kine, dairying and haymaking; the low-peat beds; the North Sea fishing fleets: in fullest measure and activity the ancient industries. Into their ports are entered the wealth of the Indies, the fruits and spices of the lands which their mariners discovered and their adventurers settled; and through their ports passes the commerce of middle-Europe. The municipal

greatness of Holland, the civic foundation on which she has been built, lies in their close-set towns, that in their history discover the history of the nation, every one of them a landmark in that history; in their innumerable villages hum the looms of human industry on which she weaves her prosperity. And, again, it is in them, in the Rijks Museum, in the Maurits Huis, in Haarlem and Rotterdam, in private collections in Amsterdam and The Hague and Dordrecht, that are treasured the great pictures; and when we travel through them, more vividly than anywhere else in the country do we find repeated for us the condition of life and quality of landscape to which that art was devoted, and see displayed the same passion for colour, perhaps, as inspired it. Or if we come to the more personal characteristics of the Dutch people, — simplicity in private life, the instinct for security, the love of order, — it is in these provinces that they are chiefly exhibited. It was not without reason that in other parts of the country we were greeted with a "Have you come from Holland?" The true Dutch sources are there.

Every New Year's day, and for several days afterwards, there is played in the theatres of Amsterdam Vondel's tragedy "Gysbrecht van Amstel," which for some reason or other always is followed by "De Bruiloft van Kloris en Roosje." The only thing I remember about "The Wedding of Kloris and Roosje," is that in one scene the characters sit down together to a dinner which is not the usual stage sham, but a real

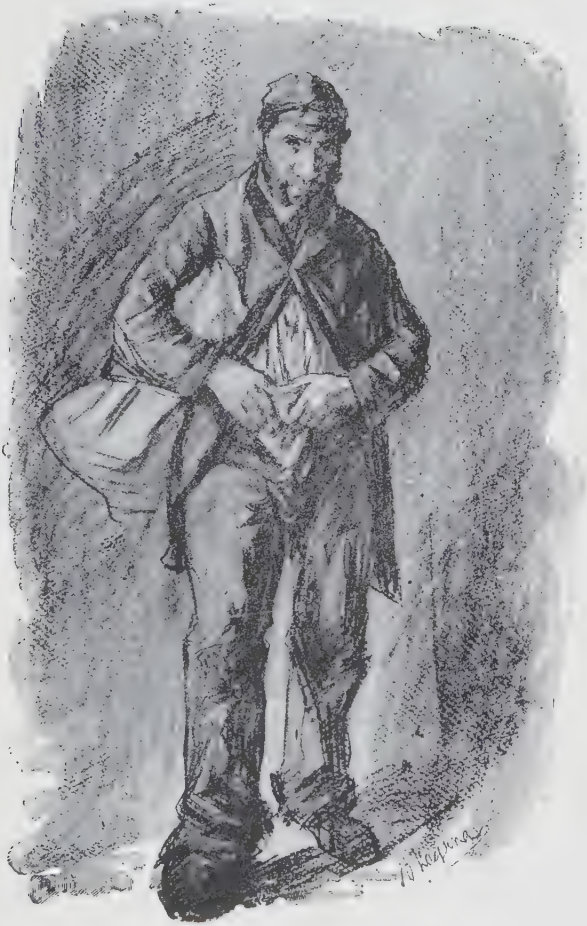
feast, to the representation of which the actors bring an excess of realism. Vondel's play has a more admirable interest. It was written for the opening of the first theatre in Amsterdam in 1638, and commemorates the tragedy of Gysbrecht, the fourth Lord of

Street Vendor.

Amstel, who lost his independence to Floris V., one of the great Counts of Holland. The story of Gysbrecht is the earliest history of Amsterdam. His castle stood on the Amstel, near the centre of the present busy Nieuwendijk, and was destroyed in 1304. Here we have a guide to the oldest part of

the city. It is the well-known Warmoesstraat, the place, as the name indicates, where fruit and vegetables were grown. Leading to it was a low place with reeds and water plants, the present Niezel, a low place still, in another sense. Amsterdam, as everybody knows, is built upon a swamp. On the east side of the Warmoesstraat, then, there ran, in 1300, from the Old Church, the building of which had already begun possibly, to near the present Dam Straat, a row of houses, — all of Amsterdam that was in existence, when the Court of Holland destroyed Gysbrecht's castle, according to Vondel's tragedy. It was merely a fishing-village on the Amstel, which at this point fell into the Zuider Zee, and its harbour was at the Damrak, below the Dam, which an earlier Gysbrecht had built against the "inroad of the waters," which is the meaning of the name The Rokin. To this village, Count Floris gave so many and valuable trading privileges in Holland, Zeeland, and Friesland, that in fifty years it had extended to both sides of the Damrak, and of The Rokin as well, forming the close-set and tortuous quarter within the limits of the Nieuwe Zijde Voorburgwal and the Oude Zijde Voorburgwal which the visitor in Amsterdam does well to explore. By the end of the century, it had spread to the Spui Straat on the one side and to the Oude Zijde Achterburgwal on the other, and was a Hanse town, with a fleet sailing out of the channels of the Vlie and the Texel that carried on with the Baltic ports a commerce which competed with that of Bruges and of Antwerp.

It was during the War of Eighty Years, however, that Amsterdam became one of the first cities of Europe, even as Holland took a leading place then among nations. At the beginning of the struggle, the walls ran along the inner side of the inner singel on the west and southwest, from the Y to the Ox Sluice, in which the Kalver Straat ended, and the Sheep Plein, now known as the Sophia Plein; and then, east and north by the Kloveniers Burgwal, over the Nieuwe Maart, and along the Geldersche Kade, at the end of which, upon the Y, again, there had been built by this time the famous Schreiers' Toren, the "Weepers' Tower," where wives and children bade good-bye to husbands and fathers who were sailing away from the city. Such were the boundaries of Amsterdam at the beginning of the life and death struggle from which Holland emerged triumphant. To note how the city grew between that time and the Peace of Westphalia is a lesson in Dutch history, and makes it delightful to wander through its old streets. Merchants of Brabant and Flanders, driven from the south by religious persecutions, crowded into the northern capital when she threw off Spanish yoke; still more arrived when eight years later Antwerp acknowledged Spain again. With them came new life and capital, and a spirit of enterprise. By the end of the sixteenth century the fortified walls followed more or less the crescent of the present Heeren Gracht; that means, as a slight acquaintance with Amsterdam tells us, that on the east side there had



An Amsterdam Type.
By B. Leas de Leguna.

sprung up a new town as large as the old. On the west, meanwhile, the city was extending with the extension of the nation's enterprises. The Dutch East India Company had been founded. Through the spice monopoly, Amsterdam was become one of the wealthiest cities of Europe. Sir Thomas Overbury, who visited her in 1609, describes her as surpassing Seville, Lisbon, or any other Mart Town in Christendom, with her appropriation of the East Indies trade, for which forty ships were maintained, besides a great fleet that sailed twice a year to the Baltic. As Bernardin de Saint Pierre wrote later, the real pillars of the Republic were those of the Bourse of Amsterdam, every one of which was the centre of the commerce of some part of the world, and bore such names as Bordeaux, London, Archangel, and Surinam. It seemed, he said, "as if the Dutch were the proprietors of the whole world, of which the other natives were only the *fermiers*." Their rise to commercial greatness was extraordinary indeed. They built their ships from the wood-yards of Russia and Sweden, where also were their warehouses of hemp and hides, their mines of copper and iron, the arsenals of their army and navy. Their granaries were at Dantzig, their wardrobe in Germany; Leipsic and Frankfort supplied them with the linen and wools of Saxony and Silesia. Their vineyards were in France, their wine-vaults at Bordeaux, their gardens in Provence and Italy. Asia and its islands furnished them with tea and spices, silks and pearls;

for them the Chinese baked porcelain, the Indians wove muslin; for them Africa displayed on the banks of her rivers pepper and gums, and sent her black children to dig gold in Peru and diamonds in Brazil, and to plant in America fields of sugar and coffee, indigo, cotton, and tobacco. Of all this wonderful commerce, which the French traveller described so enthusiastically, Amsterdam was the centre. Early in the seventeenth century, much of it was in the hands of Jews from Portugal, who had been attracted to the city by the repute she had for spirit and freedom. When Sir William Brereton visited Amsterdam, a quarter of a century later than Sir Thomas Overbury, there were about three hundred Jewish families there, mostly from Portugal, who lived in a street called the Jews' Street. It was almost immediately after his visit that the German Jews came flocking into the city, swelling the Jewish quarter, which lay, as it lies still, in the great new extension in the east, which we have referred to already. When at length the independence of the Republic was acknowledged, stately houses and warehouses lined the Heeren Gracht, the Keisers Gracht, and the Prinsen Gracht as far south as the Leidsche canal. Between them and the Lynbaans Gracht, eastward, the crowded region of De Jordaan sprang up. It was here that the French Protestants settled when Amsterdam gave them a home after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The streets and canals in it bore the names of flowers, — Rozenstraat, Egalantinstraat, Linden

Gracht, Palmstraat; hence it was called *le jardin*, now corrupted into *de jordaan*. In the half-century that succeeded the war with Spain, the crescent was completed on the south and west. In the bight of the Heeren Gracht — *de bocht*, as it is called — arose mansions of special magnificence. Three islands were constructed on the north, then, — Kattenburg, Wittenburg, and Oostenburg, where to-day the dock-labourers live. Between the islands and the Jewish quarter was the Amsterdammers' resort, the Plantage, where now are the Zoölogical Gardens. At this period, too, waters were converted into dry lands; as, for example, the site of the Diaconie Weeshuis, the Casino, and other buildings on the Binnin Amstel. The reader saw that at the beginning of the War of Independence the city walls lined the inner singel. Now, at the end of the seventeenth century, they ran along the outer singel. Between the two lies the history of Holland in the hundred and fifty years of her greatness.

The later history of Amsterdam might be followed pleasantly in the history of the Royal Palace on the Dam. It was built towards the end of the period of which I have been writing, as a Town-Hall, on the site of an older Town-Hall. There was a rival scheme, — for the city could not afford both: the Palace cost £670,000, — to build a tower upon the New Church higher than Utrecht Dom itself; when after many bickerings the plan for a Stadhuis was adopted, the old Town-Hall was mysteriously burned

An Amsterdam Type.
From a drawing by B. Leas de Leguna.

down, which the Amsterdammers thought was a providential arrangement. Even after the building had been begun, its completion was delayed on account of the expenses of the war with England; but in 1655 it was finished, and, as our experience of various Dutch functions would lead us to expect, its opening was celebrated, first by services in the Old and the New Church, and afterwards by a feast in the Hall itself. Fifty years later, Holland entered upon a century of humiliation and decline, during which the pomp and circumstance of the magisterial rule in Amsterdam was in inverse ratio to the country's prosperity. In 1768, the young Stadhouder, William V., paid a surprise visit to Amsterdam with his Queen, Wilhelmina, and that was the first time the Town-Hall was used as a palace. Twenty-five years later, the Patricians had been dismissed from the City Council, and the people were dancing round a Tree of Liberty that had been erected on the Dam. Louis Napoleon, some years afterwards, was requested to accept the building as a palace, which he did, and a palace it has remained ever since. But as William I. gave it back to the city, the royal family, when they occupy it for a few days each spring, do so really as the guests of Amsterdam.

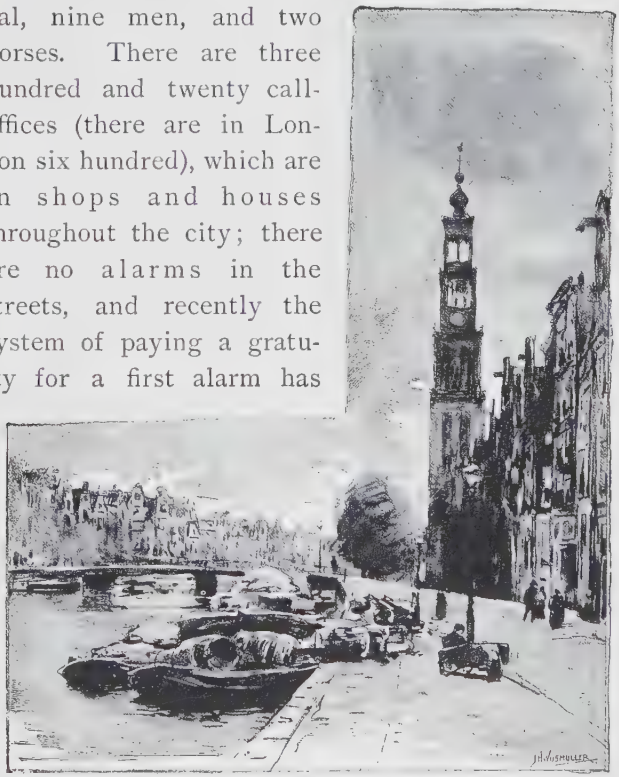
At every step in Amsterdam, we are compelled to recall the past. Yet the appeal she makes to us is as much to the eye as to the imagination. Her charm lies in the contrast she presents to both: of old and new, light and shadow, the sober gaiety of her silver

and russet. Here in the squalid heart of the Jewish quarter is a diamond factory. There are visitors to it at this moment from half-a-dozen countries, and in as many languages in turn a workman explains how he must split the imperfect stone precisely at its fault, and even the description in many tongues cannot make the task anything but unromantic. The cutting and polishing are no less prosaic; adamant worn on adamant is not an inspiring process. There is nothing engaging in the conditions of life of the workmen. They make big wages, much frequent the dancing-saloons at the far end of the Nes, and are rather a troublesome class, the police will tell you. Diamond-cutting, in fact, is the most prosaic and wearisome business possible to contemplate, yet in Amsterdam, here in this incongruous quarter, where it has been located for three centuries, a glamour is cast over it. Or let us make our way from the Jewish quarter to the Prins Hendrik Kade, and from there along the Handels Kade, and see the American liner swing from her berth, and the Indiaman lighten under the rattling chains, and the constant movement on the river, — an inspiriting sight anywhere, but here, in the wonderful air of the Y, lifted to the topmost note of exhilaration. Even if you have followed the tobacco and coffee from the magazins at the docks to the auction sales in De Brakke Grond and Frascati's, the stir and babel there are forgotten so soon as you are out upon The Rokin.

One of the most interesting institutions in Amster-

dam is the fire-brigade. The Hague and Amsterdam are the only cities in Holland that maintain brigades, though Rotterdam will soon be added to the number. In certain places, such as Arnhem, Groningen, and Utrecht, the voluntary, "free-will" brigades are directed by official commandants. The brigade in Amsterdam is a pet hobby of the citizens, who are willing to spend as much money upon it as is necessary to make it a model; and at a cost of twenty-four thousand pounds a year, a model it is, which is visited by the representatives from municipalities in all countries. By the courtesy of Captain Meiers, the commandant, and of Mr. Lodewijks, his adjutant, the working of the brigade was explained to me. In the centre of the city, near the Kloveniers Burgwal, there is an office of administration, which is in telegraphic communication, by call-lines and correspondence-lines, with four headquarters in different parts of the city. In connection with each headquarters, and with the central office, are a first-class and a second-class station. Besides the commandant, there are four head-firemasters, officers, one at each headquarters; and there are nine fire-masters, one of them being the adjutant's assistant. The firemen, of whom there are two hundred and seventy-five (to London's one thousand, Captain Meiers points out), are of three grades, — second-class, first-class, and head-firemen, the last being eligible to be raised to the rank of post-commandant at second-class stations. At each headquarters there are two manuals, one or two steamers,

thirty men, and six horses; at first-class stations, one manual and one steamer, thirteen men, and four horses, and a reserve; and at second-class stations, one manual, nine men, and two horses. There are three hundred and twenty call-offices (there are in London six hundred), which are in shops and houses throughout the city; there are no alarms in the streets, and recently the system of paying a gratuity for a first alarm has



THE WEST TOWER.
From a drawing by J. H. Wijsmuller.

been abolished. On every street-lamp, the nearest call-office is indicated. Within the city proper, every possible point of outbreak is within three minutes'

distance of a station; and at each call, automatically, two stations at least are rung up, one of them being a headquarters. By this means, an officer is always present at a first-call. The call-lines and the correspondence-lines are entirely separate, and one notable point in the system is that the administration receives not only notice of an outbreak, but a dispatch giving particulars of its situation, extent, and of the men and engines that are likely to be required to cope with it.

Accompanied by Mr. Lodewijks, I visited the headquarters in the Prinsen Gracht, and also its first-class and second-class stations. In all of them, everything was in the trimmest order. When we were at the Harlemmer Port station a call was received, and far within a minute, the manual was turned out and driven off without a hitch. At the Prinsen Gracht headquarters, the oldest station in the city, are the principal workshops and stores, and also a drill-yard and an exercise tower. Captain Meiers had told me already that in their spare time the firemen are employed in the saddlery and carpenter shops, which supply much of the material required by the brigade. The engines, I noticed, were built in England; the hose and couplings came from Germany. The firemen always remain in their own section, but they go the round of the headquarters and the first and second class stations in it. At the headquarters there is a canteen, where tea, coffee, milk, lemonade, and beer are served; and there is a

reading and amusement room, with a billiard table. The firemen live in the stations for three consecutive days of twenty-four hours, which are followed by one free day. They are paid a minimum wage of six hundred guilders a year, and when they are on duty, their food is brought to them from their homes. I was told that this system works admirably.

It is the duty of the Commandant of the Fire Brigade to pass the plans of new buildings erected in the city, and also to see provision made in all new and existing buildings for escape in case of fire. This explained to me an uncanny-looking ladder which I had observed the previous night curvetting over the leads outside my bedroom window.

Amsterdam was built round a castle, Rotterdam round a dike. The dike begins near the Ysel and runs along the north bank of the Maas to the sea. It is the same dike that was cut when the country was flooded to relieve Leiden in 1574; and part of it is the Hoogstraat of Rotterdam. At this point the river Rotte flows into the Maas, and the town got its name from the dam on the Rotte, even as Amsterdam was called after the dam on the Amstel. It also had its fishing village, outside the dike of course, and in the names of the streets its place is still indicated. So we have the Vischersdijk at the back of the Beurs, and the Zeevischmarkt to the west of the Blaak. In the middle of the important town into which the village had grown by the fifteenth century was the Church of St. Lawrence, still hid away

among these old streets behind the dike. It was begun to be built about the time that Erasmus was born, in a house in the Wijde Kerkstraat that is still standing, or was a year or two ago, — a tavern, or a greengrocer's shop, or some such, with the inscription *Haec est parva domus, magnus qua natus Erasmus.* The first statue to his memory erected by the Rotterdammers, shortly after his death in 1536, was of wood, and was riddled by the bullets of the Spaniards. The city, grown rich, took its share in the national struggle, as, until recently, the "House of a Thousand Fears" existed to tell. So we could trace the history of Rotterdam in her streets and buildings, right out to the Hogendorp's Plein, named after the statesman who drew up the Constitution with which William I. came to the throne. It is since then, however, especially since the separation of Holland and Belgium, that Rotterdam, pitting herself against Antwerp, has reached one of the foremost places among the commercial cities of Europe. Between 1830 and 1880 her population was doubled. As a transit port, her situation makes her unrivalled. On the land side are the many arms of the Rhine, the chief waterways to and from Germany, between which and Amsterdam and the inland towns and cities and the other waterways of Holland there is a perfect network of communication. The Maas mouth, an hour and a half off, lies opposite England, gaping for her trade. The New Waterway, made twenty years ago, has been deepened since then, so that the largest vessel afloat

can enter it, and sail up with the tide to the quays of Rotterdam. From the report of the Rotterdam Chamber of Commerce, it appears that in 1897, 6,212 ships, with a gross of 8,434,035 tons, entered the

A Rotterdam Type.
By J. Hoynck van Papendrecht.

port, besides 2,480 fishing boats and fifty-seven foreign tug-boats. Across the Maas, at the Noordereiland and at Feijenoord, are the harbours; the largest of them, the Rhine Harbour, from the excavations of which the Noordereiland has been greatly added to, is to be outstripped by one of still greater dimensions

that is to be constructed at a cost of over five millions of guilders.

Old Rotterdam lies safely sheltered behind the dike, but the new quarters are often under water. Sometimes, even, the Maas floods rise so high that the whole city and the country beyond are in danger of being inundated. One Saturday in the spring of 1890 there was a spring-tide, and a strong wind was blowing off the sea. The water in the river rose higher and higher. In the early morning from the Beurs Plein, which was so dry still that the cars were running (being situate higher than the rest of the town lying between the Hoogstraat and the Maas), I watched the water pouring out of the neighbouring streets into the Remonstrant church. By mid-day the cars had all stopped, and business men were making their way home in boats, or on lorries, or as best they could. Between the Hoogstraat and the river all the streets were under water; here and there a bridge over a canal appeared above the surface. I took a boat and paid some calls, for the fun of the thing; the voyage was dangerous because of many sunken rocks in the shape of corner-stones and iron railings, and the like, and my friends interviewed me from upper windows. There were many comical scenes and merry ongoings, but indeed the situation was critical. The damage done already, especially in the cellars and ground floors, was enormous; and a greater evil menaced. The water was within a few inches of the top of the dike; if that was surmounted,

the inner town and the whole country to the north would be at its mercy. All Rotterdam gave a sigh of relief when about three o'clock in the afternoon the flood fell.

Being on the Maas, we can now visit one of the Maas fishing towns, where we have promised ourselves an insight into the fisheries, the third of the three great industries of Holland. Before setting out on this expedition, we must have some information about the nature and extent of the industry in its prosperous days when it enabled the Dutch to maintain their war against Spain, and we will seek it at a quaint and interesting contemporary source. In 1614, Tobias Gentleman, Fisherman and Mariner of Yarmouth, published his tract "England's Way to win Wealth," in which the example held up was "the inestimable wealth that is yearly taken out of His Majesty's seas by the Hollanders by their great number of busses, pinks, and line-boats." It was a way that England was soon to take, as the state of the Dutch herring fishery one hundred and fifty years later testified; but at the time he wrote, Gentleman had a lamentable picture to draw of the supineness of his own country. "O slothful England, and careless countrymen!" he cries; "look but on the fellows that we call the plump Hollanders! Behold their diligence in fishing! and our own careless negligence!" Then he goes on to describe the herring and cod fishery of Holland, which was to the Dutch "the chiefest trade and principal gold mine," though their own

country provided none of the materials necessary for it, and they had to buy them from other nations, including barley and the best double drink from England; and he commends the matter of his book as being — the claim is interesting — "in true value of as great substance as the offer of Sebastian Cabota to King Henry the Seventh for the discovery of the West Indies."

According to Gentleman, there set out from the Maas, the Texel, and the Vlie, each year, a thousand sail together to catch herring in the North Sea. Of these fully half were the famous busses, from fifty to one hundred and fifty tons burden, carrying from sixteen to twenty-four men. A beginning was made in getting ready the busses in the middle of May, and by the first of June the fleet was ready to sail. They steered northwest-and-by-north, — "then being," says Gentleman, in a phrase that makes his book a delight, "the very heart of summer and the very yoke of all the year," accompanied by a convoy of thirty or forty ships of war to guard them from being pillaged and taken by their enemies and Dunkirkers, but now that the wars are ended (the author is writing during the Peace of Twelve Years), by five or six only, as a protection against rovers and pirates. Thus they came to the Shetlands, and if they reached them before June 14, which their law fixed as the opening day, they put into Bressa Sound, and there frolicked on land, until they had sucked out all the marrow of the malt and good Scotch ale, which was the best

liquor that the island doth afford. Once the opening day arrives, however, they are off to sea, being keen fishermen. "I have taken pleasure in being amongst

MARKEN FATHER AND SON
By N. van der Waay.

them," says the Yarmouth man, in a burst of magnanimity, "to behold the neatness of their ships and fishermen, how every man knoweth his own place, and all labouring merrily together;" and between

then and St. Andrew's Day (October 24), they were three times laden with herring, which brought their country a revenue of between four and five million pounds in present value. They sent the herring away by merchant ships that came out to them on the fishing grounds with victual, barrels, salt, and nets, and the "herring-hunters," as these merchant ships were called, carried the fish to the Baltic markets, even as far as Russia, and brought back in exchange hemp and flax, corn, iron, spruce-deals and barrel-boards, all the produce of the eastern countries, besides plenty of silver and gold. The busses, meanwhile, had followed the shoals to Yarmouth, which they reached at Bartholomewtide (August 24), and the herring caught between then and the end of the season, October 24, were divided into two classes. The roope-sick herrings, which they were not allowed to carry home to Holland or to barrel, they sold for ready money at Yarmouth, but the best they sent to serve as Lenten store to Bordeaux, Rochelle, Rouen, Paris, Amiens, and all Picardy and Calais, receiving from thence wines, salt, feathers, Normandy canvas and Dowlais cloth, and money and French crowns. Moreover, besides the busses, there were vessels of a smaller class, from twenty to fifty tons, with from eight to twelve men, which were known variously as Sword-Pinks, Flat-Bottoms, Holland-Toads. They also went to Shetland, but when laden they carried their own fish to market, instead of sending them by the "hunters;" the men on the pinks, it seems, were

hardy fishermen, who went out summer and winter, and were very scornful of the men on the busses, whom they called "Cow milkers," because, when the busses were laid up at the end of summer, they returned to dairy work in the meadows. Between busses and pinks, says Gentleman, there have been seen at sea, in sight at one time, two thousand sails, besides others out of sight. Our author's figures grow rounder as he warms to his subject, as is apt to be the way with all of us, but he draws a very convincing picture of Holland's way of winning wealth. Curiously, he makes no mention of the true explanation of the great success of the Dutch in their herring fisheries — the discovery in 1380 by Willem Beukelszoon, a native of the Zeeland village Biervliet, of the art of preserving the herring with salt. The importance of this event to Holland can scarce be over-estimated, and I may anticipate what we are to hear later at Vlaardingen by saying that for all the changes and developments of the Dutch herring-fishery industry, the method of preserving the fish is precisely the same to-day as it was when Beukelszoon introduced it in the fourteenth century.

Besides the summer herring-fishery, there was carried on a fishing for cod and ling by pinks, and well-boats, that is, boats with wells in which the fish were kept alive, of from thirty to forty tons, with some twelve men each, that sailed from Flushing, Zierikzee, and the Maas and North-Holland fishing towns. There were six hundred of these, Gentleman says,

engaged both in summer and in winter, and bringing to market not only salted fish, but also fish kept alive in the wells.

We are happy in the selection of Vlaardingen as the town in which to seek information about the recent developments of the herring and cod fisheries, for there we are fortunate in making the acquaintance of Mr. A. Hoogendijk, who probably is the greatest authority on the subject to be found in Holland. Mr. Hoogendijk belongs to a family that for several generations has been connected with Vlaardingen fisheries, and he himself has closely at heart the welfare of the industry of which he is the historian. That we were interested in his favourite subject gave us, he appeared to consider, a claim upon his time, and he kindly spent an afternoon in enlightening us about the past and the present conditions of the Dutch fisheries.

About the local fisheries of the Zuider Zee and the islands, the products of which can be seen in the fish markets of The Helder and Amsterdam and elsewhere, Mr. Hoogendijk had a good deal to tell us, for which there is no space here. I have already indicated that the fishery of first importance is the "Great Fishery," so called, on the North Sea. This "great fishery" is divided into several branches. There is, first of all, the summer herring-fishery of which Gentleman wrote, engaged in now almost entirely from Vlaardingen and Maassluis and the coast villages of Scheveningen, Katwijk and Noordwijk. There is also a summer

MAASSLUIS.

By C. Storm van 's Gravesande.

industry in salted cod which employs the fishermen of Den Helder, and of the South-Holland island villages, Middelharnis, Pernis, and Zwartewaal. In winter again, a few *loggers* bring home salted cod, and there is a so-called trawl-fishery to fill up the time; but the important winter fishery is that for fresh cod by well-boats. Mr. Hoogendijk makes it clear to us at once that his pet theory, if we may call it so, is that the fishing-boat of the future must combine the appliances for the fresh-cod fishing in winter and the herring-fishing in summer; and this gives a special interest to his account of the various models of Dutch fishing-boats with which he answered some question of ours about the ancient busses.

The buss is the oldest known model of all, and it existed down to about the middle of this century. Now there is not an example of it to be found, but its name is retained in the Buizengat in Vlaardingen, where these vessels lay up for the winter, and also in the folk-lore and songs connected with the great herring industry. There are two models of busses in the church of Maassluis. Following the buss came the *hoeker* and the *hoekerbuis*, and the name *hoeker* may have been given them because they were used for cod fishing with lines. In both of them there were wells; it seems certain that in days gone by an attempt was made to combine herring and cod fishing in one vessel. Even the *hoeker*, however, has completely disappeared, unless it is in existence somewhere as a landing-stage. The curious can see a

silver model of one in the Rijks Museum. Early in the present century, there was introduced from France the *chaloupe*, a vessel quicker and more beak-shaped than the *hoeker*, that underwent several modifications, all tending to increase of speed; and in 1866 appeared the first *logger*, of which, with cutter rig, the present fleet is chiefly composed.

Here we will interrupt Mr. Hoogendijk to ask, Where, then, does he place the large, square, flat-bottomed *boms* that we are so familiar with on the beach of Scheveningen? The *boms*, he explains, are a type all by themselves, and tell a story of characteristic Dutch determination and audacity. The fishermen on the coast, being without harbours, — and, indeed, harbours for them were an impossibility, — conceived the bold idea of building vessels that could be beached at their own door. They have been well rewarded for their temerity, for with these *boms*, or pinks, they have had the lion's share of the fishery in the past. But their day is over, for many reasons. In winter, they can only fish off the coast. Moreover, they have built larger *boms*, which it has been found too dangerous to strand in the old fashion; so they have to run into Vlaardingen and Maassluis, and hold an unequal contest with the keel-ships. The fishermen of Scheveningen, Katwijk and Noordwijk, however, have the highest repute still for the art of preserving the herring by the Beukelszoon method, and also of lightly salting them for the herring-smoking factories of Scheveningen.

The *logger*, however, although it is the type of the present fleet, is by no means the latest development of the Dutch fishing-boat. Mr. Hoogendijk's ideal vessel, it has been explained, is to combine winter fresh-cod and the summer herring-fisheries. The difficulty is to build a strong and quick boat, with dimensions suitable for the rough weather encountered in the winter fishing, that at the same time will not put too great a strain upon the herring-nets. Further, to be successful in fresh-cod fishing, the boat must have a well-constructed well, or *bun*, in which the fish can be brought to market alive. Originally, no doubt, the well was merely a wooden tub in the bottom of the vessel; but to-day, when success or failure depends on small details, it has to be a basin of elaborate design. Now, the *logger* is not suitable for fresh-cod fishing. So it has been found. It is successful with salted cod, but salted cod fetches a price in the market many times less than that got for fresh cod. On the other hand, the well-boats of Middelharnis are fit for cod only, not for herring. Accordingly, there has been introduced within the last year or two a new model of *sloop*, built of steel, which, Mr. Hoogendijk declares, has proved to be capable of carrying on to the best advantage herring-fishing, fresh-cod fishing, and salted-cod fishing. A still more recent development has been the putting on of a steamer for the industry, which so far has been completely successful; and Mr. Hoogendijk having brought us to this point makes a prophecy which

is our excuse for having dwelled so long on these changes. In fifteen years, he says, all the sailing vessels will have disappeared from the Dutch fishing fleet.

With the fulfilment of this prediction, Vlaardingen and the "great fishery" will lose much of their picturesqueness. In recent years, owing to the changes we have been following, many old customs have disappeared, notably those connected with the First Herring. In the month of June, at the beginning of the season, three "herring hunters," with a "hunting flag" at the mast-head, crossed among the fleet on the fishing grounds, and collected the small quantity of herring that had been caught, and the first of them to have a certain number of barrels on board sailed for Vlaardingen in hot haste. On the church tower of Vlaardingen in those days there was always a watchman, with his glass to his eye, scanning the North Sea for this first-fruits of Holland's wealth. The town was in a state of excitement, and as soon as a blue flag was shown on the tower, signal that the "first hunter" was in sight, the boys went shouting through the streets, "A sign up! A sign up!" and everybody in Vlaardingen took to singing the song of *De Nieuwe Haring*. When the "first hunter" arrived in port, there was a gathering, and of course a feast, in one of the warehouses, while wagons, loaded with the catch, raced one another to supply the fishmongers of Amsterdam and The Hague. For a time after the introduction of steamers as

"hunters," though their arrival could be predicted almost to an hour, the excitement of the wagon race was fostered, but now "herring-hunting" is done away with. One relic of the institution remains. A firm of Vlaardingen owners are also wine importers, and they still send some of the earliest catch to the bodegas throughout the country of which they are proprietors.

It was interesting to hear that the initiative of all these changes comes from Vlaardingen itself, which has been the centre of the "great fishery" for centuries. Mr. Hoogendijk was careful to explain that they have not been approved by all who are interested in the industry, and each in turn was laughed at as it was introduced; but so far, it appears, the results have silenced the scoffers. And at any rate the industry, if it is to be saved, must be lifted out of the old rut. The sacrifice of its picturesqueness will be a cheap price to pay for its improvement, for the old picturesqueness does not bring the fishermen much profit. They are no longer the fellows whom we would call the plump Hollanders. Their condition would be greatly raised by the regular employment that would follow if the summer and the winter fishing were united in the same boats in the same ports. Some of the owners, indeed, have introduced a system of regular wages throughout the year. As in many other places in Holland, so here in Vlaardingen, and not in the fishing industry only, a practical philanthropy is associated with business enterprise.

In this way we might spend many weeks in these Holland provinces, following the fortunes of their cities and industries, and reading Dutch history everywhere. We might visit Texel, for example, the island of sheep and sea-birds, girt with a thousand wrecks; and climbing the eastern dunes survey the great battle-grounds of the Dutch and English fleets. On the mainland opposite, behind the great dike of Den Helder, we should find the arsenals of the Navy to-day. From there we could sail down the Zuider Zee, a sunny, shallow sea over which sudden squalls seem to be ever breaking, blotting out the coast and the dead cities upon it; or we could come south through the meadowlands, and visit Alkmaar, where, we can almost fancy, the echoes of the fighting times are still heard in the streets, and Zaandam, most Dutch of Dutch towns, with many a later-day Simon Danz in its green-painted cottages sitting talking of commercial ventures lost and won. We should go to Haarlem in early spring, when the fields are gay with the colours of tulip and hyacinth; these bulb-fields have their romance no less than the city. Or we might time our visit for the Sunday in May when the University "Fours" row their annual race on the Spaarne. In the dunes round Haarlem we could see something of the planting whereby one day these rabbit warrens will become pine woods; and so we should come down the coast by Noordwijk, where the North Sea seems to roll in with a special splendour of grey and white, and Katwijk, and Leiden, to The

Hague, which is only a village still, with the interests of a village, the Amsterdam man will tell you, in spite of Court and Parliament, the Plein full of uniforms, its fashion and clubs, and the Kurhaus at Scheveningen. The Hague, in fact, is not Amsterdam. By following some such route as this, and continuing it to Dordrecht, we could tap most of the Dutch sources that lie in the Holland Provinces; but we have only time to visit the picture galleries upon it, and to indicate broadly their scope.

Before going to the National Gallery in Amsterdam, let us see the private collection at the house of Mr. Six, in the Heeren Gracht. The visitor is admitted to four or five rooms containing about a hundred examples of the Dutch masters. All of them are of first rank: "The Letter" by Terburg, "The Jealous Wife," by Nicolaas Maes, Metzu's "Herring Merchant," "The Milkwoman," by van der Meer of Delft (one of the four or five works by him known to exist in Holland), "The Music Lesson" by Frans van Mieris, and perhaps we might say even "The Wedding-feast," by Jan Steen, are among the more important pictures that came from their artists' easels. Here, better perhaps than anywhere else, the work of Frans van Mieris's son, Willem van Mieris, can be studied. The founder of this collection was Jean Six, who lived during nearly the whole of the seventeenth century, Holland's golden age. Rembrandt was his friend, and painted his mother's portrait for him in 1641, and later, probably twenty years later,

RIJSWIJK.

From a drawing by F. J. Du Chattel.

his own. Both portraits are hanging here. That of Jean Six, generally known as "The Burgomaster Six," if we are right about its date, belongs to the late period in Rembrandt's art, in which "The Staalmeesters" was painted. By its suavity it reminds one of the early work, "The Lesson in Anatomy," though it is freer and looser in execution. In dexterity and in its wise, sober, tolerant insight into character, it is one of Rembrandt's greatest pictures; and for charm it is surely unrivalled.

"The Night-Watch," erroneously so called, is in the National Gallery, the Rijks Museum, in Amsterdam, where it is made the focus of interest. When we enter the main hall, the eye is led by the perspective of the walls straight to the picture where it hangs in the Rembrandt room at the farther end. A year or two ago, the visitor looked at it from under a canopy, by which means its effect was heightened for him. The canopy is now removed, but the roof of the room is so constructed that a strong light is thrown directly upon the canvas. The picture, as a result, adds to its movement a wonderful brilliance, but it may be doubted if it exhibits such a natural glow of colour as when seen under less artificial conditions. This glow of colour is the more remarkable when the history of the painting is considered. It represents the company of Captain Frans Banning Cocq issuing — by day, not by night as was supposed — from the guard-house, and was painted for the Kloveniers Doelen, where it remained until early

in the eighteenth century. The hall in which it was hung appears to have become in time a kind of large drinking-bar, and the picture suffered from peat — and tobacco-smoke. It was too large for the room in the Town-Hall, to which it was taken next, and to adapt it to the wall strips were cut off it at each side. Yet in spite of this ill-treatment, and many restorations, the colour shines out with an extraordinary intensity. In this respect and in its vigour and movement, "The Night Watch" shows Rembrandt's painting force at its zenith, though for many "The Lesson in Anatomy" in The Hague, painted ten years earlier, when the artist was only twenty-five years of age, will always be his masterpiece. Quite worthy of being classed with these two pictures and with the Six portrait are "The Staalmeesters," already mentioned, and the portrait of Elizabeth Bas, both in the Rijks Museum.

The National Gallery in Amsterdam is very complete; the whole course of Dutch painting can be followed in it, to the work of modern artists like Josef Israels, Anton Mauve, Jacob Maris, who realise for us, as the great masters did not always, the quality, solely atmospheric, indefinable, of Dutch landscape. (There are, indeed, still later developments of Dutch painting, not to be overlooked, represented variously by G. H. Breitner, M. Bauer, Th. van Hoytema, M. W. van der Valk, to mention a few names only, that must be studied elsewhere. There has been a quickening in the art of Holland of

recent years. In literature, painting, music, architecture, there is a younger race of artists devoted to its artistic ideals, which is producing, in the face of misunderstanding and a want of appreciation, work that is full of the excesses of revolt, and of the influence of exotic tendencies, but that discovers as well a national inspiration.) Two pictures of Dirk Jacobsz show the beginnings of those corporation pieces of which "The Night Watch," "The Staalmeesters," and the paintings of Frans Hals at Haarlem are the highest achievements. There is at least one good example of the precocious Lucas van Leiden; and there are many of the great portrait painters of pre-Rembrandt days, Nicolaas Elias, whose "Portrait of Marten Ray" (if it be his) is a work of singular distinction, de Keyser, Paul Moreelse, Mierevelt. The portraits of Mierevelt especially illustrate the historical interest, apart from the artistic, possessed by the Rijks Museum. They show us William of Orange, more than taciturn, morose even, Frederik Henry, Oldenbarneveld, and Jacob Cats, the popular moralising poet. A portrait of Maurits is attributed to him. There was plenty of strength, but not much beauty apparently, in the earlier Stadhouders; but in Honhorst's portrait (and in others), the clever and ambitious William II. is discovered with fine features, and a forehead of singular refinement; and it is a strong, handsome, curious face that looks at you from Schalcken's portrait, painted in England, of William III. Here, also, are Gerard Dou's "Night

THE HARBOUR.
From a painting by Jacob Maris.

School," "The Spinner" of Nicolaas Maes, the "Parrot," the "Sint Nicolaas," and many other well-known works, by Jan Steen, several by Metzu, Terburg, Pieter de Hooch; examples of the beautiful seascape art of Bakhuysen and of Willem van der Velde, the Younger; landscapes by Ruysdael, Wouwerman, and the unequal Hobbema: there is scarce one of the Dutch masters who is not represented here at his best. Every time one goes to the Rijks Museum he discovers some piece of great painting he had overlooked before, or is appealed to in some mood or fancy by a picture that failed to impress him previously. So, on our latest visit, we could almost have persuaded ourselves that Jan Steen is nowhere so masterly in breadth and gaiety as in the "Dancing Lesson," nor Frans Hals so absolutely great as in his portrait of himself and his wife.

Really, of course, Frans Hals is seen at his greatest, not in this picture, nor in the "Jester," also in the Rijks Museum, but in the Stadhuis of his native city of Haarlem. It is the spirit, the ardour of Hals in these others that affects us; and in Haarlem we find that quality carried into six great corporation pictures, painted between his thirtieth and his seventy-fifth years, in which can be followed the transition from the heavier red tone of his earliest work to the light, transparent golden glow of his middle-age, and the decline again to a certain heaviness. Two unfinished pictures of the same order are invaluable to the student of painting by their suggestion of how the work of Frans Hals was built up.

From Haarlem we visit Leiden, and see the works of Cornelis Engelbrechtsz and of his more distinguished pupil, Lucas van Leiden, in the Municipal Museum there; and so to The Hague. The great pictures of The Hague, with the exception of a few in private galleries, of which that of Baron Steengracht, in the Vyverberg, is the most important, are lodged in the Royal Museum, generally known as the Mauritshuis. The collection has an interesting and curious history. A few of the pictures were comprised in an earlier one formed by the Princes of Orange, chiefly by Prince Frederik Henry, at whose death it was dispersed. To these, many masterpieces were added by William the Fifth Stadhouder, whose collection became celebrated. On the occupation of Holland by France, in 1795, it was carried to Paris, and there a portion of it remains; but most of the pictures were returned in 1815, and a few years later were placed in the Mauritshuis. They are the nucleus of the present collection. The Mauritshuis is the most pleasant to visit of the public galleries of Holland. It is not large, and it is instructive rather than sensational. "The Lesson in Anatomy" demands attention through no adventitious effects. Whether Paul Potter's "Young Bull" has not derived from its size and subject a greater repute than it merits artistically, is a question upon which opinion differs. Certainly it was a wonderful achievement in paint for a young boy of twenty-two, and it is one of the most characteristic works of Holland, if not of Dutch art.

Paul Potter died before he had reached the age of thirty. His portrait hangs in this gallery, sympathetically painted by van der Helst, whose accomplishment we are apt to overlook in the stiff and lifeless corporation pictures that are placed, cruelly

The Cathedral of Dort.

for his reputation (yet there have been those who admired them beyond Rembrandt's), beside "The Night Watch" in the Rijks Museum. To the student, the Mauritshuis affords an opportunity of studying, often in eminent examples, not only the great Dutch masters, but others, chiefly early painters,

whose work is comparatively little known, — Anthonie Mor, for example, in the "Portrait of a Silversmith," de Keyser, in his splendid "Portrait of a Scholar," and especially Ravesteyn. Jan Anthonisz van Ravesteyn, though, perhaps, not born in The Hague, became one of its most distinguished citizens. He was at the head of the Painters' Brotherhood there, a society which numbered among its members artists in all parts of Holland, and still exists, after a checkered history, in the Drawing Academy of The Hague to-day. Ravesteyn is scarce known outside of The Hague, where, besides his portraits in the Royal Museum and in private galleries, there are four great corporation pieces by him in the Doelen building of the Arquebusiers of Saint Sebastian. There remain to be visited the Boymans Museum in Rotterdam, and the collection, chiefly of Ary Scheffers, in the Municipal Museum in Dordrecht. In the Boymans Museum is a picture ascribed to Dirck Bouts; and a "Portrait of a Man," by Carel Fabritius, that itself compensates one for another experience of Rotterdam dirt and noise. Dordrecht on the other hand would not be less delightful though no Ary Scheffers were treasured in it.

MIDDELBURG AND THE ISLANDS OF ZEELAND.

FROM Dordrecht to Middelburg we will take the old route by boat, a day's sail through intricate waterways, canals and straits, tortuous arms of the Maas and the Schelde, among the mysterious islands of Zeeland. Mysterious they are, that is to say, when seen from the sea, on such a voyage; and mysterious, as all Holland is, when we consider their history. Of all the provinces, Zeeland, as might be expected, carries on the severest fight with the waters. I have lying before me as I write a chart of the islands in the eighteenth century; you cannot recognise them on the map to-day. As we sail among them, we will notice some of the changes that have occurred. The arms of Zeeland are a lion half out of the water, with the motto *Luctor et emergo.* That is the mystery of the province. But the Zeeland peasant (so the story runs) translated the motto thus, — *Lukt't van daag niet dan lukt't mergen,* "If it does n't succeed to-day, it will to-morrow," and so soon as you set foot on the islands this spirit of resolution is evident. The mystery flies away before the grim, stern fact of a country snatched and held from the sea, and converted into one of the fairest prov-

inces in the world. The reader must not feel aggrieved because, now that our story draws near an end, it seems to be going to finish as it began. No ingenuity can discover a new key to Holland; the fight with the waters is the only one that opens its secret.

We leave the towers of Dordrecht behind us, and by way of the Dorsche Kil come out upon the wide and airy Hollandsche Diep, from the low, hazy shores of which the reflections of the trees dip to meet the white sails of innumerable craft. It is a deceptive calm. Beyond the great viaduct at Moerdijk lies the Biesbosch, perpetual testimony (so far as anything of its kind in Holland is perpetual) to the rage of the waters here. Skirting the east coasts of Overflakke, a network of polders, we reach the Krammer, and Schouwen, Duiveland, and St. Philipsland, the first of the Zeeland islands, are in front of us. In the chart to which I have referred, Schouwen and Duiveland, now two islands in one, are nine or ten, and Zierikzee is a maritime town. Since then, the gaps have been filled up, and the land from near Ouwerkerk to Brunnisse reclaimed; but there have been losses also, and where the Neeltje banks now shimmer on the surface of the Roompot there used to be dry land. The highest dikes and the lowest polders in Holland are to be found in Schouwen. As for St. Philipsland, home of the mussel-fishers, it scarce existed. It is marked on the chart *slikken*, and the reader, from what he saw of Groningen *slikken* forma-

tions, will understand its origin. By a narrow arm of the sea between these islands we reach the Keeten, which the Spaniards waded to the capture of Zierik-

A Lady of Tholen.

zee, an exploit never to be forgotten by the reader of Motley. On the east side of the Keeten is Tholen, called after the town of that name where the Dukes of Brabant levied toll upon those crossing to the

mainland. Tholen has the same history of reclamation. The changes in form of North and South Beveland are still more remarkable. The traveller by rail from Flushing knows that after leaving Krabbendijk he crosses from Zeeland to the mainland over the Kreekerak, and if he looks out of the carriage window, northward, he sees an oozy, sluggish arm of the Schelde washing a slimy coast that stretches to Yerseke. Possibly this half-submerged bank is marked on his map *verdronken-land*, "drowned land." In this chart of the thirteenth century, there are marked upon it nine villages, and one town, Reimerswaal, of whose civic pretensions we have spoken earlier. More recently, there have been inundations. North-Beveland, for example, was swallowed up in 1532, and remained under water sixty-six years. Old Arnemuiden, a Hanse town, had disappeared some years before. In this century, both Walcheren and Tholen have suffered. But the gains have been greater than the losses. Goes, the capital of South-Beveland, was a maritime town. Opposite it lay an island, indicated now on the map as Wolphaarts Dijk. The land between the two was reclaimed in the beginning of this century, and on this Lodewijk's Polder, better known as Wilhelmina's Polder, there cluster under the elms the hamlets and villages and farms that fill the great corn and cherry market of Goes. Past Wolphaarts Dijk, we reach the mouth of the canal to Middelburg, and entering it, lose sight of the towers of Verre, — Kampverre, the ferry for

Woman of the Isle of Walcheren.

Kampen in North-Beveland, with streets and houses which, though old and decayed, still tell a story of former greatness. And so, through the flourishing land of Walcheren, Zeeland's garden, we arrive at the ancient capital of Middelburg.

From Middelburg we might go south and discover a lesson with the same moral. In Nieuwe St. Joostland, for example, we should see from the similarity in manners and appearance of the "Newlanders," as its inhabitants are called, to the people of South-Beveland, that their country has only recently been joined to Walcheren. Across the Schelde, again, in Dutch Flanders, an arm of the sea lay between Hulst and Axel; Biervliet, the birthplace of the father of the Dutch fisheries, was almost an island by itself; Cadzand was surrounded by water and shoals: can the reader imagine how much more naked than now, even, was that land of Flanders which meets the eye of the traveller who sails to Flushing or to Antwerp? I dare say, however, that the reader will be better advised in remaining at Middelburg, especially if it is market day there. When he has seen the Stadhuis, and the Museum (with the portrait of de Ruyter by Ferdinand Bol), and has explored the Abbey and the old streets and houses, if he returns to the market-place, he will find that while he has not gone to the islands, the islands have come to him. He will find there all the variety of costume that Zeeland possesses. The inhabitants of towns like Middelburg and Flushing dress in modern fashion. All over

Going to Market in Walcheren.

Holland, costume is confined to the villages, the peasants, the dwellers on the soil. If in a town on ordinary days, we meet a Walcheren hat or a Goes shawl, we may be sure that the wearer is a country girl who has taken service there, and is allowed, probably encouraged, by her mistress to retain the dress she wore at home. But on market day, Middelburg is full of peasants from Axel to Brouwershaven, and it is not difficult to tell by their costume from which island, and even from which corner of an island, they have come.

Take that peasant woman there, for example. Her hat proclaims that she is a native of Walcheren. It is of very fine straw, trimmed with wide white ribbon, and white streamers of the same material (I must crave pardon for my lack of skill in the terminology of millinery), fastened to the lining, are brought round in front. I see another Walcheren woman close by, and she has blue streamers, attached to the hat by a little hook of gold, hanging down her back. Before the hat is put on, I am instructed, elaborate preparations are necessary. First, the hair is gathered, and rolled upon the forehead, and is bound tightly in its place there by a small hood or cap of white linen. In this is fastened by pins a band of gold, the use of which will be explained later. Next comes the *muts*, somewhat like a Scots mutch, of very stiffly starched white linen. To enable this *muts* to fit tightly in spite of its stiff starching, there is a pleated inset; you can see the village girls any

day sitting indoors working this inset, pleating it tightly with their finger-nails on a board. Over this *muts* comes the hat.

Brabant Costume.

The head-ornaments of this woman are numerous, and you may be certain that they are of real gold. The Dutch peasant does not wear sham jewelry. To the band of gold already mentioned (which, by the way, is not so broad as that worn by the Frisian

woman), there are attached firmly at the temples, but hanging free, corkscrew-looking ornaments of gold. These have pendants of gold embossed, each with a tiny pearl drop. The curious ornament that covers half of the forehead is a plate of flat gold, beautifully worked, curved to the shape of the head, and tapered to a point which is stuck back among the hair at the side. The necklace is of red coral, and has a golden clasp.

The Walcheren jacket or bodice, generally of black material, has short sleeves, with bands of broad velvet that grip the arm tightly. Its peculiarity is that it is made out of one piece, which is pleated into shape, — a very handsome shape often. It is cut low, and pointed in front, and nowadays a kerchief is always worn with it. Save where it peeps out behind and at the foot, the skirt, generally of blue and white stripe, is entirely covered by an apron of dark-coloured stuff, fastened at the back by a gold hook. The shoes are of leather, with a black and white leather bow set low upon the instep, and in the centre of the bow there is a silver buckle, worked somewhat in the manner of the well-known Zeeland buttons.

Now, if we look round the market-place, we can distinguish Walcheren women at once, though probably each of the seventeen villages in the island affects some slight distinction in its costume. Yonder is a native of West-Kapelle, for example, as can be seen by a peculiarity in the dressing of the hair. This woman, again, who wears above the *muts* a cap

of transparent material and singular shape, comes from the immediate neighbourhood of Middelburg itself. All the peasants we have noticed are dressed

Dutch Costume.

in market and Sunday costume. So is this woman with her baskets of butter and eggs. But the fisher-woman of Arnemuiden, yonder, is in workaday garb, except that she has exchanged her wooden shoes for

leather ones. You seldom find Dutch peasants coming into town in sabots.

In the market-place to-day there are many girls from Goes. The costume of South-Beveland closely resembles that of Walcheren, though it is neither so formal nor so becoming. There is the same, or nearly the same, bodice, and the same apron. The chief differences are that a hat is not worn, and that a shawl of colours never seen in Walcheren is pleated low upon the neck. This shawl is the distinguishing mark of South-Beveland; and from certain differences in the manner of wearing it, as well as in the head-ornaments and the shape of the cap, one can tell the Protestants from the Catholics. There are no Catholic peasants in Walcheren. As we go farther north, we find the costumes losing in completeness. In North-Beveland and Tholen, there is left only the head-dress; no *muts* is worn under the cap, and the ornaments have a general resemblance to those of Walcheren. In Schouwen and Duiveland, farther north still, a curious transition stage has been reached. There, also, it is in the head-dress only that costume has been retained, — in Schouwen, indeed, in the cap only, for the gold ornaments have been discarded. But the peasants of Schouwen and Duiveland wear over their cap a modern bonnet, generally of exceeding gaudiness, with broad ribbons that tie in a bow under the chin. Such hideous combinations in dress — clearly a transition — are to be seen among the peasants in most parts of Holland.

There is probably to be discovered in Middelburg market some costumes of Dutch Flanders also. If we see a woman dressed with an extreme simplicity, approaching to the severity of Scotland, with full skirts, sloping shoulders, and a bodice perfectly plain save for a little frilling in front, we may conclude that she comes from Cadzand. We may be certain of it, if the tight-fitting cap, outlining the face, and fastened under the chin, is relieved by two gold ornaments, and set off by a piece of lace hanging at the back. The head-ornaments survive in Axel, however, and the flowing cap falls over enormous sleeves that cause the back of the wearer to appear very small; while in Hulst a shawl is worn over the shoulders, upon which the cap rests very much as if it were a wig.

An early morning tram carries us out of the market-place of Middelburg, and by a pleasantly shaded alley brings us to Flushing. The Queenborough boat at the quay has got up steam; but before the ferry steamer comes to ply us down to her, there is time for a snapshot picture of the famous old seaport-town. A maze of twisted streets; in the heart of it a little market-place where the country women sit huddled over their baskets; the figure of de Ruyter standing out against the sea. Then we come upon the clang of shipbuilding yards, and where the street emerges upon the inner haven, the great white side of a new naval cruiser blocks the view. A shout warns us out of the

way, and over the bridge behind us a little swarthy peasant comes trundling his vegetable barrow; he has curly, black hair and rings in his ears, and the girl trotting and chattering beside him is dark and comely, — Zeelanders of the Spanish type. The sound of their voices is lost in the clang of hammers, and presently they disappear round the white hull. It is a picture of Holland. And later, when we have circled out of the harbour, and the weather-cocks on the Flushing spires are lost as we glide along the silent shore of Flanders, where the naked piles stick up like the ribs of a dead land, that picture of Holland comes to mind again: the cruiser, the token of an empire, and the cheery gardeners, types of the small traffickers, laborious, penurious, yet not without romantic blood in their veins, who maintain it. Some one at our shoulder, pointing northward up the coast of Walcheren, says: "The dunes; and beyond, West-Kapelle, the great dijke;" and the picture seems complete.

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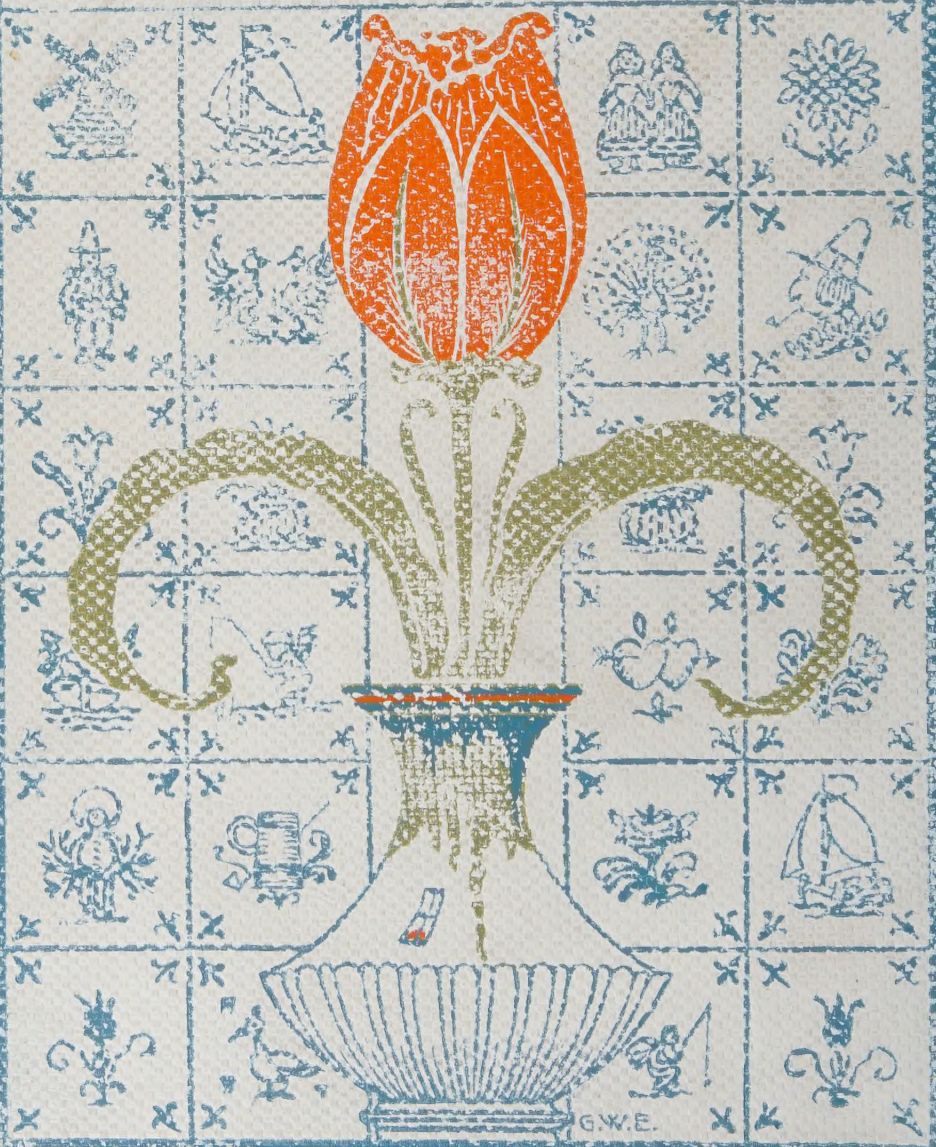
HOLLAND AND THE HOLLANDERS.

BY DAVID S. MELDRUM